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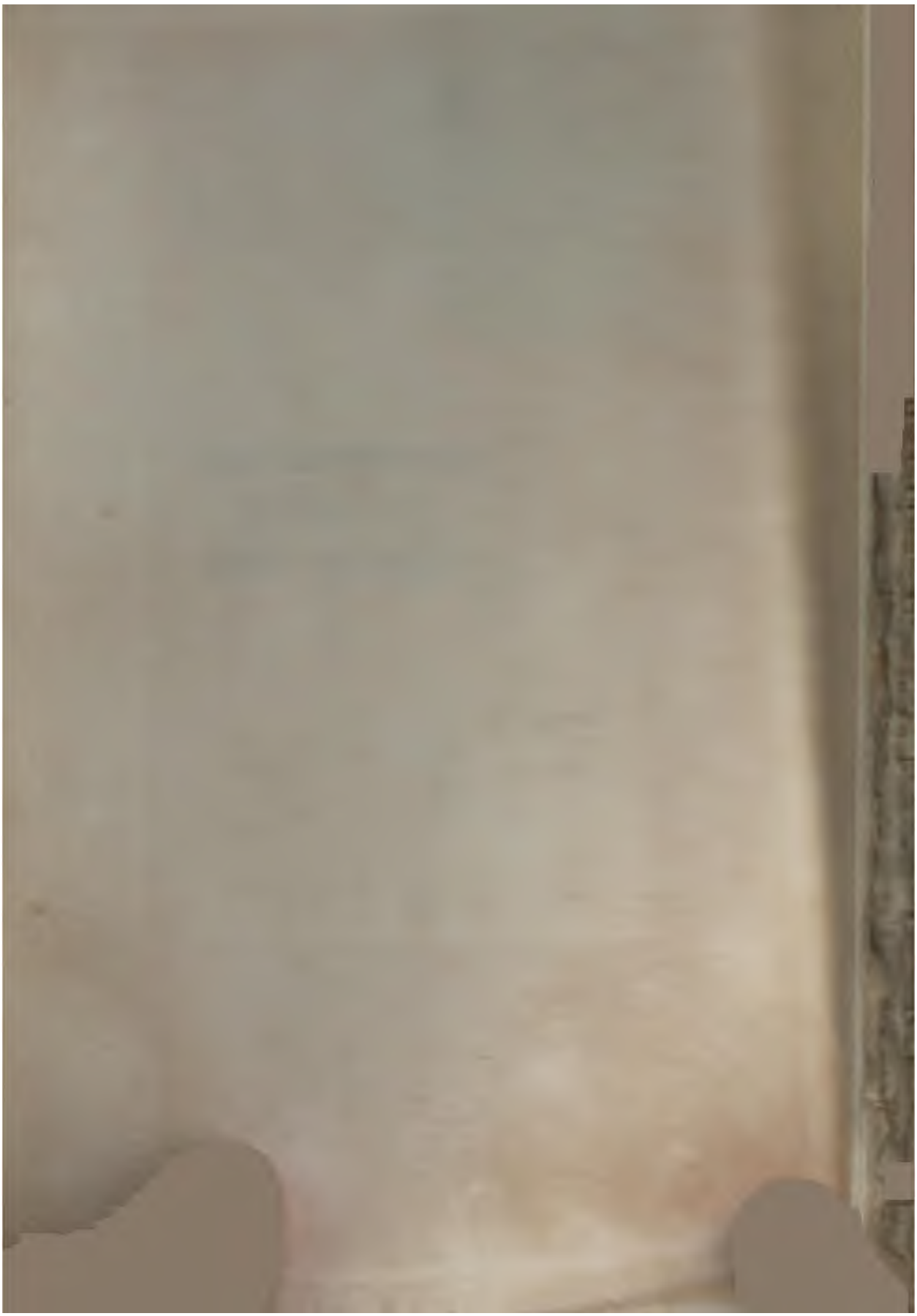

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EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

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ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY AND CO.
1903

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PREFACE TO THIS EDITION

THE object of this edition is to make the Complete Works of Ruskin at last available in a uniform and self-contained series. Now that Ruskin's place as a British classic is established, his literary representatives feel that the issue of such an edition of his Works is a duty involved in the discharge of their trust.

Ruskin himself once began the republication of his Works in a connected series, but the undertaking was not congenial to him, and for various reasons was not destined to be carried out.[1] *The "Works Series" left off abruptly, before it had included any one of his three best-known works. He was in a different mind, at different times, about the manner of the republication of "Modern Painters," the "Seven Lamps," and the "Stones of Venice." His energies were divided between revising old work and beginning new books. Hence his writings remained during his lifetime in all sorts of size and form, in various stages of completion, and often in inaccessible hiding-places.*

Hitherto the Works of Ruskin, as published by Mr. Allen, consist of seventy to eighty volumes and pamphlets, varying in "format." But the purchaser of all these works does not thereby possess himself of all Ruskin's printed writings. There remain

[1] *The "Works Series" was begun in* 1871 *with "Sesame and Lilies." It was discontinued after* 1880, *by which time eleven volumes had been issued.*

some thirty volumes and pamphlets, which are either out of print or have been printed only for private circulation; many of them very scarce; some almost, if not quite, unobtainable. And still further, there is a large body of Ruskin's writing scattered in contributions to books by other authors, in magazines, in "Proceedings," in newspapers. Even a collector who had succeeded in acquiring all these publications would still miss many characteristic passages unless he possessed all the editions of all Ruskin's books. One of his best-known books affords a good instance of this fact. "Sesame and Lilies" in some editions includes two Lectures, in others three. To it Ruskin wrote at different times three entirely distinct prefaces. No edition of the book yet published contains within the same cover all the matter which at one time or another was issued under the title "Sesame and Lilies." Some idea of the voluminous and scattered character of Ruskin's printed words may be formed from the fact that the Bibliography issued in 1893 *contained* 777 *items (exclusive of publications about Ruskin). The total has since that time been considerably increased.*

In this edition all the matter by Ruskin is collected from these various sources. It includes, that is to say, (1) *all Ruskin's books now current in other editions,* (2) *a reissue of all publications by him now out of print or only privately circulated,* (3) *all his letters, articles, and other scattered writings, printed but not heretofore collected, and* (4) *a collation of all the different editions, thus bringing together within the pages of each book everything that he at any time published in it.*

In a cheap edition of Ruskin's Works for popular sale, other methods might reasonably be pursued. In this edition, which is designed both as a record of Ruskin's entire literary activity and also in order to satisfy a large body of collectors, everything

is included, even a minute collation of variants. The object of the editors has been to put the readers of this edition in possession of a complete collection of Ruskin's published Writings.

This edition is also complete as including all the illustrations inserted by Ruskin in his books, and all drawings by him which have hitherto been published. These are an essential portion of his Works. Visitors to the exhibition of his drawings and studies, held after his death, may well have wondered how he found time to write, just as readers familiar with the vast body of his writings, published and unpublished, might wonder how he found time to draw. So far as his books on art were concerned, Ruskin considered the writing and the drawing as parts of the same work. He never cared to assert his own artistic gifts, though they were considerable; but he claimed for himself, and exhibited in his books, such skill as was enough to prove that he knew what he was talking about.[1] *Difficulties connected with the reproduction of his drawings were one of the reasons which interfered with schemes for the uniform publication of his books. In this respect the resources of modern methods of reproduction have come to the aid of this edition. Where possible, the original plates are used. In cases where that is impossible owing to the size, or undesirable owing to the state, of the old plates, recourse has been had to photogravure and other processes. By these means it has been found possible to include in a uniform edition all the original illustrations, without sacrifice, it is believed, of the qualities of the author's work. In addition to the illustrations previously published, this edition gives a large number of the author's*

[1] *See, e.g.* "*Modern Painters*," *vol. iii. (Preface), and* "*Hortus Inclusus*" (*Letter of May 2, 1874*).

drawings which have not hitherto appeared. Portraits and some other illustrations are also included. Particulars are supplied in the introductions or other prefatory matter to the several volumes.

In addition to collecting material already printed, much new matter—literary as well as artistic—has been placed at the disposal of the editors. This is of three kinds: (1) *Unpublished MSS. by Ruskin;* (2) *the author's MSS. of published Works; and* (3) *Letters and Diaries. Under the first head, many interesting pieces are published for the first time in this edition, and most of the volumes contain some new matter. The defence of Turner in reply to "Blackwood" (an essay which was the germ of "Modern Painters"), some unpublished letters* (1852) *intended for the "Times," on political economy (which form, in like manner, the germ of "Unto This Last"), several Oxford Lectures, and the Rede Lecture at Cambridge* (1867), *may be mentioned among the more important chapters here added to the body of Ruskin's Works.*

The author's MSS. have, for the purposes of this edition, been carefully collated with the existing texts. The text of the edition is throughout that which was last revised by the author; but in footnotes or otherwise, passages from the MSS. are occasionally supplied, or variations noted. Ruskin was a prose-poet, and his works repay the close textual study which is habitually given to those of the poets. It is interesting to see the artist at work. Sometimes, too, there is a biographical interest in such study; but especially is it interesting to see that Ruskin more and more altered not to be eloquent, but to be true. Less and less did he correct for rhetorical effect. He revised, not to add colour, but to secure greater closeness of expression,—to convey more fact in fewer words.

Ruskin's diaries and letters have been drawn upon for purposes of illustrating passages in his published Works, or of adding matter of biographical and literary interest. Ruskin was the most personal of writers. It is the one of the secrets of his charm. Behind every book he ever wrote one catches the personality of the man. "The more I see of writing," he once said, "the less I care for it; one may do more with a man by getting ten words spoken with him face to face, than by the black lettering of a whole life's thoughts."[1] *Increasingly, as he went on writing, he aimed at speaking to his readers face to face. His personality was very marked; he was a man of many moods. It is impossible to understand aright the works of this author without following also the moods of the man. But again, Ruskin's life is contained in his writings. He lisped in numbers, and he never ceased writing while strength and health remained. Thus, as one reads him through, one gets his biography—the facts of his life, the history of the development of his mind. We have his pen-work from the age of seven or eight to the age of seventy. In him, more perhaps than in any other writer, the style is the man, the Works are the Life. For these reasons, each volume in this edition is prefaced by an introduction which is at once bibliographical and biographical. In the compilation of these prefaces, Ruskin's diaries, letters, and conversations have been largely used. A list of minor Ruskiniana thus incorporated is given at the beginning of each volume. Bibliographical notes in more detail are added to each book, volume, or section of a volume, as the case may be.*

The biographical considerations above adduced have governed the arrangement of this edition. The basis of arrangement is

[1] "*Fors Clavigera*," 1872, *Letter* xvii.

chronological. But though in the case of Ruskin the chronological order is particularly instructive, there are reasons also why it cannot always be strictly followed. Many of his works were written piecemeal and published at irregular intervals. The first volume of "Modern Painters" was published in 1843; *the last not till* 1860. *Between those dates he wrote the "Seven Lamps"* (*published* 1849) *and the "Stones of Venice"* (1851–53). *Again, in later years Ruskin often had many books—at one time, seven—on the stocks simultaneously; first, he would write and issue a part of one, and then a part of another.*[1] *It would obviously be inconvenient to interpose a part of one book between parts of another. Again, he often took up the same subject at long intervals of time; as, for instance, in the case of his several Turner Catalogues, of which the first appeared in* 1857, *and the last in* 1881. *It would be a pity to miss the opportunity afforded by the publication of a Complete Library Edition to collect these dispersed members of a single subject. The chronological arrangement of this edition is therefore tempered by two other principles; by the necessity of issuing, in every case, all the volumes of a book successively, and by the desirability of bringing together, in some cases, scattered Notes, Catalogues, Lectures or Monographs on the same subject. The editors believe that this rearrangement will not only be found convenient by students and collectors, but will also put Ruskin's work in a light which is apt to be obscured by the casual publication of his writings hitherto.*

The object of the notes added in this edition is elucidation, not criticism. An endeavour is made to trace the author's references, and to explain allusions which may no longer be

[1] *See "Fors Clavigera,"* 1875, *Letters lix. and lx.*

readily understood. But the principal object of the editors has been, by cross references and otherwise, to explain Ruskin by himself. All matter added by the editors is distinguished throughout the edition by inclusion within square brackets [ ].

In the last volume of the edition will be found a Bibliography, a Catalogue of the MSS., and a full Index to Ruskin's Works. An endeavour is made to render this latter a complete and exhaustive guide to subjects and names, and even to words by which a given passage may be identified. It is thus hoped that the Index may in some measure serve the purpose of a Concordance.

E. T. C.
A. W.

February 8, 1903.

THE device on the title-page is an adaptation by Mr. W. H. Hooper of Ruskin's coat-of-arms, for a description of which see *Præterita*, ii. (ch. viii.), § 160. The mantling was designed by Ruskin, who once amused himself by surrounding the arms with a motto based on Turner's initials: "Justice, Mercy, With Truth." His drawing also introduced a rose. The motto chosen by his father was "Age quod agis." This was changed by Ruskin on his own seal to "To-day," "tacitly underlined to myself with the warning 'The night cometh, when no man can work.'" Mr. Hooper's design combines the coat-of-arms with the motto on the seal. The seal is repeated on the cover of each volume, and in the water-mark of the unbleached paper made for this edition. Another water-mark is Ruskin's monogram.

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VOLUME I

EARLY PROSE WRITINGS

EARLY PROSE WRITINGS

1834 TO 1843

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 156, CHARING CROSS ROAD
NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1903

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[1] For detailed List of Contents in *The Poetry of Architecture*, see p. 3.

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Note.—Of these illustrations, the *frontispiece* and the *photogravure plates* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, and 18 appeared in *The Poetry of Architecture* (1893) in the same medium; the *frontispiece* and Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 12, 14, 16, 17, and 18 are in this edition slightly reduced. The four drawings here reproduced by photogravure on Plates 6 and 8 were in the 1893 edition printed from half-tone blocks. Plate 20, here slightly reduced, appeared in vol. i. of the *Poems* (1891). Plates 7, 15, and 19 are additional illustrations; the drawings reproduced in Nos. 7 and 19 have not before been published. The *facsimile* of MS. has not before been published.

Eight of the drawings here reproduced were in the Ruskin Exhibition held at the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 1901. No. 9 here was No. 4 in that exhibition; No. 18 was No. 20; No. 12 was No. 53; No. 14 was No. 146; the frontispiece was No. 186; No. 13 was No. 227; No. 4 was No. 265; No. 2 was No. 384.

For note on the *figures* illustrating *The Poetry of Architecture*, see p. 4 *n.* Figures 29–31 and 32–41 are reproduced from *The Architectural Magazine* and *The Magazine of Natural History* respectively.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. I

THE writings of Ruskin collected in this volume include all the early prose pieces which were published in his lifetime, together with some others which have not hitherto appeared. By "early" writings is meant such as were composed previously to the first volume of *Modern Painters*, issued in 1843, when Ruskin was in his twenty-fifth year. A few letters bearing a later date are, however, included, because they belong to a series of which the greater part was written during the early period.

The interest of the early pieces of a great writer is biographical, rather than literary.[1] Ruskin's command of words, sense of rhythm, and powers of observation and analysis were, indeed, developed at an early age, and some of the writings given in this volume would be worthy of preservation even if their author had no other and better claims. But the best pieces acquire additional significance, and some derive their only interest, from the promise and potency which may be discerned in them of future performance, and from the light which they throw upon the development of the author's genius. It seems desirable, therefore, to introduce these *juvenilia* by the biographical data necessary for placing the several pieces in relation to the influences in Ruskin's environment and education which they reflect.

John Ruskin was an only child, and was born on February 8, 1819, in 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, London (marked with a tablet by the Society of Arts, 1900). The character of his parents and tenor of his home life were the chief formative forces in his education. As a boy he was educated by his mother; at school he was a "day boy," and then only intermittently; when he went into residence at Oxford, his mother went also, taking lodgings in the High Street, where her husband joined her from Saturday to Monday. When he went abroad, his parents accompanied him.[2] "I have seen my mother travel," says Ruskin, "from

[1] Ruskin, after writing his autobiography, had intended to publish a collection of his early prose writings in a companion volume to the *Poems* issued in 1891 (see vol. I., p. 265, of that edition); he regarded the publication of his youthful pieces as a supplement to *Præterita*.

[2] *Cf.* the letter to James Hogg given below, p. xxviii.

sunrise to sunset on a summer's day without once leaning back in the carriage" (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter xxxiii.). She maintained this unbending attitude in the education of her son. An evangelical Puritan of the strictest sect, she held strong notions on the sinfulness even of toys. With no playfellows, the child's faculties were concentrated from his earliest years on the observation of nature and inanimate things. He used to spend hours, he says, in contemplating the colours of the nursery carpet. When he was four, Ruskin and his parents removed from Bloomsbury to Herne Hill (now No. 28). The garden then took the place of the carpet. After morning lessons he was his own master. His mother would often be gardening beside him, but he had his own little affairs to see to, "the ants' nest to watch, or a sociable bird or two to make friends with." The gifts of expression, which were to enable him to show to others the loveliness he discerned, owed their first cultivation to his mother's daily readings in the Bible—"the one essential part," he says, "in all my education." She began with the first chapter of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse, and began again at Genesis next day. Ruskin had also to learn the whole of "the fine old Scottish paraphrases." To this daily discipline, continued until he went up to Oxford, he attributed the cultivation of his ear and his sense of style.

By his father the boy was initiated in secular literature and in art. John James Ruskin had settled in London in 1807, and two years later entered into partnership as a wine-merchant, under the title of Ruskin, Telford & Domecq—"Domecq contributing the sherry, Telford the capital, and Ruskin the brains." He combined with much shrewdness in business a genuine love of literature and a strong vein of romantic sentiment. With Scott, Pope's Homer, Shakespeare, and Don Quixote the boy thus became familiar from very early years. His father's taste was as exact in art as in sherries, and he "never allowed me" (says his son) "to look for an instant at a bad picture." He had been a pupil in the landscape class of Alexander Nasmyth at Edinburgh, was fond of sketching, and delighted in reading poetry aloud, in buying drawings of architecture and landscape, and in entertaining artists at dinner. The atmosphere in which young Ruskin lived and moved was thus at once puritanical and artistic. The combination coloured his whole life's work; it may be seen very forcibly in some of these *juvenilia*, and especially in the "Three Letters and an Essay."[1] He was intended by his parents for the Church. In the last letter to Dale we see him wrestling in conflict between the call to the Church and the call to art and literature. It may be said that in the end he reconciled the two; he made the critic's chair a pulpit.

[1] See p. 398, and *cf.* the *Letters to a College Friend*, pp. 415, 433, 452, 460.

The young Ruskin's interest in literature and art was combined with equal interest in natural history, and especially in geology and mineralogy —subjects which he continued to cultivate, in his own way, throughout his working life. Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues* he had read when he was seven; at nine he was reading geological books; at ten, when he was at Matlock, he explored the caves with special interest, and began a collection of minerals. A few years later he spent much time among the natural history collections of the British Museum; he studied Jameson's *Mineralogy* in three volumes; and the book he chose for a present on his fifteenth birthday was Saussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes*.

An important part of Ruskin's education was a summer tour with his parents. In 1825, when he was six, they went to Paris, Brussels, Ghent, and Bruges (May 11–June 13). In the father's diary of this tour, preserved at Brantwood, there is this note: "Our very first Continental journey. I remember Paris well, and our rooms there.—J. R., 1872." On the same occasion the boy was taken over the field of Waterloo; many of his early exercises in verse celebrate the battle and its heroes (see Vol. II.). With this exception the tours, until the year 1833, were in Great Britain. His father was in the habit of travelling once a year for orders, and on these journeys he combined pleasure with business. He travelled to sell his wines, but also to see pictures; and in any country seat where there was a Reynolds, or a Velasquez, or a Vandyck, or a Rembrandt, "he would pay the surliest housekeeper into patience until we had examined it to our heart's content." Also, he travelled leisurely—in a private carriage hired or borrowed for the expedition, and he made a point of including in each summer's journey a visit to some region of romantic scenery, such as Scotland (in 1824, 1826, 1827), Wales (1831), the West of England (1828), Derbyshire (1829), and the English Lakes (1824, 1826, 1830).[1] These early tours had included also most of the cathedrals and castles of England. From the earliest days the young Ruskin had accompanied his parents on their journeys, perched on the top of a box in the "dickey." By the time he was ten he had thus seen all the high-roads, and most of the cross-roads, of England and Wales, and the greater part of lowland Scotland.[2] When he began to write, it was of things he had himself seen and

[1] Ruskin was again in the Lake District in 1837 and 1838. His familiarity with the country may be seen from one of the *Letters to a College Friend*, p. 413.

[2] In one of Ruskin's earliest note-books (No. iii.: see list in Vol. II.) there are "Notes of Travels" (1827–29). At Winchester the boy notices the "fine perspective" of the cathedral; at Salisbury, "cloisters fine, pillars beautiful." The road from Blandford to Dorchester was "very beautiful"; that from Weymouth to Bridport "most beautiful." At Plymouth he notes the "breakwater formed of stones been cast promiscuously into the sea and left to find their own base." At Ivy Bridge, a

sketched. One exception may be noted. He refers occasionally in these *juvenilia* to Spanish scenery and architecture, and he had never visited (nor did he ever visit) Spain. But with that country he had hereditary connexion through the Ruskin-Domecq vineyards, and he was familiar with its characteristics at second-hand from his father's descriptions and from pictures.

Ruskin was encouraged by his parents to write diaries and versify his impressions.[1] At home a little table was always kept apart for his work, and there the child would sit drawing or writing, while his mother knitted and his father read aloud. His parents paid him a shilling a page for his literary labours. The MS. books are for the most part filled with verses, and further account of them is given in Volume II. At the age of four he had begun to read and write;[2] at seven, he was hard at work in composing stories; at eight, he began verses. Some of his very early poems were published in his lifetime, and therefore appear in this edition (Vol. II.). Of his earliest prose piece—"Harry and Lucy Concluded" (1826–29)—he gave some account, with a few illustrative extracts, in *Præterita*. It is not proposed to give more of it to the world. His *juvenilia* were carefully treasured by Ruskin's parents, and his father from time to time added notes which speak eloquently of parental pride and tenderness. In after years, when Ruskin had fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, the father turned back to these MS. volumes and there entered the note, "He has been compared with Goethe, Coleridge, J. Taylor, Burke, Juvenal."[3]

spot beloved by Turner, young Ruskin notes the "beautiful bridge covered with ivy; rocky river." But the most enthusiastic traveller has his disappointments. Ruskin, when he went to Portsmouth, was "disappointed in the men of war in water," although "astonished when on stocks."

[1] Also, like many another child, he made notes on, or perhaps for, sermons. "A sermon," in a note-book of 1828 (No. ii.), deplores "the power of the Devil to deceive a whole nation," and refers to Zechariah (xi. 3) for "the punishment of shepherds neglecting their flock: shepherds mean clergymen." Thus texts for some of his future discourses were early chosen.

[2] Ruskin's first letter (dated by the postmark March 15, 1823) has been printed by Mr. Collingwood (*Life of John Ruskin*, 1900, pp. 18–19), who says, "I omit certain details about the whip":—

> My dear Papa,—I love you. I have got new things: Waterloo Bridge—Aunt Bridget brought me it. John and Aunt helped to put it up, but the pillars they did not put right, upside down. Instead of a book bring me a whip, coloured red and black. . . . To-morrow is Sabbath. Tuesday, I go to Croydon. I am going to take my boats and my ship to Croydon. I'll sail them on the pond near the burn which the bridge is over. I will be very glad to see my cousins. I was very happy when I saw Aunt come from Croydon. I love Mrs. Gray, and I love Mr. Gray. I would like you to come home, and my kiss and my love. John Ruskin.

[3] The note is dated 1846, in which year the second volume of *Modern Painters* appeared.

Two letters to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd—one from Ruskin's father, the other from the son—may here be given as affording a glimpse of the boy at his early literary work.[1]

The first letter is from Ruskin's father:—

HERNE HILL, near London,
22*nd January*, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is long since I was favoured by our friend Mr. Elder with a sight of part of a letter of January, 1833, in which you very kindly enquire after my son and myself, and if I had not deemed it intrusive, I should sooner have thanked you. I cannot say what has now led me to do what I have so long deferred, unless it may be sundry hints from our wife, and niece, and son, who all indulge in periodical remembrances of the delight your only too short visit offered them.

Touching my son, there are many to whom I would never name him or his pursuits; but to men of talent and of heart I find I can say many things that I dare not tell the world at large. It cannot comprehend; it has not patience, nor feeling, nor delicacy. It shall not be entrusted with my weaknesses, because I am not yet willing to be laughed out of them. To you I will venture to say that the youth you were kind enough to notice, gives promise of very considerable talent. His faculty of composition is unbounded; without, however, any very strong indication of originality. He writes verse and prose perpetually, check him as we will. Last summer we spent four months in Switzerland and Italy, of which tour every scene is sketched in verse or prose, or picture.

I have seen productions of youth far superior, and of earlier date, but the rapidity of composition is to us (unlearned in the ways of the learned) quite wonderful. He is now between fourteen and fifteen, and has indited thousands of lines. That I may not select, I send his last eighty or a hundred lines, produced in one hour, while he waited for me in the city.

Do not suppose we are fostering a poetical plant or genius, to say *we keep a poet*. It is impossible for any parents to make less of a gift than we do of this: firstly, from its small intrinsic value, as yet unsuspected in him; and, next, because we dread the sacrifice of our offspring by making him a victim to the pangs of despised verse, a sacrifice to a

[1] They are reprinted from *Memorials of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd*. Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Garden. With preface by Professor Veitch. Alexander Gardner: Paisley and London (1884), pp. 273–277. The letter from Ruskin is "written in a beautiful fair hand, resembling copperplate." Hogg's visit is referred to in *Præterita*, i. ch. v. The two letters were also given in *Igdrasil* (the journal of the Ruskin Reading Guild), vol. i. (1890), pp. 81–83, and in *Ruskiniana* (privately printed, 1890), part i. pp. 3, 4.

thankless world, who read, admire, and trample on the greatest and the best.

I was sorry to hear you had been suffering from inflammation in the chest. . . . I should like to see your works coming forward in better hands. A good substantial bookseller would lessen your anxiety and mend your health. You began your Memoir so well, that I feel quite enraged at the stupid bookseller for breaking at such a crisis.[1]

I would say, put not your trust in booksellers; cash is the word. But the knaves are despotic, and deal in rags of bills at four months' date. . . .

JOHN RUSKIN.

HERNE HILL, near London,
13th February, 1834.

SIR,—I cannot sufficiently thank you for your kind, your delightful invitation, one which it would have been such a pleasure, such an honour for me to have accepted. Yet I cannot at this period make up my mind to leave my parents, even for a short time. Hitherto I have scarcely left them for a day, and I wish to be with them as much as possible, till it is necessary for me to go to the university. Yet your offer to me, of course, is one of the most tempting that could possibly have occurred for many, very many reasons. I love Scotland,[2] I love the sight and the thought of the blue hills,[3] for among them I have passed some of the happiest days of my short life; and although these days have passed away like a summer-cloud, and the beings who gave them their pleasantness are in Heaven,[4] yet the very name of Scotland is sweet to me, for it calls back recollections of times which were exceedingly pleasant, and which can never more return to me. Yet I speak only of a part of the North Countrie; I have forgotten the braes of Yarrow and the banks of Tweed, and to wander among the holmes and hills of lovely Ettrick, with one to whom they and Scotland owe much, very much, of their celebrity, and to find brothers in his children (for if the children have the loving-kindness of the father, they would be sisters and brothers to me)—this would indeed be more than I can well tell of pleasure. But it is best not to think of it, for it must not be; for, as I before said, I do not wish to leave my parents, and they are equally tenacious of me, and so I can do little but thank you again, again, and thrice again.

I am grieved you should have taken so much trouble, and thrown

[1] Hogg's publisher failed immediately after the publication (March 1832) of the *Altrive Tales*, so called from Hogg's home, Altrive Lake.—*Editor's Note*, 1890.

[2] The words "I love Scotland" were omitted in *Igdrasil* and *Ruskiniana*.

[3] Cf. *Præterita*, i. ch. i. § 15.

[4] See *Præterita*, i. ch. iii., where account is given of the home and death of Ruskin's paternal aunt and her daughter Jessie.—*Editor's Note*, 1890. See also in Vol. II. pt. iii. the verses of 1830, "On the death of my cousin Jessie."

away so much of your valuable time, in the examination of my very worthless rhymes. I fear you are too lenient a critic, and that Mr. Marshall is in the right when he says I have imitated Scott and Byron. I have read Byron with wonder, and Scott with delight; they have caused me many a day-dream and night-dream; and it is difficult to prevent yourself from imitating what you admire. I can only say that the imitation was unintentional, but I fear, with me, almost unavoidable. I only wish the imitation was nearer the original. If I could write one piece of poetry in my lifetime at all resembling the description of the battle of Flodden field, I think, toward the conclusion of Marmion, it would be enough honour for me. Please give my love to your young shepherdesses and their brother, for I can love them though I have not seen them, and believe me to remain, sir,

Respectfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN (Jr.).

Ruskin at the time when this letter was written was just fifteen. He had already begun to take himself seriously; and, in spite of his father's disclaimer of "fostering a poetical plant," it is easy to see that the sensitive and precocious boy was not discouraged from regarding himself as set apart with a mission in the world.

The tour in Switzerland and Italy, mentioned in the first of the letters to Hogg, had an important influence upon Ruskin. In 1832 he had received as a birthday present from Mr. Telford a copy of Rogers' *Italy*, with Turner's vignettes. He set to work at once to copy them; his interest in Italy was keenly aroused, and from that day forth Turner obtained his whole allegiance. In the following year his father had brought home, among his treasures from the city, a copy of Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*. Why, his parents asked themselves, should not they also go and see the wonderful places? They set out accordingly, travelling by Calais, Cassel, Lille, Tournay, Brussels, Heidelberg, Constance, the Splügen, Milan, Genoa, Turin, the Great St. Bernard, Vevey, Interlaken, Chamouni, and Paris. The tour lasted four months. This was the first of a series of posting tours through many of the more romantic regions of Europe which father, mother, and son took together for nearly thirty years. In the earlier tours, Mary Richardson (Ruskin's cousin) and Ann (his old nurse) were also of the party. They travelled always in their own carriage with a courier. They went by easy stages, stopping at their son's will to examine minerals here, to study pictures there, and to sketch and wander everywhere. The pieces published in the Appendix to this volume, and especially "The Ascent of the St. Bernard," show alike the delights and the humours of these journeys.

Those were "the olden days of travelling, now to return no more," of which Ruskin has in several places given a description.[1] The hours of "peaceful and thoughtful pleasure," of which a posting tour in easy stages afforded so many, were important elements in Ruskin's education. In particular, the first sight of the snowy Alps opened, he says, a new life to him, and fixed his destiny.

Ruskin's Continental tour of 1833 produced various literary fruits. The verses will be found in Volume II. In prose he wrote and published a note On the Colour of the Rhine, which he had observed at Geneva and elsewhere. It was followed a month or two later by Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc—a subject on which his attention had fastened when he was in Savoy in 1833, and which was often to occupy him in later years.[2] On this tour, as on its successors, Ruskin spent his evenings in writing diaries and notes of what he had seen during the day, and often in composition on topics entirely disconnected therewith. This faculty of detachment, thus cultivated, was to enable Ruskin to do much of his literary work under conditions which many authors would find impossible.[3]

In 1835 the Continental tour was repeated; the route on this occasion being by Geneva, Chamouni, the Great St. Bernard, the Swiss Oberland, Innsbruck, the Stelvio, Como, Venice, Salzburg, Carlsruhe, Strassburg, and Paris. Of this tour, Ruskin left many memorials in verse, which are given in Volume II. (For detailed itinerary see note there on the verses of 1835.) The pieces about the Great St. Bernard, in the Appendix to this volume, were also an outcome of this tour, and bring the travellers vividly before us. Ruskin furthermore kept a full prose diary of the greater portion of the tour (Canterbury, June 2, to Varenna, September 25). This diary is almost entirely concerned with geological and other scientific observations. He notes the geological features of the country; discusses the stratification of the rocks, and records the acquisition of mineralogical specimens. Among other paraphernalia carried by Ruskin on the tour of 1835 was a "cyanometer" to measure the blue of the sky (*Præterita*, i. ch. viii. § 176). Observations with this are

[1] See *Præterita*, i. ch. ix.; *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. i. § 1; and *Proserpina*, "Giulietta."

[2] See *Deucalion*, i. ch. xiv. § 5.

[3] "This power of detaching himself from surroundings, and fixing his mind on any business in hand, has always been one of his most curious and most enviable gifts. How few writers could correct proofs at Sestri, and write political economy at Chamouni! After spending the morning in drawing early Gothic, and the afternoon driving to some historic site, with a sketch of sunset, perhaps, he could settle down in his hotel bedroom and write a preface to an old work, and next morning be up before the sun, busy at a chapter of *Fors* or *Præterita*" (Collingwood's *Life*, 1900, p. 31).

constantly given in the diary: "Cyan. 14," "Cyan. 10," and so forth. The diary is illustrated with twenty-six sketches, very neatly executed in pen and ink to illustrate geological features. The diary is contained in a small book, covered in red leather, and occupies 172 closely written pages. Inside the cover is written in his father's hand, "J. Ruskin, 1835," and on the fly-leaf in pencil is written, "Lent by Mr. Ruskin, Junior, to J. C. Loudon, and with Mr. R.'s consent lent to Mr. Bakewell to see if there is anything in them adapted for M. N. H., April 12th, 1836." The *Magazine of Natural History* for that year contained two papers which Ruskin wrote up from observations recorded in the diary (see pp. 194, 197, and Figs. 29–31). Occasionally the diarist allows himself to digress from the rigour of geological observation to picturesque description. Here, for instance, is the entry for the top of the Stelvio Pass (September 23):—

> "The panorama which is seen from the summit is very grand, and remarkable for the desolation of its beauty. From the summits of most other passes, though the mountains round may be snowy and savage enough and plenty enough, yet there is always or generally some green patch of pine and pasturage, or a bit of some distant and luxuriant valley—an oasis in the desert, to relieve the weariness of the eye. The St. Gothard is an exception, but even there, if you go on for a quarter of a mile you have the whole long valley of Airolo and Bellinzona. If you walk to the lake of St. Bernard you command the green fields of St. Remy: from the Simplon the valley of the Rhone and city of Brieg: from the Splügen the beautiful ravine of Campo Dolcino. Here, a waste of snow, beautiful and bright, rises in enormous peaks far and near, the Orteler seeming to sit upon a throne of them, like an elected candidate chaired, and their bases, although without snow, lose its brilliancy and beauty without an equivalent, for not a stunted pine varies the universal monotony of the red rocks."

In addition to keeping and illustrating this diary, Ruskin also made numerous drawings on this tour, three of which are here reproduced (pp. 8, 38, 520).

With the study of nature—associated through romantic literature with memories of human valour and passion—that of art went hand in hand. His inspection of the chief pictorial treasuries of Great Britain was supplemented by study in European galleries. It is worth noting that Ruskin never visited Holland—a neglect which may perhaps partly explain his lack of sympathy with the Dutch painters. For his early study of their works he was largely dependent on the Dulwich Gallery, which was close to his home. Ruskin had taken to drawing at an early age, and had

illustrated some of his first stories and verses. From the age of twelve he had regular drawing lessons.[1]

The more formal part of Ruskin's education was not altogether fortunate, and was much interrupted by ill-health. He once suggested for his epitaph the curse of Reuben—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel;"[2] and on another occasion he said, "It is strange that I hardly ever get anything stated without some queer mistake, however true in my main discoveries."[3] There was nothing in his early education to drill him into

[1] Some early letters to his father describing these lessons under Mr. Runciman, his first master, have been published (in Collingwood's *Life*, 1900, pp. 33–34). On February 20, 1832, he writes:—

> ". . . You saw the two models that were last sent, before you went away. Well, I took my paper, and I fixed my points, and I drew my perspective, and then, as Mr. Runciman told me, I began to invent a scene. You remember the cottage that we saw as we went to Rhaidyr Dhu [*sic*], near Maentwrog, where the old woman lived whose grandson went with us to the fall, so very silently? I thought my model resembled that; so I drew a tree—such a tree, such an enormous fellow—and I sketched the waterfall, with its dark rocks, and its luxuriant wood, and its high mountains; and then I examined one of Mary's pictures to see how the rocks were done, and another to see how the woods were done, and another to see how the mountains were done, and another to see how the cottages were done, and I patched them all together, and I made such a lovely scene—oh, I should get such a scold from Mr. Runciman (that is, if he ever scolded)!"

Mary was his cousin, who had been adopted by his parents as a daughter. After the next lesson, he wrote again to his father (Feb. 27, 1832):—

> "You know the beautiful model drawing that I gave you an account of in my last? I showed it to Mr. Runciman. He contemplated it for a moment in silence, and then, turning, asked me if I had copied. I told him how I had patched it up; but he said that that was not copying, and although he was not satisfied with the picture, he said there was something in it that would make him totally change the method he had hitherto pursued with me. He then asked Mary for some gray paper, which was produced; then inquired if I had a colour-box; I produced the one you gave me, and he then told me he should begin with a few of the simplest colours, in order to teach me better the effects of light and shade. He should then proceed to teach me water-colour painting, but the latter only as a basis for oil; this last, however, to use his own words, all in due time . . . Oh, if I could paint well before we went to Dover! I should have such sea-pieces."

To oil-painting, however, Ruskin never took kindly. In a rhyming letter to his father (March 11, 1835), he wrote:—

> "I cannot bear to paint in oil,
> C. Fielding's tints alone for me!
> The other costs me double toil,
> And wants some fifty coats to be
> Splashed on each spot successively.
> Faugh, *wie es stinckt!* I can't bring out,
> With all, a picture fit to see.
> My bladders burst, my oils all out—
> And then, what's all the work about?"

[2] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter li.

[3] Letter from Ruskin to C. E. Norton, cited in preface to *Aratra Pentelici*, in the American "Brantwood" edition.

exact scholarship, or encourage concentration. Up to the age of ten his mother taught him. A classical tutor was then called in. He was Dr. Andrews, father of Coventry Patmore's first wife. Andrews was impressed by the boy's precocity, and wanted to take him on to Hebrew before he was well grounded in Greek. It appears from a remark in one of Ruskin's early letters that even his mother wrestled with the elements of Hebrew in order to assist his study. Another tutor taught him French and mathematics. Ruskin had a fair conversational knowledge of French, and was always a reader of French literature. Of mathematics Ruskin was fond; and this, he tells us, was the branch of his early studies which gave him least trouble. It will be seen in some of the following papers with how much gusto he pursues any geometrical turn in his arguments. In 1833 Ruskin went to a day school at Camberwell, kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale; he studied there for part of two years. His school course was interrupted by an attack of pleurisy. He afterwards attended lectures by Dale three times a week at King's College, and also read privately with him. To this portion of Ruskin's education we shall return presently, in connexion with the *Three Letters and an Essay*, found among Dale's papers.

The Essay on Literature (p. 357) was written for Dale in 1836, which was a busy year in the literary annals of Ruskin's boyhood. A considerable portion of his literary production at this period was due to an affair of the heart, described with playful reminiscence in *Præterita* (i. ch. x.). He had fallen in love with one of the daughters of M. Domecq, the Adèle of his poems. As a suitor he combined, he tells us, "the single-mindedness of Mr. Traddles with the conversational abilities of Mr. Toots;" and his Parisian flame laughed whole-heartedly at the literary offerings with which he sought to commend himself to her. Among these was the Legend of Italy, entitled *Leoni*, which he sent to *Friendship's Offering*, and which is here reprinted.

His most important literary production of 1836 was, however, caused by an attachment of a different kind. He had already, as we have seen, sworn allegiance to Turner, and now, when he was no more than seventeen, he produced the germ which grew into his principal book. To the Academy Exhibition of 1836, Turner had sent three pictures characteristic of his later manner—"Juliet and her Nurse," "Rome from Mount Aventine," and "Mercury and Argus." They were fiercely attacked in *Blackwood's Magazine* for October, and young Ruskin, "roused to height of black anger" thereby, sat down and wrote an enthusiastic defence of the master. A copy of this paper, which has never hitherto been printed, has been found among Ruskin's papers. Inasmuch as it is the germ of

Modern Painters, it is taken out of its chronological place and printed with the first volume of that work (Volume III. of this edition).

In October 1836, shortly after he had written the Reply to *Blackwood*, Ruskin matriculated at Oxford, and in the following term (Jan. 1837) he went into residence as a gentleman-commoner at Christ Church. His Oxford days and studies are fully described in *Præterita*. We need not do more here than notice his literary activity, and add a few particulars not given in Ruskin's own writings. His studies, it is clear, were diffusive at Oxford, as elsewhere. He kept up his drawing, and took great delight in scientific work with Buckland (then a Canon of Christ Church, see below, p. 211). He also spoke at the Union. One motion supported by him was characteristic: "that intellectual education as distinguished from moral discipline is detrimental to the interests of the lower order of a nation."[1] Of a speech by Ruskin on a different topic, some account has been given by a friend of F. W. Robertson (Mr. Davies, Vicar of Tewkesbury):—

> "On one of the occasions on which I paid Robertson a short visit at Oxford, I went with him to the Union. He was to speak that evening. The subject of debate was the moral tendency, or otherwise, of the theatre. Robertson opened the discussion. I sat next to him, and he was somewhat nervous, it being about the second time that he had spoken. Before he got up to speak, pressing his hand upon my knee, he whispered in my ear, 'Davies, pray for me.' The tenor of his observations was opposed to the idea that theatrical representations could legitimately be made the channel of conveying any really good moral influence or instruction. Robertson was answered by Mr. Ruskin in a very ingenious and somewhat sarcastic speech, which excited much laughter in the room. With considerable circumlocution and innuendo he was describing a certain personage to whose influence he probably thought Robertson had, in his observations, given too much consideration, when Robertson said in my ear, 'Why, the man is describing the devil!'" (*Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson*, edited by Stopford A. Brooke, 1874, p. 18.)

Another characteristic glimpse of Ruskin at the Union is given by Dean Lake:—

> "I have never forgotten two 'very brilliant' speeches which I heard there at different times. The first was when I was President, and an unknown gentleman-commoner made a striking and very poetical speech. I forget the subject, but remember a specially vivid

[1] Ruskin often returned to this thesis. See *Fors Clavigera*, passim; the passages are collected in part iii. of *Ruskin on Education*, by William Jolly (1894).

description of the scenery of the Alps. 'Who is this?' I asked. 'Ruskin, a gentleman-commoner of Christ Church,' was the answer. He joined our Committee" (*Memorials of Dean Lake*, 1901, p. 33).[1]

It may be gathered from *Præterita* that with the ordinary classical curriculum of the University Ruskin was not in much sympathy. His Latin, he says, was the worst in University,[2] and to the end of his career he never could get into his head where the Pelasgi lived, or the Heraclidae returned from. But a perusal of the *juvenilia* collected in this volume suggests that Ruskin read many classical authors with interest and advantage, and the range of his general reading was extensive.[3] His love of Greek literature lasted throughout his life; to Plato especially he was strongly attached. Aristotle was less sympathetic. The copies of the "Ethics" and the "Rhetoric" used by Ruskin at Oxford are preserved in the library of the British Museum.[4] Ruskin's criticism of the use of Aristotle's Ethics and Rhetoric for school purposes is

[1] The other "very brilliant" speech referred to by Dean Lake was by Lord Robert Cecil, afterwards Marquis of Salisbury (Prime Minister). Ruskin spoke four times, all of them in 1838. On May 17, 1838, he was the first speaker against the motion "That the present facilities of acquiring knowledge through the medium of the Press are on the whole productive of more harm than benefit." On May 24 he supported the motion "That the reading of good and well-written Novels is neither prejudicial to the moral nor to the intellectual character." He must have been well prepared for that debate by the Essay here printed (p. 357). On June 13 he moved the motion about education given above. The debate was adjourned, and he replied on June 15. This must have been the debate referred to by Dean Lake, for Ruskin served on the Committee in the following (Michaelmas) term; the connexion with the Alps is not obvious, but Ruskin may have kept no closer to his text in his speeches than in his lectures. On October 25 he moved "That Theatrical Representations are upon the whole highly beneficial to the character of a nation." Robertson opposed and Ruskin replied, as recorded above. This was his last appearance at the Union.

[2] *Præterita*, i. ch. xi. § 220.

[3] In the *Poetry of Architecture* he cites Euripides, Herodotus, Juvenal, and Thucydides. The papers "were believed to be written by an Oxford don" (F. Harrison's *John Ruskin*, in the "English Men of Letters" series, 1902, p. 27).

[4] On the fly-leaf of the former is the following inscription:—

> J. Ruskin.—Old school-book—woful to see, thrown out, Brantwood, April 1880.

The fly-leaf of the "Rhetoric" is similarly inscribed:—

> J. Ruskin.—Old school-book (detested). Thrown out, 3rd April 1880. With various rubbish.

Ruskin's edition of the Ethics is *The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle*. With English notes. By John S. Brewer, M.A., Oxford, 1836. The Rhetoric is *Aristotelis de Rhetorica Libri Tres. Ad fidem manuscriptorum recogniti in usum academicae juventutis, Oxonii*, 1833. The Rhetoric is interleaved. On the sheet opposite p. 32 is a sketch of Bedouin Arabs somewhat more elaborate than the others. A note signed "J. R., 3 Ap. '80," states:—

> Sketch by Lord Eastnor. All the other scrawling mine throughout the book.

These and other books "thrown out" of his library by Ruskin in 1880 were bought, and dispersed, by Quaritch.

contained in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*. An examination of his own copies raises some doubt, however, whether his reading of the text —at any rate in his Oxford days—had been very thorough.[1] In the case of the Ethics, his annotations end with the eighth book. Both volumes seem to have been used less for grammatical or philosophical notes than as affording convenient spaces for architectural drawings.

Ruskin devoted much of his time at Oxford to literary composition. He competed thrice for the Newdigate Prize, winning it in 1839, with his poem "Salsette and Elephanta."[2] He also during his residence at Oxford wrote a good deal of verse, which was published in *Friendship's Offering*. He was at the same time engaged with several of the prose pieces collected in this volume. In the summer vacation of 1837 he returned with his parents to one of the haunts of his boyhood, the Lake Country. The contrast between the cottages of Westmoreland and those of Italy struck him as typical of the several countries, and in the autumn he began to write the papers entitled *The Poetry of Architecture*. These continued to occupy him during the year 1838.[3] They appeared in Loudon's *Architectural Magazine*, and to the same periodical he contributed several other papers, dealing with the Theory and Practice of Perspective and other subjects (pp. 213–264 of this vol.). The editor seems, indeed, to have regarded his young Oxonian contributor as a general referee, without whose pronouncement no discussion could be considered complete. The rôle was one from which Ruskin was at no time of his life averse.

John Claudius Loudon (1783–1843), the editor who thus encouraged Ruskin's first essays in prose,[4] was a man of singular enterprise and originality. He was the son of a Scottish farmer, and had taught himself modern languages and drawing during his apprenticeship to a landscape-gardener. He had established a successful model farm, when he

[1] See on this point the preface to the 1883 edition of *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., and the note of that year, given as a footnote to sec. ii. pt. vi. § 8 in this edition (Vol. IV.). *Cf.* below, *Letters to a College Friend*, pp. 418, 419.

[2] For particulars, see Introduction to Vol. II.; his three poems submitted for the Prize are printed in that volume.

[3] In 1838 Ruskin was again in the North. Of the tours of 1837 and 1838 no diaries have been found, but the following are dates of drawings:—

1837. June 28, Brougham Castle, Penrith. July 11, Buttermere and Honister. July 31, Brathay Church and Langdale; Ruin near Ambleside. August 8, Brathay, Windermere. August 11, Dungeon Ghyll. August 15, Rocks on the Wharfe above the Strid. August 18, Matlock, study of limestone. August 21, Tower, Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

1838. June 24, Loch Achray. July 19, St. Anthony's Chapel, Edinburgh (see below, p. 260, Fig. 40). July 27, The Trossachs. July 28, Stirling. July 30, Dumbarton. August (no day), Rydal Water. August 29, Haddon Hall. September 1, Ashby-de-la-Zouche.

[4] Ruskin called W. H. Harrison his "first editor" (see below, p. xlviii.), and Loudon his "first literary patron" (see *Instructions in Use of Rudimentary Series*—R 227—in the volume containing Ruskin's Oxford Catalogues).

threw it up in order to travel on the Continent. He returned to this country to find his investments gone, and set to work with great energy to retrieve his fortunes by the publication of magazines and encyclopædias. At one time he had no less than five monthly magazines running at one time.[1] His *Encyclopædia of Agriculture* and *Arboretum Britannicum* also made heavy calls on his energy and resources. At the end of 1838, when he stopped publication of the *Architectural Magazine* (p. xlix.), he found himself £10,000 to the bad. He threw himself with unabated vigour into the work of paying off his debts; travelling about the country to lay out gentlemen's seats and plant cemeteries—subjects in which he had caused the *Architectural Magazine* to take interest (p. 245), and at the same time proceeding with various agricultural and horticultural books. He suffered from chronic rheumatism, but he worked, it is recorded, thirteen hours a day, and was engaged in dictating up to a few hours before he died. Loudon was, as has been said, a great admirer of the young Ruskin's genius. It is fitting that in this complete edition of Ruskin's works, the following letter from Loudon to the elder Ruskin should find place. The paper which seems more particularly to have called it forth was that on the Scott Monument (p. 247):—

BAYSWATER, *November* 30, 1838.

DEAR SIR,— . . . Your son is certainly the greatest natural genius that ever it has been my fortune to become acquainted with, and I cannot but feel proud to think that at some future period, when both you and I are under the turf, it will be stated in the literary history of your son's life that the first article of his which was published was in *Loudon's Magazine of Natural History*.[2]—Yours very sincerely,

J. C. LOUDON.

It is not every young genius that finds an editor so generous and far-sighted.

With the end of 1839, the *Architectural Magazine* came to an end. Like most of Loudon's productions, it was more excellent than lucrative. Ruskin's father received the news of the stoppage with satisfaction:—

"Oxford," he wrote in a letter to W. H. Harrison (October 24), "must now be attended to, for it is no joke, and he has but two

[1] In a letter to his father (Jan. 10, 1837) Ruskin gives a lively account of a visit to Loudon:—

"Mr. Loudon's house, as I have often remarked, is to the eye of the casual observer, what the extent of the work he goes through proves that it cannot be to the master or presiding genius thereof, a chaos of literary confusion. Dust-covered fossils and lack-lustre minerals, their crystals shattered, their polish destroyed, and enveloped in cobwebs of duration so antique and size so formidable as to render the specimens far more interesting to the entomologist than the mineralogist, occupy the landing-places and passages, while the floors of the rooms themselves are paved with books and portfolios."

[2] The first article, but some verses of Ruskin's had previously been published: see below, p. xlv. *n*.

years. Everything else save F. O. must be dropped. Luckily it suits Loudon to suspend *Architectural Magazine* for two years, when John is to resume, please God he lives."

Ruskin himself, in letters of the same time, and to the same correspondent, avows his determination to "stick to Greek" until he had taken his degree.[1] One piece, more or less in continuation of the discussion on Perspective, flowed over from the *Architectural Magazine* into another of Loudon's publication; this was the note here entitled "On the Proper Shapes of Pictures and Engravings" (p. 235), which appeared in an edition of Repton's *Landscape Gardening* issued in 1840. For the rest, Ruskin confined himself during 1839 to studying Greek and writing verses; the only exception was a paper communicated to the Meteorological Society (p. 206).

Ruskin's reading for his degree was not destined, however, to be successful. In Easter 1840, when he was putting on a spurt for the examinations, he was seized with a consumptive cough and spat some blood. That "drop" was not, as in the case of Keats, his "death-warrant," but it was a death-blow to hopes of academical distinction. He went down from Oxford, and from September 25, 1840, till June 29, 1841, he was seeking health on the Continent with his parents. Their route on this occasion was Rouen, the Loire, Auvergne, Genoa, Lucca, Pisa, Florence, Siena, Rome, Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, the Mount Cenis, Geneva, and home by Basle and Rheims. Of these wanderings we have memorials in the *Letters to Dale* (pp. 355–398) and the *Letters to a College Friend* (pp. 399–502).

Ruskin also kept a full diary of this tour, from which the itinerary given below[2] is compiled. Some extracts from the diary were printed in

[1] *Cf.* in Vol. II., note on "The Broken Chain."

[2] The first pages of the diary are missing. It begins in Auvergne, and the following is the itinerary: Clermont (Oct. 8), Brionde (Oct. 9), Le Puy (Oct. 10–13), Valence (Oct. 14, 15), Montélimar to Avignon (Oct. 17–19), Aix (Oct. 20), Bagnolles (Oct. 21), Fréjus (Oct. 22), Nice (Oct. 23–25), Mentone (Oct. 26), Omeglia (Oct. 27), Albenga (Oct. 28), Savona (Oct. 29), Genoa (Oct. 31), Chiavari (Nov. 3), Sestri (Nov. 4), Spezia (Nov. 5), Massa (Nov. 6), Lucca (Nov. 8), Pisa (Nov. 9), Empoli (Nov. 12), Florence (Nov. 13–24), Siena (Nov. 25), Radicofani (Nov. 26), Viterbo (Nov. 27), Rome (Nov. 28–Jan. 5), Cisterna (Jan. 6), Mola di Gaeta (Jan. 7), Naples (Jan. 9–Feb. 25), Sorrento (Feb. 26), Castellamare (March 1), Salerno and Paestum (March 2), Castellamare (March 5), Amalfi (March 6), Naples (March 10–15), Mola di Gaeta (March 16), Cisterna (March 18), Albano (March 19), Rome (March 22–April 15), Cività Castellana (April 16), Terni (April 17), Foligno (April 20), Perugia (April 21), Arezzo (April 22), Florence (April 24–30), Bologna (May 1), Rovigo (May 5), Ferrara, Padua, Venice (May 8–16), Padua (May 17), Verona (May 18), Mantua (May 20), Cremona (May 22), Milan (May 25), Vercelli (May 27), Turin (May 28), Susa (May 31), Lanslebourg (June 1), St. Jean de Maurienne (June 2), Chambéry (June 3), Geneva (June 5), Lausanne (June 8), Neuchatel (June 10), Tavannes (June 11), Basle (June 12), Nancy (June 16), Bar le Duc (June 17), Rheims (June 19), Laon (June 21), Calais (June 27), Rochester (June 29).

Præterita (ii. ch. iii.), where also an account of the tour is given. A perusal of the diary shows that Ruskin was at this time, suffering from some languor, caused by ill-health, by unavailing memories of Adèle, and by the disappointment of a broken career at Oxford. References to his cough, to trouble with his eyes, and to his Oxford disappointment, are frequent also in the letters here printed. But it is clear also, both from the letters and from the diary, that during the tour of 1840–41 he was receiving impressions and making careful studies of nature which were afterwards of value to him in *Modern Painters*. Slowly, but surely, one seems to see the course of his first important work being marked out for him. Ruskin's mission in life, he used to say, was to teach people to see. How closely he himself saw, how conscientiously he noted, is shown by this diary of 1840–41. His entries are like those brilliant impressions by Turner, which may be seen in the water-colour rooms of the National Gallery. Here, for instance, is a note made at Naples (January 17, 1841):—

> "There was an effect on St. Elmo I would have given anything to keep—its beautiful outline was dark against streaks of blue sky and white cloud—horizontal,—and yet its mass was touched with sun in places, so as to give it colour and solidity; clouds like smoke, hovering on the hill below and enclosing the sky-opening, and the square masses of the city in shade, one or two houses only coming out in fragments of sunlight; the smoke from the palace-manufactory close to me rose in an oblique column, terminating the group with a lovely line of blue mist. It was a Turner."

From Naples Ruskin went to Castellamare. He notes an effect there on March 7:—

> "Out again after dinner, and along the shore a mile towards Sorrento, till I got to a jutting pier of loose blocks of stone, which I scrambled out on, and sat in a niche sheltered from the wind till near sunset. Sea calm as a lake on one side, rippling on the other, with fresh breeze; but still playfully, and lake-like and clear as heaven, glowing sun and mild air on the rocks, steep hills above sea, terminating in a clear, peaked, calm outline against intense blue. Ischia and Posilipo grey and beautiful on the other, and Vesuvius, in perpetual change, flinging his vapour far across the bay, far as the eye could see, beyond Ischia, and as it grew later, blazing purple light on the snowy hills behind, relieved by a gloomier range of near limestone like some of our own Yorkshire hills—such as have made me happy to intoxication, when first discovered blue and faint from some one of our Yorkshire villages, Boroughbridge or some such place."

At Venice (May 12) Ruskin notes a sky-effect that was new to him.

(The italics and the exclamation marks were added when he was reading over the diary in after years):—

> "When I left the square—before the sunset—at it rather—there was a light such as Turner *in his maddest moments never came up to!!!* It turned the masts of the guard frigate into absolute pointed fire, and the woods of the Botanic Gardens took it in the same way—not as if it were light on them, but in them; it was impossible to believe it was not autumn; and the brick buildings far over the lagoon blazing in pure crimson. When it left the earth and got into the sky it turned it as usual into the purple grey with red touches; but one effect new to me was a stray ray which caught vertically on a misty, undefined cloud, and turned it into a perpendicular pillar of crimson haze, like the column that led the Israelites."

From Italy he returned to Switzerland. At Lausanne (June 9) he records the successive phases of a sunset:—

> "The sun is setting on Lake Leman, and I am sitting at my own room window, watching the opposite outline.[1] The snow on the high point, fresh, is dazzlingly bright, but only there; it shades softly down on the red crags. I dim my eye—it glows like a moonrise in the grey sky. I cannot write for looking at it. Brighter yet! now it is running to the left, glowing on the pastures and pines. Oh, beautiful! The hills are all becoming misty fire, and all is grey beneath them and above. Yet redder! the middle bit is all snow; it is bursting into conflagration, over purple shades. Now the light has left the bases, but it is far along to the left on the broad field of snow—less and less—but redder and redder. Oh, glorious! It is going fast; only the middle peak has it still,—fading fast, fading—gone. All is cold but the sky, whose spray clouds are red above, and a soft clear twilight still far down the lake with the Voirons and Salève against it. When shall I— Nay, now there is a faint red glow again on the snow fields to the left. It must have been a cloud which took it off before. When shall I see the sun set again on the Lake Leman, and who will be with me—or who not! All is cold now."

It is interesting to note that while Italy often found Ruskin languid and left him cold, his intentness of joy is always raised to its highest mark among the Alps. He reached Susa[2] on May 31, and wrote in the diary:—

> "Again among the Alps! . . . I had a walk this evening . . . such a walk over dewy knolls of rich grass and green vines, with the sound of the Dora whispering over the whole valley, and a full clear moon rising over

[1] This is slightly drawn on the opposite page of the diary.

[2] For Ruskin's love of Susa and its surroundings, see a letter to Miss Siddal of Jan. 27, 1856, reprinted in a later volume of this edition, from *Ruskin, Rossetti, and Pre-Raphaelitism*, 1899, p. 119.

aiguilles of dark gneiss, and pure, high, snow with the flush of the last twilight on them coming from behind a noble Alp; still misty with the scattering rain-clouds of a gloomy day, but broad and bright in its fields of snow, piny heights, and pasture hollows heaped on every side. I was so happy."

He crossed the Mont Cenis and slept at St. Jean de Maurienne. On June 2, he makes this entry in the diary:—

> "This morning at six o'clock . . . all grey and gloomy. . . . Half-an-hour later I looked out and caught the blaze of the pyramid of snow which closes the valley, full fronting the east sun, and staggered back into the room. I could not have conceived I should have felt it so much. Thank God! I have lost none of my old joy in the Alps. I dressed in three minutes, and rushed out down through the galleried village and up on the cattle path among the dewy rich pasture, the blaze of the snow on every side, the rocks clean against the heaven, and red and steep, and my eyes strangely well able to meet the full blaze of the western pyramid without shrinking. Oh, happy! I shall never forget this morning unless my brains go altogether, and even then the sound of its cattle-bells would ring in them."

The diary of 1840–41, and still more perhaps those of years a little later, show the sincerity of Ruskin's studies from nature, and the spontaneous colour and felicity of his so-called "word-painting."[1]

Ruskin's hours of keenest pleasure in Italy during this tour of 1840–41 were those spent in sketching. In spite of the weakness of his eyes at this time, he brought home a large number of drawings.[2] Six of these are reproduced in this volume (pp. 378, 382, 388, 440, 446, 454), and others in later volumes. They include some studies beautiful in themselves; to Ruskin they were further valuable as helping to fix his attention and his impressions. In May he had been in Venice; and on the 12th of that month he makes an entry in the diary, from which another passage has already been quoted:—

> "What a delicious afternoon I spent yesterday in St. Mark's, trying to get the local colour of the church. It was such a pleasure to have one's eyes kept on those beautiful and strange details with the quiet sketching attention."

[1] "The martinets who used to sneer at the sonorous sentences of (Ruskin's) . . . art books as if it were clap-trap word-painting, coloured to catch the groundlings, might be surprised to see in the private diaries of this time (1849) the same realist painting, the same overflowing language. They were mere notes, jotted down at night, intended for no eye but his own, to record impressions; and yet they have the precision, the glow, and even the music of his finished books. Ruskin, like Stephen Phillips' 'Herod,' 'thought in gold and dreamed in silver' words, even in his inmost meditations" (Frederic Harrison's *John Ruskin*, p. 53).

[2] See below, *Letters to a College Friend*, p. 453.

On his return to England, Ruskin went for a cure to Dr. Jephson, at Leamington. There he wrote the last of his *juvenilia*, the *King of the Golden River* (pp. 305–354), which, however, was not published till ten years later. In April 1842, having recovered his health, he went up to Oxford again, was given an honorary double-fourth, and took his degree, proceeding to that of M.A. in 1843. The *Letters to a College Friend* include letters of this and of a later time, but the period of his *juvenilia*, with which we are concerned in this volume, closes with the close of his student days at Oxford. It is interesting that his earlier prose pieces were the work of an Oxford undergraduate; it was as an Oxford Graduate that he was to emerge into fame with *Modern Painters*.

Having now traced Ruskin's early life in outline, and dated and placed his early writings, we may pass to give some further particulars of the several pieces printed in this volume.

Of the early prose pieces the longest and the most important is *The Poetry of Architecture*. It is therefore placed first in this volume. Upon it, Ruskin himself made some critical remarks:—

> "The idea had come into my head in the summer of '37, and, I imagine, rose immediately out of my sense of the contrast between the cottages of Westmoreland and those of Italy. Anyhow, the November number of Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* for 1837 opens with 'Introduction to the Poetry of Architecture; or The Architecture of the Nations of Europe considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character,' by Kata Phusin. I could not have put in fewer, or more inclusive words, the definition of what half my future life was to be spent in discoursing of; while the *nom-de-plume* I chose, 'According to Nature,' was equally expressive of the temper in which I was to discourse alike on that, and every other subject. The adoption of a *nom-de-plume* at all implied (as also the concealment of name on the first publication of *Modern Painters*) a sense of a power of judgment in myself, which it would not have been becoming in a youth of eighteen to claim. . . . As it is, these youthful essays, though deformed by assumption, and shallow in contents, are curiously right up to the points they reach; and already distinguished above most of the literature of the time, for the skill of language, which the public at once felt for a pleasant gift in me" (*Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 250).

To like effect, in the paper on "My First Editor" (W. H. Harrison, editor of *Friendship's Offering*), written in 1878, Ruskin says of these essays that they "contain sentences nearly as well put together as any I have done since." In explanation of the "Johnsonian symmetry and balance" in the sentences, Ruskin recalled that four little volumes of

Johnson—the *Idler* and the *Rambler*—were always included by his father in the travelling library for their Continental tours.[1]

The essays have, however, an interest for their substance, as well as for their style. Of their value, as likely to stimulate thought, the conductor of the *Architectural Magazine* entertained a high opinion.[2] In reviewing the year's work, he said:—

> "One series of papers, commenced in the last volume and concluded in the present one, we consider to be of particular value to the young architect. We allude to the 'Essays on the Poetry of Architecture,' by Kata Phusin. These essays will afford little pleasure to the mere builder, or to the architect who has no principle of guidance but precedent; but for such readers they were never intended. They are addressed to the young and unprejudiced artist; and their great object is to induce him to think and to exercise his reason. . . . There are some, we trust, of the rising generation, who are able to free themselves from the trammels and architectural bigotry of Vitruvius and his followers; and it is to such alone that we look forward for any real improvement in architecture as an art of design and taste" (vol. v. p. 532).

We know not what circulation or influence the *Architectural Magazine* possessed, though it was at the time the principal periodical devoted to that profession, and Ruskin's papers were not collected for wider circulation until 1893. They were, however, the first essays in which he laid down principles and points of view destined to exercise considerable influence upon architectural development in this country.

To the student of Ruskin, *The Poetry of Architecture* is of peculiar interest as containing the germ of much of his future work. "Looking back from 1886," he wrote in *Præterita*, "to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever *changed*" (i. ch. xii. § 246). In perusing these youthful pieces the reader will constantly catch echoes, as they might seem, of passages, principles, and opinions familiar to him in Ruskin's later works. The temper in which he was hereafter to discourse, and the tests which he was to apply, are already indicated (as noticed by Ruskin in the passage quoted above), by the *nom-de-plume;* characteristics of scenery and buildings upon which he was afterwards to dwell are already clearly seized; he enforces his doctrine that noble scenery is a national possession

[1] *Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 251.

[2] There was a review of the five vols. of Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* in the *Times* (Feb. 2, 1839). The reviewer said: "The most remarkable series of articles in the *Magazine* are by a writer who assumes the designation of Kata Phusin. This author . . . has the mind of a poet as well as the eye and hand of an artist, and has produced a series of highly poetical essays."

(§ 173); he notes the distinguishing characteristics of English and French scenery (§ 16); principles of architectural criticism, which he was to develop in more elaborate works, are even here stated clearly and unhesitatingly (*e.g.* §§ 134, 225). Attention is called to such points in notes upon the text.

The papers, though complete in themselves, do not exhaust the subject as it was mapped out in the author's mind. They are, it will be seen, in two parts; the first describing the cottages of England, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and giving hints and directions for picturesque cottage-building. The second part treats of the villas of Italy and England—with special reference to Como and Windermere; and concludes with a discussion of the laws of artistic composition, and practical suggestions of interest to the builders of country houses. It was the author's original intention to have proceeded from the cottage and the villa to the higher forms of Architecture; but the *Magazine*, as already stated, stopped publication after the completion of his chapters on the villa. His promise of further studies was thus unfulfilled, though it was partly redeemed, in a different form, ten years later, by the publication of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and in *The Stones of Venice*. This was an early instance of a state of things in which Ruskin was often to find himself, that of planning more than for one cause or another he could accomplish.[1]

Ruskin was often asked in later years to reprint the papers on "The Poetry of Architecture." For a time he declined; chiefly, owing to the inadequacy of the illustrations as published in the *Architectural Magazine*.[2] They were woodcuts made from, or rather after (and a long way after), his own drawings. In the edition of 1893 a few of the woodcuts were reproduced, but the author's early architectural draughtsmanship was at the same time represented in a worthier manner, by a series of plates in photogravure. In the present edition those plates are again given, and all the original woodcuts are also reproduced. The latter are necessary to the illustration of the text in its complete and original form; but they must not be taken as faithful to Ruskin's sketches. In one instance, the original drawing has been found, and this is here reproduced in photogravure. A comparison of it with the woodcut made after it (p. 25), will enable the reader to perceive how much Ruskin's work suffered from

[1] Ruskin's mother had detected this weakness at an early age. In a letter of March 4, 1829, she writes to his father: "If you think of writing John, would you impress on him the propriety of not beginning too eagerly and becoming careless towards the end of his *works*, as he calls them? I think in a letter from you it would have great weight. He is never idle, and he is even uncommonly persevering for a child of his age; but he often spoils a good beginning by not taking the trouble to think, and concluding in a hurry" (W. G. Collingwood: *The Life of John Ruskin*, 1900, p. 20).

[2] See *Letters to Fauntlorpe*, No. 63.

translation to the wood. His own draughtsmanship must be judged from the photogravure plates.

The text of "The Poetry of Architecture" is here reprinted from the *Architectural Magazine*.[1] It has been collated with a MS. copy found among Ruskin's papers. This MS. appears to have been the first draft. A collation of the text in the *Architectural Magazine* with the MS. shows a very large number of alterations, and brings out clearly the extreme care which the author took in composition. In some chapters there is hardly an important word which has not been altered, and few paragraphs which were not recast. In other chapters the alterations are very few; whether because they were written at the first draft in a form found satisfactory on revision, or because the MS. in this case represents a second draft, the editors are unable to say. It has not been thought worth while to note more than some instances of these variations. As a general rule, the minor alterations were in the direction of curtailing redundancy or chastening the style (see, *e.g.* notes, on pp. 40, 50). Occasionally, however, the author, on revision, rounded his sentences into more sonorous form (*e.g.* note 2, on p. 171). Here and there, passages in the MS., omitted in the text, are noted as presenting points of biographical or other interest (see, *e.g.* notes on pp. 32, 144, 170). The serious and elevated tone of the essays is so remarkable that it is almost refreshing to observe in the MS. occasional passages where the young author "let himself go": a passage of the kind is noted on p. 31.

The second section in this volume consists of Ruskin's Contributions to Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*. These include, as already stated, the first prose piece from his pen that found its way into print—a note of "Enquiries on the Causes of the Colour of the Water of the Rhine." Ruskin refers to its publication in *Deucalion*:—

> "I well yet remember my father's rushing up to the drawing-room at Herne Hill, with wet and flashing eyes, with the proof in his hand of the first sentences of his son's writing ever set in type,[2]—'Enquiries on the causes, etc.' . . . (I was then fifteen). My mother and I eagerly questioning the cause of his excitement,—'It's—it's—only *print*,' said he! Alas! how much the 'only' meant" (i. ch. xiv. § 5 *n*).

The "Enquiries" in the September number of the *Magazine* (1834) were followed by "Facts and Considerations on the Strata of Mont Blanc,"

[1] For variations in the edition of 1893, see Bibliographical Note on p. 2.

[2] The first prose sentences; the first thing of Ruskin's to be put into type and published was a set of verses, "On Skiddaw and Derwent Water." These appeared in 1830; see Volume II.

etc., in the December number. The others papers from the *Magazine* belong to the year 1836. With them are printed, for convenience of arrangement, two pieces, on kindred subjects, of a somewhat later date (1839, 1841). In reviewing in later years his writings on scientific subjects, Ruskin said that they consisted chiefly in putting questions.[1] In this respect his earliest notes on natural science were characteristic. They are interesting as showing his close observation, and the analytic turn of his mind.

The Natural History papers have been previously reprinted in *On the Old Road* or elsewhere. The minor contributions to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine*, which form the third section of this volume, have not before been reprinted. First is a series of papers on "The Convergence of Perpendiculars." These are interesting as showing young Ruskin's interest in geometrical problems and his skill in controversy. They fill a place, too, among his *juvenilia* as foreshadowing another work of his later life—*The Elements of Perspective* (1859). The essay on "The Proper Shapes of Pictures and Engravings" (reprinted from Loudon's edition of Repton's *Landscape Gardening*) is in some sort an overflow from the preceding discussions. It is of considerable interest for its incidental references to pictures and painters; among Ruskin's hitherto printed writings, it was the first to contain any important reference to Turner.[2] Owing to its inconspicuous appearance as a footnote, in a work on a different subject, this piece is very little known even among close students and collectors of Ruskin. The paper on the proposed monument to Scott in Edinburgh, reprinted from the last number of Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* (January 1839), is more interesting for its general and incidental discussions than for its particular proposals. For once, Ruskin shrinks from expressing any very decided opinion on the specific points referred to him —namely the character, and the position, best suited for the memorial. His discussion of the ethics and æsthetics of monuments in general is, however, thoroughly characteristic; it foreshadows many pages in later books which were to treat of Italian monuments more in detail. Incidentally it throws light on the authors with whom Ruskin was at the time in admiring sympathy. Notes on such points will be found beneath the text.

A few months earlier in date is the essay, here printed for the first time in its entirety, "On the Relative Dignity of the Studies of Painting and Music, and the Advantages to be Derived from their Pursuit." Of the origin of this essay, Ruskin has given some account in *Præterita*.

[1] See *Deucalion*, "Revision."

[2] The "Reply to *Blackwood*" was written earlier, in 1836, but is only now printed.

It was written to interest a girl-friend, Miss Charlotte Withers, "an altogether sweet and delicate creature of ordinary sort," whom Ruskin's mother had invited to Herne Hill in the spring of 1838:—

> "We got to like each other" (says Ruskin) "in a mildly confidential way in the course of a week. We disputed on the relative dignities of music and painting; and I wrote an essay nine foolscap pages long, proposing the entire establishment of my own opinions, and the total discomfiture and overthrow of hers, according to my usual manner of paying court to my mistresses. Charlotte Withers, however, thought I did her great honour, and carried away the essay as if it had been a school prize" (*Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 248).

The essay was, however, returned, or Ruskin had kept a copy of it, for the MS., from which it is here printed, was preserved among his papers at Brantwood.

It is important to bear in mind the occasion of the essay, for the author's view of the subject may well have been coloured to some extent by desire for mastery; Miss Withers had argued on the side of music, young Ruskin was determined not to let her have the best of it. It seems, however, that music and musicians did not enter into the system of education which the Ruskins devised for their son. "Once, when in a moment of youthful enthusiasm, after hearing and meeting Jenny Lind, the son asked leave to invite her to visit the family mansion at Denmark Hill, permission was kindly and firmly refused, an opera singer not belonging to that sort of society that could be received there."[1] Ruskin's own interest in music, which in the latter part of his life was very strong, seems to have been much stimulated during his sojourn in Italy in 1840–41. The diary of that tour contains frequent entries recording the impression made upon him by sacred music.[2] It is curious to note that he who in this youthful essay was impressed by nothing but the ear-tickling sensualism of music should afterwards have insisted on its intellectual appeal. "The great purpose of Music," he wrote forty years after, "is to say a thing that you mean deeply, in the strongest and clearest possible way" (*Fors Clavigera*, 1871, Letter ix.).

Of the origin of *Leoni*, Ruskin has given an account in the chapter of *Præterita* describing his courtship of Adèle:—

> "To these modes of recommending myself, . . . I did not fail to add what display I could make of the talents I supposed myself to possess.

[1] *Ruskin on Music*, edited by A. M. Wakefield, 1894, p. 9.
[2] See also below, p. 385.

that period when Mr. Ruskin was trying his powers, when *Modern Painters* was taking form, and when some of the most perfect pieces of prose ever written were given to English readers. The hand of the master is very visible in all these papers, though the earliest of them belongs to the days of boyhood. . . . His was a mind that never altered violently either its faith or its opinions; the matured fruit is not so dissimilar to the bud and flower but that the process of growth can be clearly traced without need of dissection or twisting of logic.

"He writes of his schooldays in *Præterita* as follows:—

"'Meantime it having been perceived by my father and mother that Dr. Andrews could neither prepare me for the University nor for the duties of a bishopric, I was sent as a day-scholar to the private school kept by the Rev. Thomas Dale in Grove Lane, within a walking distance of Herne Hill. Walking down with my father after breakfast, carrying my blue bag of books, I came home to half-past one dinner, and prepared my lesson in the evening for the next day. Under these conditions I saw little of my fellow scholars, the two sons of Mr. Dale, Tom and James, and three boarders. . . . I have already described in the first chapter of "Fiction, Fair and Foul," Mr. Dale's rejection of my clearly known grammar as a "Scotch thing." In that one action he rejected himself from being my master; and I thenceforward learnt all he taught me only because I had to do it' (*Præterita*, i. ch. iv. §§ 91, 92).

"The master, who, with the authority of his kind, thus wounded his pupil's feelings, was short, with thick hair, fair probably in those days, blue eyes, and firm square features. He was stern and impressive in manner. He was a man of power, an Evangelical leader, very much respected and admired by his following, but somewhat unbending in manner, austere to younger people, but withal generous and charitable beyond his means. He had also a keen sense of humour, though no one could have held 'practical joking' in greater detestation."

In 1835, after a sojourn of rather less than two years, Ruskin was taken away from Dale's school in consequence of an attack of pleurisy; he afterwards went for his third Continental tour. In 1836 he was again under Dale's tutorship, receiving private lessons from him and attending his lectures on logic, English literature and translation. "Some little effort was made," says Ruskin, "to pull me together in 1836 by sending me to hear Mr. Dale's lectures at King's College, where I explained to Mr. Dale, on meeting him one day in the court of entrance, that porticoes should not be carried on the top of arches; and considered myself exalted because I went in at the same door with boys who had square caps on. The lectures were on early English Literature, of which, though I had never read a word of any before Pope, I thought myself already a much better

The elements of which this fairy tale were compounded have been enumerated by Ruskin himself. Looking back upon his early work, he saw in it an absence of invention; for the rest, it was "a fairly good imitation of Grimm and Dickens, mixed with a little true Alpine feeling of my own."[1] Grimm, on whose tales, illustrated by Cruikshank, Ruskin was afterwards to write an essay,[2] had been his familiar companion from very early years, and each new part or book by Dickens, as it came out, was "altogether precious and admirable" to him and his father. The grotesque, and the German setting, of Ruskin's tale were due to Grimm; from Dickens, it derived not only its pervading kindliness and geniality, but a certain note of colloquialism, and perhaps also the metamorphosis of familiar things.[3] The "Alpine ecstasy" was Ruskin's own; and so also was the eager pressing of the moral. In the MS. version, even the explicit moralities of the tale did not suffice, and the lesson was pointed in a valedictory address to "the gentle reader," here reprinted (p. 348).

The *Three Letters and an Essay*, which form the seventh section of this volume, were found among the papers of the Rev. Thomas Dale (*b.* 1797, *d.* 1870). Dale, at the time of Ruskin's first connexion with him, was Incumbent of St. Matthew's Chapel, Denmark Hill, and had a school in Grove Lane, Camberwell. He was, as well as schoolmaster and preacher, a poet and author. His "Widow of Nain, and other Poems," first published in 1817, went through numerous editions; in 1836 he collected his "Poetical Works." He was also a voluminous author of devotional and educational books. In 1835 he was presented by Peel to the living of St. Bride's, Fleet Street; in 1843, to a Canonry of St. Paul's; in 1846 to the living of St. Pancras; in 1870, a few months before his death, to the Deanery of Rochester. From 1828 to 1830 he was Professor of English Language and Literature at King's College, and from 1836 to 1839 at University College, London.

Ruskin was his pupil in Grove Lane, and afterwards at King's College. The writings by Ruskin, found among his papers, were published in 1898, being edited by his granddaughter (Miss Helen Pelham Dale), who gives the following account of them:—

> "The earliest is an essay written the year before Mr. Ruskin went to Oxford; the others are letters from Rome, Lausanne, and Leamington. The interest of these papers is great. They belong to

[1] *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 64.

[2] Reprinted in a later volume of this edition.

[3] See, for instance, "The Bagman's Story" in *Pickwick* (ch. xiv.). Dickens's *Chimes* (1845), *Christmas Carol* (1843), and *Cricket on the Hearth* (1846), were all subsequent to the writing of *The King of the Golden River*.

Pope's Homer and the Waverley Novels became his regular week-day books, so his dictum on Sir Walter was the result of a considerable course of study taken by a small boy in his little chair in his own corner. Byron was also an old friend. The poems, including 'Don Juan,' were read by the elder Mr. Ruskin to his wife and son. He was a beautiful reader, and did justice to the music of the verse. There are not many who, writing at sixteen, can look back on so long and so cultivated an acquaintance with their favourite authors."

Of the letters which follow the essay, the first two were written from abroad during Ruskin's tour in search of health (1840–41). Of them the editor's preface of 1893 says:—

"His 'severest and chiefly antagonist master'[1] shared in the anxiety, and the two long letters from Rome and Lausanne were written to inform him of the state of his pupil's health. Perhaps the severity and antagonism revived in future discussions; certainly these letters are most friendly and confidential in tone; the regret for the exemplary goodness of his college days seems meant for sympathetic eyes (p. 382). The writer's rapid, forcible description of the country he passes through, his impression of Chartres Cathedral, are all in the masterly style we connect with his name, wonderfully picturesque and vivid without ever being stiff or stilted. Not forgetful of the principal interest of his correspondent, he describes his impressions of the religious life of the country he travels through, writing from the Evangelical standpoint, from whence Mr. Ruskin has since moved, but which at that time was a subject of agreement between him and Mr. Dale. This is, therefore, a more correct description of his opinions at this time than any reminiscence can offer us, for the gradual alteration of opinions naturally softens the outline in retrospection, as the blue distance softens the mountains on the horizon.

"His opinion of St. Peter's at Rome has not altered since this first impression more than fifty years ago, when the magnificence and barbarism of the great building is so forcibly expressed. Then comes a wonderfully vivid passage; the description of that 'strange horror' that to him overlay the whole city. One cannot but be thankful that it was not this paragraph that was mutilated in breaking the seal.

"The cloud of ill-health and anxiety never left the travellers; its shadow is in the next letter of six months after. During all this time that possible fatal development overhung the daily life of the parents and their only son. Still, in spite of the enforced care and seclusion,

[1] This description occurs in *Præterita*, ii. ch. ix. § 165, where Ruskin quotes a letter to his father from Dale, reporting "with candid kindness" the praise bestowed upon the second volume of *Modern Painters* by Sydney Smith—a fellow Canon with Dale at St. Paul's.

the time was by no means wasted. He saw and enjoyed Pompeii and went up Vesuvius, all his impressions and opinions being very similar to those he still expresses. The remarks on the Oxford Movement are particularly valuable, because one feels a natural curiosity as to how so powerful an influence affected the various thinkers then at the University. They are all the more interesting for the very reason that they do not contain a statement of opinion, but a simple account of the impression the men and their teaching made upon one who was at the same time tenacious of his views and unusually bold in facing difficulties. At this time, when a dreaded disease threatened him, his mind was evidently set on serious themes. The third letter, written from Leamington, discusses a question of conscience. The writer sets himself to argue out his difficulty with the evident intention of taking holy orders if he should be assured that such was the duty of a man in his position, bound by no necessity to work for his bread, and having the responsibility of preaching the gospel for the saving of souls. What the answer was we do not know, but we know the result. This is the last of the long letters. The others are short notes of no interest, though showing evidence that the discussions were not at an end." [1]

The *Letters to a College Friend* (section VIII. of this volume) cover to some extent the same ground as that of the Letters to Dale, but show the differences that are natural to the different standing of the correspondent. In the Letters to Dale, the note of aggressive Protestantism, which Ruskin afterwards deplored in his early writings, is strongly marked. In the *Letters to a College Friend*, though his mental standpoint is much the same, his gradual emancipation from some of the bonds of his early creed begins to be apparent. The freer interpretation of Scripture, towards which he inclines in the Essay on the Fall (p. 485), is familiar enough in these days when the "higher criticism" has permeated widely and deeply; written as it was in the time of the Tractarian movement, it shows Ruskin's independence of thought. The *Letters to a College Friend* often deal with great matters; their charm lies in the natural and unaffected intercourse between two young men of character and thoughtfulness. The Rev. Edward Clayton, one of Ruskin's friends at Christ Church, was his senior by two years. He took his degree in 1839, and was ordained in 1841. He was afterwards engaged in missionary work abroad, and at home held several livings. He was an Honorary Canon of Chester; he died in 1895. In writing to him, Ruskin adopts the familiar style common among College friends, and condescends to occasional use of slang. Many of the letters seem, however, to have been

[1] See further, below, p. 376 n.

written with great care, and even Ruskin's epistolary jokes, at this period of strenuous youth, are somewhat grave matters. It is interesting to note that Ruskin was appealed to as an authority on art (see *e.g.* pp. 421, 424, 461); he gave his correspondent much advice and some drawing lessons by post. It was an office he discharged towards many friends in later years. The letters of 1841–42, written when *Modern Painters* was beginning to take form in Ruskin's mind, are of special interest as leading up to that work. Ruskin seldom put the gospel of impressionism, in his sense of that ambiguous term, more clearly and concisely than in Letter iv. of this series. We see, too, the earnest spirit in which Ruskin was about to address himself to his essay in art criticism—his devotion to truth and his conviction of the ministry of art to its service. To these letters, one from Naples, hitherto unpublished, is added (p. 444). It breathes the passionate admiration of Turner which was the motive-force behind his first literary work at this time, and shows the author in a brighter mood than appears in some of his other letters of the same date. Finally, the *Letters to a College Friend* are remarkable, as also are the later Letters to Dale, for the maturity and distinction of their style. By the exercises collected in this volume, and those in verse collected in Volume II., Ruskin had perfected his means of expression. By the time he had something to say, he had ready to his command the instrument for saying it.[1]

In an Appendix to this volume are published some early pieces by Ruskin which, though slight and unfinished, are of considerable interest, alike for their contents and for their limitations. The three pieces in question were written in the winter of 1835–36, and record impressions of his travels with his parents, his cousin (Mary Richardson), and his nurse in the preceding summer. They centre round the Great St. Bernard, and show how deeply the Monastery and the Pass had moved him. And, indeed, there are few scenes which, in the days at least before carriage-roads, were more calculated to excite feeling and thought than the lonely Hospice on that historic Pass.[2] In Ruskin's case, the verse of Rogers and Turner's vignettes must have heightened his interest. He had seen the Hospice for the first time in 1833; in 1835 he saw it twice. He appears to have planned out *Chronicles of St. Bernard* on an elaborate scale; it was characteristic of him that they went no further than an "introduction" and an unfinished tale. In the introduction, there is a description of the

[1] See the essay on "My First Editor" in *On the Old Road*.

[2] Readers of Alpine books will remember the first chapter in S. W. King's *Italian Valleys of the Pennine Alps* (1858). Ruskin refers in *Præterita* (ii. ch. ii., "Mont Velan") to the effect on his mind of the Hospice, and to the place of Mont Velan "in the mountain kingdom of which I claimed possession by the law of love."

midnight Mass which may take place among "the purple patches" of Ruskin's *juvenilia*. The piece is, however, written for the most part in a lighter vein. From this point of view, it is not so successful as the dramatic sketch in verse—*The Ascent of the St. Bernard*. This is one of the brightest descriptions of Swiss travel to be found in literature of that sort. But its main interest is biographical. It brings before the reader with great vividness the interests and demeanour of Ruskin at this time, and reveals the character of his parents with frank simplicity. The cousin, the courier, and the nurse—all of them known to readers of *Præterita*—are also sharply sketched. The piece as a whole shows a quiet humour and a power of characterization somewhat remarkable in a boy of sixteen.[1] His French and German, it will be seen, left at this time much to seek. It is interesting that at this period Ruskin should have found verse a better medium than prose for playful essays of this kind. The fragment, *Velasquez, a Novice*, which the author embodied in his *Chronicles of St. Bernard*, is interesting as Ruskin's only attempt to write a novel. The attempt does not belie his self-criticism that he could not write a story.[2] A passage in chap. ii. (p. 543) is of special interest as being Ruskin's first attempt to describe Venice in prose.

The illustrations in this volume are of two principal classes: (1) Figures reproduced, and in some cases redrawn, from the woodcuts which accompanied Ruskin's articles or books at the time of their first appearance. In the case of his contributions to Loudon's publications, the woodcuts were made from Ruskin's own drawings or diagrams; those from the *Architectural Magazine* have already been referred to (p. xliv.), and similar remarks apply to the others. The illustrations to *The King of the Golden River*, here reproduced, were from drawings by Richard Doyle. The rough illustrations in *Letters to a College Friend* are reproduced from Ruskin's pen-and-ink in the original MSS.

(2) The other illustrations are photogravure plates, reproduced for the most part from *The Poetry of Architecture* (1893 ed.),[3] and illustrative of Ruskin's handiwork during the years of his early writings. Many further examples are similarly given in Vol. II. These plates illustrate Ruskin's work in different media. Nos. 1 (Ulm), 5 (Zug), are pencil outlines; Nos. 18 (Naples Windows), 14 (Nice), and 3 (Italian Village), are in pencil and wash on tinted paper with body-colour; No. 9 (the Reuss) is in colour and pen; No. 12 (Abbeville) in sepia and white; No. 4 (Vercelli) in pencil

[1] This piece should be compared with the "Conversation" in the poems of 1835; see Vol. II.

[2] *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 64.

[3] The plates are differently placed in this edition, in order the better to illustrate the text.

and brown. Eight of the original drawings were included in the Ruskin Exhibition of 1901 (see note to List of Illustrations, above, p. xxii.).

With Ruskin, writing and drawing always went hand in hand. If he described paintings by the old masters, he also copied them; before he wrote of clouds and rocks and flowers, he had drawn them. In the essay on "The Relative Dignity of Painting and Music," Ruskin refers to the importance of learning to draw as a means to the appreciation of fine pictures, and as forming the habit of close observation of nature (§ 19, and *cf.* above, p. xli.). He was already speaking of what he had experienced. Whenever he went upon journeys, at home or abroad, he sketched as diligently as he wrote diaries or verses. Drawing lessons formed a considerable part of his education. Before he wrote a word about Turner, he had spent infinite labour upon copying the master's vignettes. As an undergraduate he was more esteemed as a budding artist, than in any other capacity.[1] The course of Ruskin's early practice in art is traced by Mr. W. G. Collingwood in some prefatory notes to the plates in Vol. II. Here, therefore, we may pass to the particular drawings reproduced in this volume.

As frontispiece is given a facsimile in colour of a sketch at Croydon, on which Ruskin's marginal note is:—

> "Looking to end of Market Street from my aunt's door.[2] One of my quite best beginnings."

The drawing is not dated; it appears to belong to about the year 1849, so that Ruskin's description must be taken to refer not to the beginnings of his career as a sketcher, but to the unfinished state of the drawing. The plates numbered 1 to 20 are reproductions, in photogravure, from drawings by Ruskin preserved at Brantwood. Many of them were made during his Continental tours of 1835 and 1840–41. No. 3 was done in 1838 from a sketch made in 1835. The drawing of Mont Velan (1835) was published in the illustrated edition of Ruskin's Poems (1891), and is transferred to this volume in order to accompany the *Chronicles of St. Bernard.*

The drawing of Coniston Old Hall (represented here only by a reproduction of the woodcut) is possibly the one referred to in *Letters to a*

[1] A letter from Ruskin's mother at Oxford records how one evening "Mr. Liddell and Mr. Gaisford" (junior) turned up. "John was glad he had wine to offer, but they would not take any; they had come to see the sketches. John says Mr. Liddell looked at them with the eye of a judge and the delight of an artist, and swore they were the best sketches he had ever seen. John accused him of quizzing, but he answered that he really thought them excellent" (See Collingwood's *Life*, 1900, p. 58). Ruskin himself, in a letter to his father (March 15, 1837), describes how the Dean in looking over some essay, "turned over all the leaves, stumbled on the sketch, said it was beautiful, that he had heard a great deal of my drawings, said he would be much obliged if I would send them in."

[2] See *Præterita*, i. ch. i. § 11.

College Friend (p. 422); that of Vesuvius (pl. 17) may be the one mentioned in the same letters (p. 440).

The drawing of the "Piazza Santa Maria del Pianto, Roma" (p. 382) is reproduced from a lithograph in *The Amateur's Portfolio of Sketches*, 1844, published for J. P. Walton by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. The original drawing, dated 1840–41, was exhibited in 1901.

Ruskin made this sketch on December 3. He had noted the point of view a day or two previously, as appears from this entry in the diary on December 1:—

> "Found throughout a long walk not one subject which, if sketched carelessly or in a hurry, would have been fit for anything; and not a single corner of a street which, if studied closely and well, would not be beautiful. So completely is this place picturesque, down to its door-knockers, and so entirely does that picturesqueness depend, not on any important lines or real beauty of object, but upon the little bits of contrasted feeling—the old clothes hanging out of a marble architrave,—that architrave smashed at one side and built into a piece of Roman frieze, which moulders away the next instant into a patch of broken brickwork—projecting over a mouldering wooden window, supported in its turn on a bit of grey entablature with a vestige of inscription; but all to be studied closely, before it can be felt or even seen, and, I am persuaded, quite lost to the eyes of all but a few artists."

Another Roman drawing of the same period is the view on the Aventine (p. 454). This has not hitherto been reproduced. Ruskin said of his sketches during the winter of 1840–41, that they were made partly in imitation of Prout.[1] This drawing on the Aventine resembles one by Prout of the same spot, engraved in the *Landscape Annual* for 1831.

The facsimile of a portion of the MS. of *The Poetry of Architecture*, given at p. 140, shows Ruskin's handwriting at the time of his earlier books. In boyhood he often wrote in a neat copperplate hand, or in printing characters (see facsimile of early verses in Volume II.). His handwriting afterwards became somewhat cramped—a defect to which he alludes several times in letters published in this volume (see pp. 455, 472, 500). The cramped characters subsequently gave way to a more expanded manner: but the beautifully formed handwriting is not found till many years later.

E. T. C.

[1] See *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., epilogue added in 1883.

I

THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE;

OR

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE NATIONS OF EUROPE
CONSIDERED IN ITS ASSOCIATION WITH NATURAL SCENERY
AND NATIONAL CHARACTER

BY

KATA PHUSIN

[*Bibliographical Note.—The Poetry of Architecture* first appeared serially, in *The Architectural Magazine* (1837–38), as indicated below in footnotes to the successive chapters. The papers were first collected in book form in 1873, in an unauthorised edition, by an American publisher (John Wiley & Son, New York); the volume was entitled "The Poetry of Architecture, Cottage, Villa, etc., to which is added Suggestions on Works of Art. With numerous illustrations. By Kata Phusin (Nom de plume of John Ruskin)." The only authorised edition was issued in England in 1893. The title page was as follows:—

> The | Poetry of Architecture: | or, the Architecture of the Nations of Europe | considered in its association with natural scenery | and national character. | By John Ruskin. | With Illustrations by the Author. | George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, | and | 8, Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London. | 1893.

Large Post Quarto, pp. xii. + 261. Chromolithograph frontispiece, 14 photogravure plates, and 14 other illustrations. A special edition of 300 copies on Arnold's unbleached hand-made paper, with the Plates on India paper, was issued at the price of Two and a Half Guineas, bound in Half Parchment with dark green cloth sides; the ordinary edition of 2000 copies, with all the illustrations, at the price of One Guinea, cased in green cloth. Prefatory Notes, signed "The Editor" (W. G. Collingwood), occupied pp. v.–viii. The text in the present edition follows that in *The Architectural Magazine* (which was doubtless revised by the author), except that a few obvious misprints have been corrected, references to pages and "figures" have been altered, occasionally the paragraphing has been revised, and the numbering of the paragraphs is adopted from the edition of 1893. Comparison of the text in this edition with that of 1893 shows the following variations:—§ 5, line 9 of the section, "artists" (for "artist"); § 37, l. 6, "projections" (for "proportions"); § 42, l. 22, "trunk" (for "tree"); § 44, l. 3, "projection" (for "proportion"); § 86, last line but three, "tower" (for "town"); § 89, l. 12, "model" (for "mode"); § 109, ll. 7, 8, the words "stone" and "midst" were transposed in ed. of 1893; § 119, last line but one, "spirituel" (for "spiritual"); § 121, l. 19, "rather" was omitted in ed. of 1893; § 129, l. 6, "even" (for "ever"); § 130, l. 11, "petty" was omitted before "baron." Alterations in the text of the 1893 edition, necessitated by the omission of several illustrations, are here restored. The text has been compared with the MS. of *The Poetry of Architecture*, which is at Brantwood. It is contained chiefly in two MS. books bound in half leather, with marbled covers, one of which also includes the draft of some of the first volume of *Modern Painters*. These two volumes contain §§ 37–184 and §§ 213–256 of *The Poetry of Architecture*, while §§ 182–194 are preserved in the four pages of a separate sheet of foolscap. Thus of §§ 182–184 there are two MS. copies, while of §§ 1–37 and §§ 194–212 there is no MS. extant (see below, p. 147). For notes on the illustrations, see pp. xliv., 4. For introductory notes on *The Poetry of Architecture*, see above, pp. xxxvi., xlii.]

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[1] [This List is put together (as in the edition of 1893) from the headings to the several chapters in *The Architectural Magazine*.]

THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE

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[1] [The above illustrations, with two exceptions (Nos. 5 and 8), were included in the text of *The Poetry of Architecture*, as originally published in *The Architectural Magazine*. Nos. 5 and 8 were added in the edition of 1893. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 24, 25, 26 and 27, were not given in that edition. For List of Plates, reproduced in this volume from the edition of 1893, see above, p. xxii.]

INTRODUCTION[1]

1. THE Science of Architecture, followed out to its full extent, is one of the noblest of those which have reference only to the creations of human minds. It is not merely a science of the rule and compass, it does not consist only in the observation of just rule, or of fair proportion: it is, or ought to be, a science of feeling more than of rule, a ministry to the mind, more than to the eye. If we consider how much less the beauty and majesty of a building depend upon its pleasing certain prejudices of the eye, than upon its rousing certain trains of meditation in the mind, it will show in a moment how many intricate questions of feeling are involved in the raising of an edifice; it will convince us of the truth of a proposition, which might at first have appeared startling, that no man can be an architect, who is not a metaphysician.[2]

2. To the illustration of the department of this noble science which may be designated the Poetry of Architecture, this and some future articles will be dedicated. It is this peculiarity of the art which constitutes its nationality; and it will be found as interesting, as it is useful, to trace in the distinctive characters of the architecture of nations, not only its adaptation to the situation and climate in which it has arisen, but its strong similarity to, and connection with, the prevailing turn of mind by which the nation who first employed it is distinguished.[3]

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. iv., 1837 (November), pp. 505–508.]

[2] [This is the first of many hard sayings in the manner of Plato which Ruskin was to enunciate with regard to the architectural profession. See, *e.g. Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 61, "a great architect must be a great sculptor or painter." A young man once said to Ruskin that he "meant to be an architect." "I am very glad to hear it," was the reply; "there are no architects at present."]

[3] [An anticipation of one of the distinctive features in Ruskin's subsequent writings on Architecture; namely, the significance of it as the most trustworthy record of the life and faith of nations. See, for his most concise enunciation of this proposition, the preface to *St. Mark's Rest*.]

3. I consider the task I have imposed upon myself the more necessary, because this department of the science, perhaps regarded by some who have no ideas beyond stone and mortar as chimerical, and by others who think nothing necessary but truth and proportion as useless, is at a miserably low ebb in England. And what is the consequence? We have Corinthian columns placed beside pilasters of no order at all, surmounted by monstrosified pepper-boxes, Gothic in form and Grecian in detail, in a building nominally and peculiarly national;[1] we have Swiss cottages, falsely and calumniously so entitled, dropped in the brick-fields round the metropolis; and we have staring, square-windowed, flat-roofed gentlemen's seats, of the lath and plaster, mock-magnificent, Regent's Park description, rising on the woody promontories of Derwent Water.

4. How deeply is it to be regretted, how much is it to be wondered at, that, in a country whose school of painting, though degraded by its system of meretricious colouring, and disgraced by hosts of would-be imitators of inimitable individuals,[2] is yet raised by the distinguished talent of those individuals to a place of well-deserved honour; and the studios of whose sculptors are filled with designs of the most pure simplicity, and most perfect animation: the school of architecture should be so miserably debased!

5. There are, however, many reasons for a fact so lamentable. In the first place, the patrons of architecture (I am speaking of all classes of buildings, from the lowest to the highest), are a more numerous and less capable class than those of painting. The general public, and I say it with sorrow, because I know it from observation, have little to do with the encouragement of the school of painting, beyond the power which they unquestionably possess, and unmercifully use, of compelling our artists to substitute glare for beauty. Observe

[1] [The National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, erected from designs by William Wilkins, R.A., was at this time approaching completion. It was opened to the public in 1838.]

[2] [An allusion to imitators of Turner; see the "Reply to Blackwood" (1836) in Vol. III.]

the direction of public taste at any of our exhibitions. We see visitors at that of the Society of Painters in Water Colours,[1] passing Tayler[2] with anathemas and Lewis[3] with indifference, to remain in reverence and admiration before certain amiable white lambs and water-lilies, whose artists shall be nameless. We see them, in the Royal Academy, passing by Wilkie,[4] Turner and Callcott,[5] with shrugs of doubt or of scorn, to fix in gazing and enthusiastic crowds upon kettles-full of witches, and His Majesty's ships so and so lying to in a gale, etc., etc. But these pictures attain no celebrity because the public admire them, for it is not to the public that the judgment is intrusted. It is by the chosen few, by our nobility and men of taste and talent, that the decision is made, the fame bestowed, and the artist encouraged.

6. Not so in architecture. There, the power is generally diffused. Every citizen may box himself up in as barbarous a tenement as suits his taste or inclination; the architect is his vassal, and must permit him not only to criticise, but to perpetrate. The palace or the nobleman's seat may be raised in good taste, and become the admiration of a nation; but the influence of their owner is terminated by the boundary of his estate: he has no command over the adjacent scenery, and the possessor of every thirty acres around him has him at his mercy. The streets of our cities are examples of the effects of this clashing of different tastes; and they are either remarkable for the utter absence of all attempt at embellishment, or disgraced by every variety of abomination.

[1] [For Ruskin's reminiscences in later years of exhibitions of the "Old" Water-Colour Society, see *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, preface, § 28, and *Art of England*, § 159.]

[2] [Frederick Tayler (1802–1889), President of the old Water-Colour Society, 1858–71. For some criticisms by Ruskin on his works, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. i. sec. ii. ch. i. § 8, and *Academy Notes* for 1856 and 1858.]

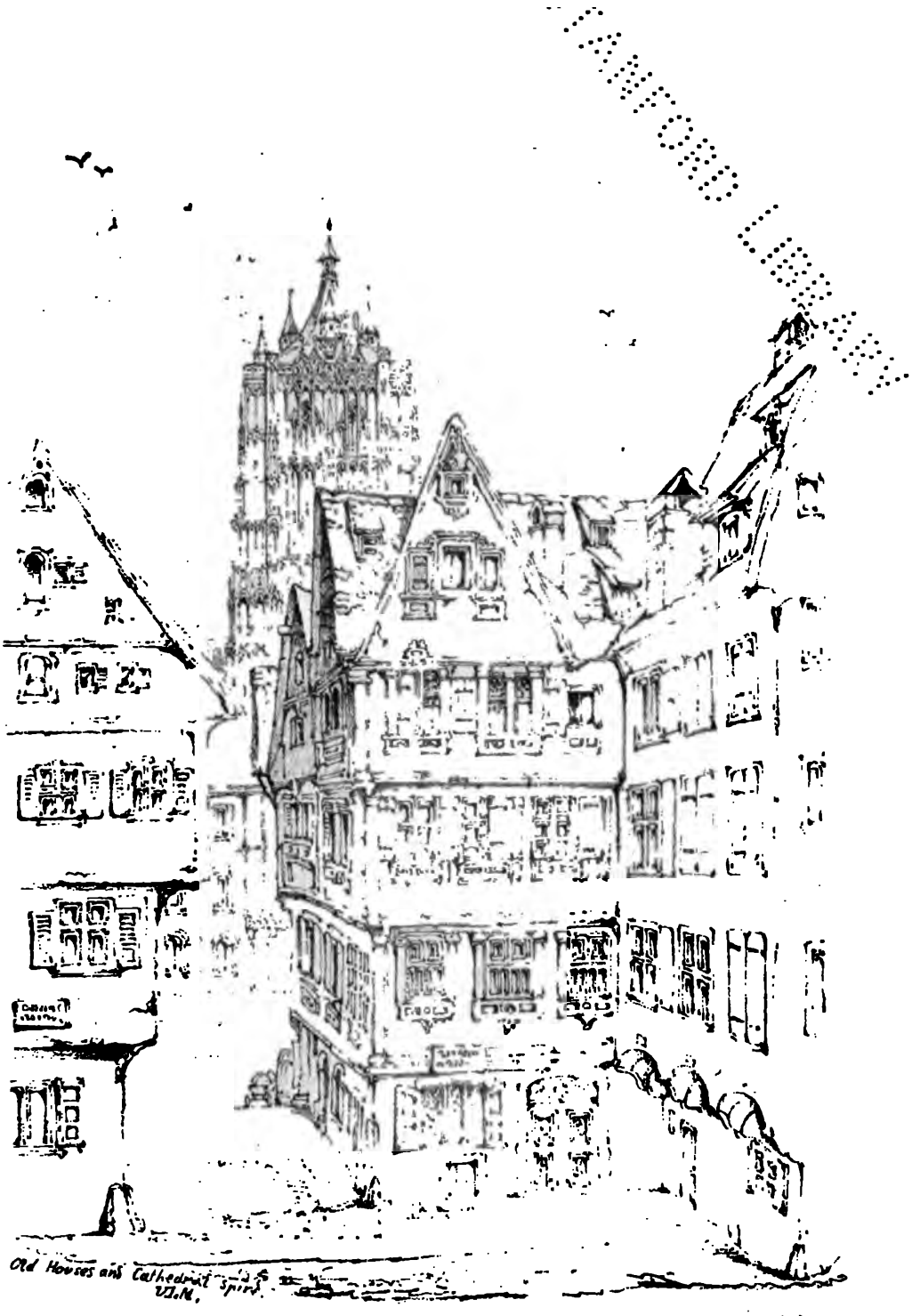
[3] [John Frederick Lewis, R.A., 1805–1876. Ruskin's admiration for this painter was great and lasting. See *Academy Notes*, 1855–59.]

[4] [Ruskin did not in his later works have much to say of Wilkie; but see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. ch. i. § 1 *n.* In *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (§ 129) he regrets the change in Wilkie's mid-career from domestic *genre* to so-called "historical" art. See also *The Two Paths*, Appendix i.]

[5] [A few years later Ruskin himself passed by Callcott somewhat contemptuously. See *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 18.]

7. Again, in a climate like ours, those few who have knowledge and feeling to distinguish what is beautiful, are frequently prevented by various circumstances from erecting it. John Bull's comfort perpetually interferes with his good taste, and I should be the first to lament his losing so much of his nationality, as to permit the latter to prevail. He cannot put his windows into a recess, without darkening his rooms; he cannot raise a narrow gable above his walls, without knocking his head against the rafters; and, worst of all, he cannot do either, without being stigmatised by the awful, inevitable epithet, of "a very odd man." But, though much of the degradation of our present school of architecture is owing to the want or the unfitness of patrons, surely it is yet more attributable to a lamentable deficiency of taste and talent among our architects themselves. It is true, that in a country affording so little encouragement, and presenting so many causes for its absence, it cannot be expected that we should have any Michael Angelo Buonarottis. The energy of our architects is expended in raising "neat" poor-houses, and "pretty" charity schools; and, if they ever enter upon a work of higher rank, economy is the order of the day: plaster and stucco are substituted for granite and marble; rods of splashed iron for columns of verd-antique; and in the wild struggle after novelty, the fantastic is mistaken for the graceful, the complicated for the imposing, superfluity of ornament for beauty, and its total absence for simplicity.

8. But all these disadvantages might in some degree be counteracted, all these abuses in some degree prevented, were it not for the slight attention paid by our architects to that branch of the art which I have above designated as the Poetry of Architecture. All unity of feeling (which is the first principle of good taste) is neglected; we see nothing but incongruous combination: we have pinnacles without height, windows without light, columns with nothing to sustain, and buttresses with nothing to support. We have parish paupers smoking their pipes and drinking their beer under Gothic arches and sculptured niches; and quiet old English



Houses and Cathedral Spire, Ulm.
1835.

Property of Lorain County Law Library

gentlemen reclining on crocodile stools, and peeping out of the windows of Swiss châlets.

9. I shall attempt, therefore, to endeavour to illustrate the principle from the neglect of which these abuses have arisen; that of unity of feeling, the basis of all grace, the essence of all beauty. We shall consider the architecture of nations as it is influenced by their feelings and manners, as it is connected with the scenery in which it is found, and with the skies under which it was erected; we shall be led as much to the street and the cottage as to the temple and the tower; and shall be more interested in buildings raised by feeling, than in those corrected by rule. We shall commence with the lower class of edifices, proceeding from the roadside to the village, and from the village to the city;[1] and, if we succeed in directing the attention of a single individual more directly to this most interesting department of the science of architecture, we shall not have written in vain.

[1] [The full scheme of the work was, however, not carried out, owing to the stoppage of the *Magazine*; see above, p. xliv.]

PART I

THE COTTAGE

I

THE LOWLAND COTTAGE—ENGLAND AND FRANCE[1]

10. Of all embellishments by which the efforts of man can enhance the beauty of natural scenery, those are the most effective which can give animation to the scene, while the spirit which they bestow is in unison with its general character. It is generally desirable to indicate the presence of animated existence in a scene of natural beauty; but only of such existence as shall be imbued with the spirit, and shall partake of the essence, of the beauty, which, without it, would be dead. If our object, therefore, is to embellish a scene the character of which is peaceful and unpretending, we must not erect a building fit for the abode of wealth or pride. However beautiful or imposing in itself, such an object immediately indicates the presence of a kind of existence unsuited to the scenery which it inhabits; and of a mind which, when it sought retirement, was unacquainted with its own ruling feelings, and which consequently excites no sympathy in ours: but, if we erect a dwelling which may appear adapted to the wants, and sufficient for the comfort, of a gentle heart and lowly mind, we have instantly attained our object: we have bestowed animation, but we have not disturbed repose.

11. It is for this reason that the cottage is one of the embellishments of natural scenery which deserve attentive consideration. It is beautiful always, and everywhere. Whether looking out of the woody dingle with its eye-like

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. iv., 1837 (December), pp. 555–560.]

window, and sending up the motion of azure smoke between the silver trunks of aged trees; or grouped among the bright cornfields of the fruitful plain; or forming grey clusters along the slope of the mountain side, the cottage always gives the idea of a thing to be beloved: a quiet life-giving voice, that is as peaceful as silence itself.

12. With these feelings, we shall devote some time to the consideration of the prevailing character, and national peculiarities, of European cottages. The principal thing worthy of observation in the lowland cottage of England is its finished neatness. The thatch is firmly pegged down, and mathematically levelled at the edges; and, though the martin is permitted to attach his humble domicile, in undisturbed security, to the eaves, he may be considered as enhancing the effect of the cottage, by increasing its usefulness, and making it contribute to the comfort of more beings than one. The whitewash is stainless, and its rough surface catches a side light as brightly as a front one: the luxuriant rose is trained gracefully over the window; and the gleaming lattice, divided not into heavy squares, but into small pointed diamonds, is thrown half open, as is just discovered by its glance among the green leaves of the sweet briar, to admit the breeze, that, as it passes over the flowers, becomes full of their fragrance. The light wooden porch breaks the flat of the cottage face by its projection; and a branch or two of wandering honeysuckle spread over the low hatch.[1] A few square feet of garden, and a latched wicket, persuading the weary and dusty pedestrian, with expressive eloquence, to lean upon it for an instant, and request a drink of water or milk, complete a picture, which, if it be far enough from London to be unspoiled by town sophistications, is a very perfect thing in its way. The ideas it awakens are agreeable, and the architecture is all that we want in such a situation. It is pretty and appropriate; and if it boasted of any other perfection, it would be at the expense of its propriety.

[1] [Compare the description of a typical English cottage, with its "honeysuckle porch and latticed window" and "thatched slope," in *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 16.]

13. Let us now cross the Channel, and endeavour to find a country cottage on the other side, if we can; for it is a difficult matter. There are many villages; but such a thing as an isolated cottage is extremely rare. Let us try one or two of the green valleys among the chalk eminences which sweep from Abbeville to Rouen. Here is a cottage at last, and a picturesque one, which is more than we could say for the English domicile. What then is the difference? There is a general air of *nonchalance* about the French peasant's habitation, which is aided by a perfect want of everything like neatness; and rendered more conspicuous by some points about the building which have a look of neglected beauty, and obliterated ornament. Half of the whitewash is worn off, and the other half coloured by various mosses and wandering lichens, which have been permitted to vegetate upon it, and which, though beautiful, constitute a kind of beauty from which the ideas of age and decay are inseparable. The tall roof of the garret window stands fantastically out; and underneath it, where, in England, we had a plain double lattice, is a deep recess, flatly arched at the top, built of solid masses of grey stone, fluted on the edge; while the brightness of the glass within (if there be any) is lost in shade, causing the recess to appear to the observer like a dark eye. The door has the same character: it is also of stone, which is so much broken and disguised as to prevent it from giving any idea of strength or stability. The entrance is always open; no roses, or anything else, are wreathed about it; several out-houses, built in the same style, give the building extent; and the group (in all probability, the dependency of some large old château in the distance) does not peep out of copse, or thicket, or a group of tall and beautiful trees, but stands comfortlessly between two individuals of the column of long-trunked facsimile elms, which keep guard along the length of the public road.

14. Now, let it be observed how perfectly, how singularly, the distinctive characters of these two cottages agree with those of the countries in which they are built; and of the people for whose use they are constructed. England is a

country whose every scene is in miniature. Its green valleys are not wide; its dewy hills are not high; its forests are of no extent, or, rather, it has nothing that can pretend to a more sounding title than that of "wood." Its champaigns are minutely chequered into fields: we can never see far at a time; and there is a sense of something inexpressible, except by the truly English word "snug," in every quiet nook and sheltered lane. The English cottage, therefore, is equally small, equally sheltered, equally invisible at a distance.

15. But France is a country on a large scale. Low, but long, hills sweep away for miles into vast uninterrupted champaigns; immense forests shadow the country for hundreds of square miles, without once letting through the light of day; its pastures and arable land are divided on the same scale; there are no fences; we can hardly place ourselves in any spot where we shall not see for leagues around; and there is a kind of comfortless sublimity in the size of every scene. The French cottage, therefore, is on the same scale, equally large and desolate-looking; but we shall see, presently, that it can arouse feelings which, though they cannot be said to give it sublimity, yet are of a higher order than any which can be awakened at the sight of the English cottage.

16. Again, every bit of cultivated ground in England has a finished neatness; the fields are all divided by hedges or fences; the fruit trees are neatly pruned; the roads beautifully made, &c. Everything is the reverse in France: the fields are distinguished by the nature of the crops they bear; the fruit trees are overgrown with moss and mistletoe; and the roads immeasurably wide, and miserably made.[1]

17. So much for the character of the two cottages, as they assimilate with the countries in which they are found. Let us now see how they assimilate with the character of the people by whom they are built. England is a country of perpetually increasing prosperity and active enterprise;

[1] [The contrast here observed between the trimness of English scenery and the picturesqueness of French, was afterwards elaborated by Ruskin in the chapter of *Modern Painters* (vol. iv. ch. 1) which begins with a description of the old tower of Calais church.]

but, for that very reason, nothing is allowed to remain till it gets old. Large old trees are cut down for timber; old houses are pulled down for the materials; and old furniture is laughed at and neglected.[1] Everything is perpetually altered and renewed by the activity of invention and improvement. The cottage, consequently, has no dilapidated look about it; it is never suffered to get old; it is used as long as it is comfortable, and then taken down and rebuilt; for it was originally raised in a style incapable of resisting the ravages of time. But, in France, there prevail two opposite feelings, both in the extreme; that of the old pedigreed population, which preserves unlimitedly; and that of the modern revolutionists, which destroys unmercifully. Every object has partly the appearance of having been preserved with infinite care from an indefinite age, and partly exhibits the evidence of recent ill-treatment and disfiguration. Primeval forests rear their vast trunks over those of many younger generations growing up beside them; the château or the palace, showing, by its style of architecture, its venerable age, bears the marks of the cannon-ball, and, from neglect, is withering into desolation. Little is renewed: there is little spirit of improvement; and the customs which prevailed centuries ago are still taught by the patriarchs of the families to their grandchildren. The French cottage, therefore, is just such as we should have expected from the disposition of its inhabitants; its massive windows, its broken ornaments, its whole air and appearance, all tell the same tale of venerable age, respected and preserved, till at last its dilapidation wears an appearance of neglect.

18. Again, the Englishman will sacrifice everything to comfort, and will not only take great pains to secure it, but he has generally also the power of doing so: for the English peasant is, on the average, wealthier than the French. The French peasant has no idea of comfort, and therefore makes

[1] [The taste for old English furniture was a development of a later date than that of these papers; at the present day, if old furniture is "not allowed to remain," it is because it is eagerly competed for by dealers and museums. See "Antique Furniture in the Sale Rooms," by W. Roberts, in *The National Review*, Jan. 1903.]

no effort to secure it. The difference in the character of their inhabitants is, as we have seen, written on the fronts of their respective cottages. The Englishman is, also, fond of display; but the ornaments, exterior and interior, with which he adorns his dwelling, however small it may be, are either to show the extent of his possessions, or to contribute to some personal profit or gratification: they never seem designed for the sake of ornament alone. Thus, his wife's love of display is shown by the rows of useless crockery in her cupboard; and his own by the rose tree at the front door, from which he may obtain an early bud to stick in the buttonhole of his best blue coat on Sundays: the honeysuckle is cultivated for its smell, the garden for its cabbages. Not so in France. There, the meanest peasant, with an equal or greater love of display, embellishes his dwelling as much as lies in his power, solely for the gratification of his feeling of what is agreeable to the eye. The gable of his roof is prettily shaped; the niche at its corner is richly carved; the wooden beams, if there be any, are fashioned into grotesque figures; and even the "air négligé" and general dilapidation of the building tell a thousand times more agreeably to an eye accustomed to the picturesque, than the spruce preservation of the English cottage.

19. No building which we feel to excite a sentiment of mere complacency can be said to be in good taste. On the contrary, when the building is of such a class, that it can neither astonish by its beauty, nor impress by its sublimity, and when it is likewise placed in a situation so uninteresting as to render something more than mere fitness or propriety necessary, and to compel the eye to expect something from the building itself, a gentle contrast of feeling in that building is exceedingly desirable; and if possible, a sense that something has past away, the presence of which would have bestowed a deeper interest on the whole scene. The fancy will immediately try to recover this, and, in the endeavour, will obtain the desired effect from an indefinite cause.

20. Now, the French cottage cannot please by its propriety, for it can only be adapted to the ugliness around; and, as it

ought to be, and cannot but be, adapted to this, it is still less able to please by its beauty. How, then, can it please? There is no pretence to gaiety in its appearance, no green flower-pots in ornamental lattices; but the substantial style of any ornaments it may possess, the recessed windows, the stone carvings, and the general size of the whole, unite to produce an impression of the building having once been fit for the residence of prouder inhabitants; of its having once possessed strength, which is now withered, and beauty, which is now faded. This sense of something lost, something which has been, and is not, is precisely what is wanted. The imagination is set actively to work in an instant; and we are made aware of the presence of a beauty, the more pleasing because visionary; and, while the eye is pitying the actual humility of the present building, the mind is admiring the imagined pride of the past. Every mark of dilapidation increases this feeling; while these very marks (the fractures of the stone, the lichens of the mouldering walls, and the graceful lines of the sinking roof) are all delightful in themselves.[1]

21. Thus, we have shown that, while the English cottage is pretty from its propriety, the French cottage, having the same connexion with its climate, country, and people, produces such a contrast of feeling as bestows on it a beauty addressing itself to the mind, and is therefore in perfectly good taste. If we are asked why, in this instance, good taste produces only what every traveller feels to be not in the least striking, we reply that, where the surrounding circumstances are unfavourable, the very adaptation to them which we have declared to be necessary renders the building uninteresting; and that, in the next paper, we shall see a very different result from the operations of equally good taste in adapting a cottage to its situation, in one of the noblest districts of Europe. Our subject will be, the Lowland Cottage of North Italy.

Oxford, *Sept.*, 1837.

[1] [Here, in the 1893 edition, was "Fig. 1.—Old Windows from an Early Sketch by the Author." It is not referred to in the text. It is now reproduced by photogravure on the plate facing p. 36.]

II

THE LOWLAND COTTAGE—ITALY[1]

"Most musical, most melancholy."

22. LET it not be thought that we are unnecessarily detaining our readers from the proposed subject, if we premise a few remarks on the character of the landscape of the country we have now entered. It will always be necessary to obtain some definite knowledge of the distinctive features of a country, before we can form a just estimate of the beauties or the errors of its architecture. We wish our readers to imbue themselves as far as may be with the spirit of the clime which we are now entering; to cast away all general ideas; to look only for unison of feeling, and to pronounce everything wrong which is contrary to the *humours* of nature. We must make them feel where they are; we must throw a peculiar light and colour over their imaginations; then we will bring their judgment into play, for then it will be capable of just operation.

23. We have passed, it must be observed (in leaving England and France for Italy), from comfort to desolation; from excitement, to sadness: we have left one country prosperous in its prime, and another frivolous in its age, for one glorious in its death.

Now, we have prefixed the hackneyed line of Il Penseroso to our paper, because it is a definition of the essence of the beautiful.[2] What is most musical, will always be found most

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (January), pp. 7–14.]

[2] [This is a statement, natural to youth and especially to love-lorn youth, which Ruskin in later years did not endorse. The definition of beauty given in *Modern Painters* is very different: see, especially, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. xii. § 1, where it is said that those beings are "most lovely which are most happy." But an element of melancholy is essential, he said, to "the picturesque": see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. i. § 1.]

melancholy; and no real beauty can be obtained without a touch of sadness. Whenever the beautiful loses its melancholy, it degenerates into prettiness. We appeal to the memories of all our observing readers, whether they have treasured up any scene, pretending to be more than pretty, which has not about it either a tinge of melancholy or a sense of danger; the one constitutes the beautiful, the other the sublime.

24. This postulate being granted, as we are sure it will by most (and we beg to assure those who are refractory or argumentative, that, were this a treatise on the sublime and beautiful, we could convince and quell their incredulity to their entire satisfaction by innumerable instances), we proceed to remark here, once for all, that the principal glory of the Italian landscape is its extreme melancholy. It is fitting that it should be so: the dead are the nations of Italy; her name and her strength are dwelling with the pale nations underneath the earth; the chief and chosen boast of her utmost pride is the *hic jacet;* she is but one wide sepulchre, and all her present life is like a shadow or a memory.[1] And therefore, or, rather, by a most beautiful coincidence, her national tree is the cypress; and whoever has marked the peculiar character which these noble shadowy spires can give to her landscape, lifting their majestic troops of waving darkness from beside the fallen column, or out of the midst of the silence of the shadowed temple and worshipless shrine, seen far and wide over the blue of the faint plain, without loving the dark trees for their sympathy with the sadness of Italy's sweet cemetery shore, is one who profanes her soil with his footsteps.

25. Every part of the landscape is in unison; the same glory of mourning is thrown over the whole; the deep blue of the heavens is mingled with that of the everlasting hills, or melted away into the silence of the sapphire sea; the pale cities, temple and tower, lie gleaming along the champaign; but how calmly! no hum of men; no motion of multitude in

[1] [Some of these sentences are taken from an earlier piece by Ruskin, *Velasquez, or the Novice;* see p. 542.]

We do not expect it to be comfortable, when everything around it betokens decay and desolation in the works of man. We do not wish it to be neat, where nature is most beautiful, because neglected. But we naturally look for an elevation of character, a richness of design or form, which, while the building is kept a cottage, may yet give it a peculiar air of cottage aristocracy; a beauty (no matter how dilapidated) which may appear to have been once fitted for the surrounding splendour of scene and climate. Now, let us fancy an Italian cottage before us. The reader who has travelled in Italy will find little difficulty in recalling one to his memory, with its broad lines of light and shadow, and its strange, but not unpleasing mixture of grandeur and desolation. Let us examine its details, enumerate its architectural peculiarities, and see how far it agrees with our preconceived idea of what the cottage ought to be.

28. The first remarkable point of the building is the roof. It generally consists of tiles of very deep curvature, which rib it into distinct vertical lines, giving it a far more agreeable surface than that of our flatter tiling. The *form* of the roof, however, is always excessively flat, so as never to let it intrude upon the eye; and the consequence is, that, while an English village, seen at a distance, appears all red roof, the Italian is all white wall; and therefore, though always bright, is never gaudy. We have in these roofs an excellent example of what should always be kept in mind, that everything will be found beautiful, which climate or situation render useful.[1] The strong

[1] [The "useful" is a term admitting so many shades of meaning that it were easy to cite from Ruskin's works a series of propositions which, without further definition and away from the context, would seem to be contradictory. Thus in this passage we appear to have the proposition that the useful is the beautiful; but in *Modern Painters* (vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. iv. § 2) we read "Of the false opinion that Beauty is Usefulness." So, again, in *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. iv. § 34, Ruskin says of a shaft in St. Mark's: "Like other beautiful things in this world, its end is to *be* beautiful; and, in proportion to its beauty, it receives permission to be otherwise useless" (and cf. *ibid.* ch. v. § 22); but in *Val d'Arno* (§ 146) he says, as here, that beauty must be related to use. With regard to the general proposition here involved, it is necessary to remember the distinction drawn by Ruskin in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. i. §§ 3, 4, between the higher utilities and the lower, the higher being those which enable man rightly and fully to discharge his higher functions. According as we mean the one thing or the other, it is true or false to say that the beautiful is the useful. With

An Italian Village

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but it is mere activity of inoccupation. Idleness, partly induced by the temperature of the climate, and partly consequent on the decaying prosperity of the nation, leaves indications of its influence on all his undertakings. He prefers patching up a ruin to building a house; he raises shops and hovels, the abodes of inactive, vegetating, brutish poverty, under the protection of the aged and ruined, yet stalwart, arches of the Roman amphitheatre; and the habitations of the lower orders frequently present traces of ornament and stability of material evidently belonging to the remains of a prouder edifice. This is the case sometimes to such a degree as, in another country, would be disagreeable from its impropriety; but, in Italy, it corresponds with the general prominence of the features of a past age, and is always beautiful. Thus, the eye rests with delight on the broken mouldings of the windows, and the sculptured capitals of the corner columns, contrasted, as they are, the one with the glassless blackness within, the other with the ragged and dirty confusion of drapery around. The Italian window, in general, is a mere hole in the thick wall, always well proportioned; occasionally arched at the top, sometimes with the addition of a little rich ornament; seldom, if ever, having any casement or glass, but filled up with any bit of striped or coloured cloth, which may have the slightest chance of deceiving the distant observer into the belief that it is a legitimate blind. This keeps off the sun, and allows a free circulation of air, which is the great object. When it is absent, the window becomes a mere black hole, having much the same relation to a glazed window that the hollow of a skull has to a bright eye; not unexpressive, but frowning and ghastly, and giving a disagreeable impression of utter emptiness and desolation within. Yet there is character in them: the black dots tell agreeably on the walls at a distance, and have no disagreeable sparkle to disturb the repose of surrounding scenery. Besides, the temperature renders everything agreeable to the eye, which gives it an idea of ventilation. A few roughly constructed balconies, projecting from detached windows, usually break the uniformity of the wall. In some

Italian cottages there are wooden galleries,[1] resembling those so frequently seen in Switzerland; but this is not a very general character, except in the mountain valleys of North Italy, although sometimes a passage is effected from one projecting portion of a house to another by means of an exterior gallery. These are very delightful objects; and when shaded by luxuriant vines, which is frequently the case, impart a gracefulness to the building otherwise unattainable.

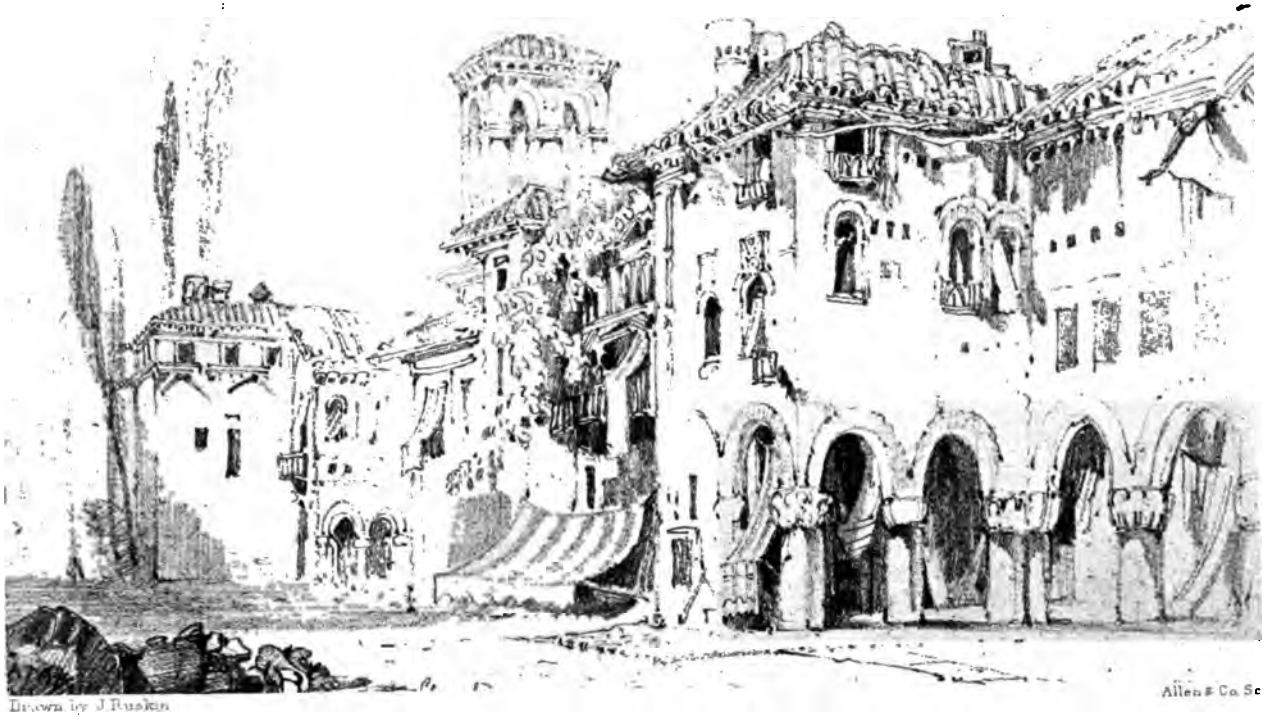
30. The next striking point is the arcade at the base of the building. This is general in cities; and, though frequently wanting to the cottage, is present often enough to render it an important feature. In fact, the Italian cottage is usually found in groups. Isolated buildings are rare; and the arcade affords an agreeable, if not necessary, shade, in passing from one building to another. It is a still more unfailing feature of the Swiss city, where it is useful in deep snow. But the supports of the arches in Switzerland are generally square masses of wall, varying in size, separating the arches by irregular intervals, and sustained by broad and massy buttresses; while in Italy, the arches generally rest on legitimate columns, varying in height from one and a half to four diameters, with huge capitals, not unfrequently rich in detail. These give great gracefulness to the buildings in groups: they will be spoken of more at large when we are treating of arrangement and situation.

31. The square tower, rising over the roof of the farther cottage, will not escape observation.* It has been allowed to

* [The annexed illustration] will, perhaps, make the remarks advanced more intelligible. The building, which is close to the city of Aosta, unites in itself all the peculiarities for which the Italian cottage is remarkable: the dark arcade, the sculptured capital, the vine-covered gallery, the flat and confused roof; and clearly exhibits the points to which we wish particularly to direct attention; namely, brightness of effect, simplicity of form, and elevation of character. Let it not be supposed, however, that such a combination of attributes is rare; on the contrary, it is common to the greater part of the cottages of Italy. This building has not been selected as a rare example, but it is given as a good one.[2]

[1] [See the drawing of an Italian cottage gallery in the plate facing p. 64.]

[2] [This footnote, dated Oxford, Jan. 1838, appeared in the number of *The Architectural Magazine* (v. 105), following next but one to that in which this chapter was



Cottage near La Cité, Val d'Aosta.

1838.

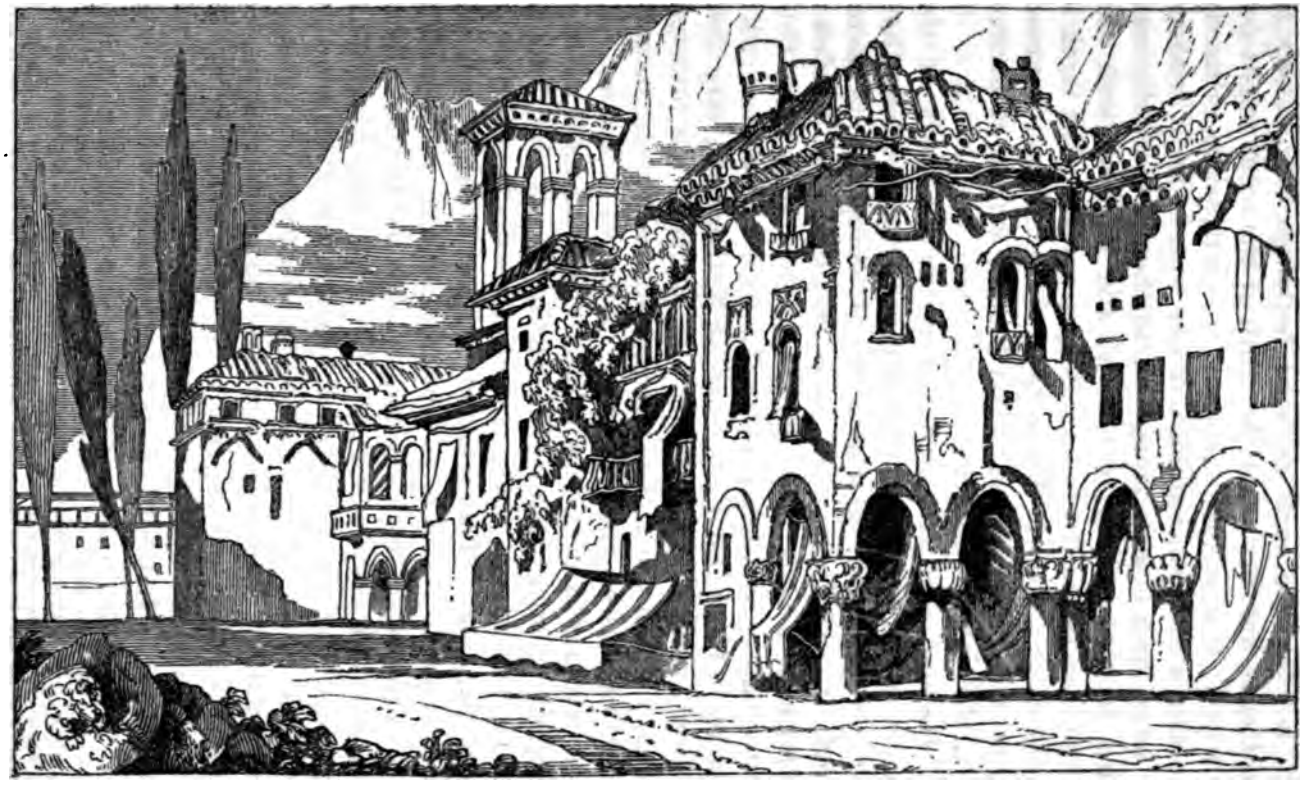


Fig. 1

COTTAGE NEAR LA CITÉ [*i.e.* AOSTA], VAL D'AOSTA

remain, not because such elevated buildings ever belong to mere cottages, but, first, that the truth of the scene might not be destroyed; and, secondly, because it is impossible, or nearly so, to obtain a group of buildings of any sort, in Italy, without one or more such objects rising behind them, beautifully contributing to destroy the monotony, and contrast with the horizontal lines of the flat roofs and square walls. We think it right, therefore, to give the cottage the relief and contrast which, in reality, it possessed, even though we are at present speaking of it in the abstract.

32. Having now reviewed the distinctive parts of the Italian cottage in detail, we shall proceed to direct our attention to points of general character. I. Simplicity of form. The roof, being flat, allows of no projecting garret windows, no fantastic gable ends: the walls themselves are equally flat; no bow-windows or sculptured oriels, such as we meet with perpetually in Germany, France, or the Netherlands, vary their white fronts. Now, this simplicity is, perhaps, the principal attribute by which the Italian cottage attains the elevation of character we desired and expected. All that is fantastic in form, or frivolous in detail, annihilates the aristocratic air of a building: it at once destroys its sublimity and size, besides awakening, as is almost always the case, associations of a mean and low character. The moment we see a gable roof, we think of cock-lofts; the instant we observe a projecting window, of attics and tent-bedsteads. Now, the Italian cottage assumes, with the simplicity, *l'air noble* of buildings of a higher order; and, though it avoids all ridiculous miniature mimicry of the palace, it discards the humbler attributes of the cottage. The ornament it assumes is dignified; no grinning faces, or unmeaning notched planks, but well-proportioned arches, or tastefully sculptured columns. While there is nothing about it unsuited to the humility of its inhabitant, there is a general

published. It was headed "Supplementary Notice to the Paper on the Lowland Cottage, Italy. By Kata Phusin." The note was accompanied by a woodcut, Fig. 1, which should be compared with the photogravure of the same subject: *cf.* above, p. xliv. The note began, "The annexed woodcut was intended to appear with, and in illustration of, the paper on the Lowland Cottage, Italy, but was delayed by the engraver; it will, perhaps," etc.]

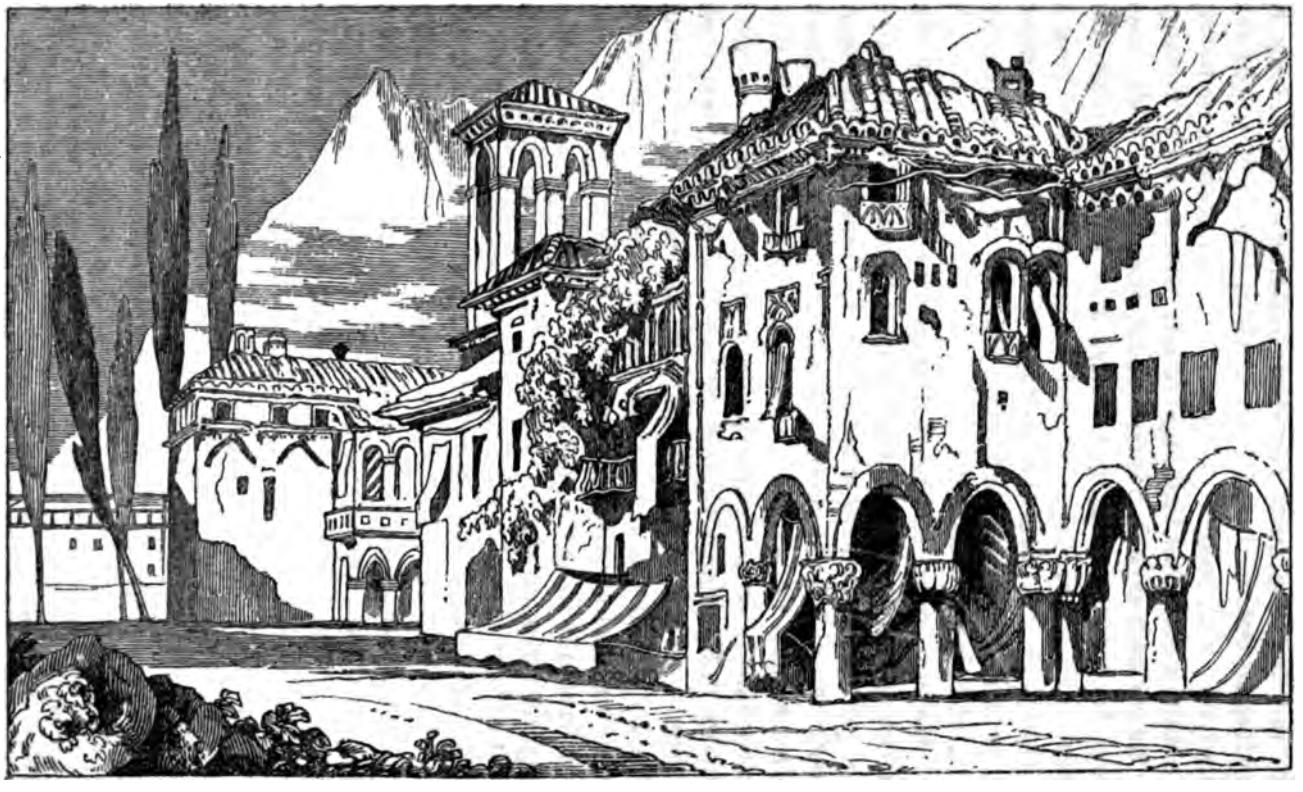


Fig. 1

COTTAGE NEAR LA CITÉ [*i.e.* AOSTA], VAL D'AOSTA

correctly and tastefully; the influence of which, we think, is seen in the style of edifices the most modern and the most humble.

35. Lastly, Dilapidation. We have just used the term "graceful negligence": whether it be graceful, or not, is a matter of taste; but the uncomfortable and ruinous disorder and dilapidation of the Italian cottage is one of observation. The splendour of the climate requires nothing more than shade from the sun, and occasionally shelter from a violent storm: the outer arcade affords them both; it becomes the nightly lounge and daily dormitory of its inhabitant, and the interior is abandoned to filth and decay. Indolence watches the tooth of Time[1] with careless eye and nerveless hand. Religion, or its abuse, reduces every individual of the population to utter inactivity three days out of the seven; and the habits formed in the three regulate the four. Abject poverty takes away the power, while brutish sloth weakens the will; and the filthy habits of the Italian prevent him from suffering from the state to which he is reduced. The shattered roofs, the dark, confused, ragged windows, the obscure chambers, the tattered and dirty draperies, altogether present a picture which, seen too near, is sometimes revolting to the eye, always melancholy to the mind. Yet even this many would not wish to be otherwise. The prosperity of nations, as of individuals, is cold, and hard-hearted, and forgetful. The dead die, indeed, trampled down by the crowd of the living; the place thereof shall know them no more,[2] for that place is not in the hearts of the survivors for whose interest they have made way. But adversity and ruin point to the sepulchre, and it is not trodden on; to the chronicle, and it doth not decay. Who would substitute the rush of a new nation, the struggle of an awakening power, for the dreamy sleep of Italy's desolation, for her sweet silence of melancholy thought, her twilight time of everlasting memories?

[1] ["A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time"—*Measure for Measure*, Act V. Sc. i. 12.]

[2] [Psalms ciii. 16.]

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36. Such, we think, are the principal distinctive attributes of the Italian cottage. Let it not be thought that we are wasting time in the contemplation of its beauties; even though they are of a kind which the architect can never imitate, because he has no command over time, and no choice of situation; and which he ought not to imitate, if he could, because they are only locally desirable or admirable. Our object, let it always be remembered, is not the attainment of architectural data, but the formation of taste.

Oct. 12, 1837.

III

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE—SWITZERLAND[1]

87. In the three instances of the lowland cottage which have been already considered, are included the chief peculiarities of style which are interesting or important. I have not, it is true, spoken of the carved oaken gable and shadowy roof of the Norman village; of the black crossed rafters and fantastic projections which delight the eyes of the German; nor of the Moorish arches and confused galleries which mingle so magnificently[2] with the inimitable fretwork of the grey temples of the Spaniard. But these are not peculiarities solely belonging to the cottage: they are found in buildings of a higher order, and seldom, unless where they are combined with other features. They are therefore rather to be considered, in future, as elements of street effect, than, now, as the peculiarities of independent buildings. My remarks on the Italian cottage might, indeed, be applied, were it not for the constant presence of Moorish feeling, to that of Spain. The architecture of the two nations is intimately connected: modified, in Italy, by the taste of the Roman; and, in Spain, by the fanciful creations of the Moor. When I am considering the fortress and the palace,[3] I shall be compelled to devote a very large share of my attention to Spain; but for characteristic examples of the cottage, I turn rather to Switzerland and England. Preparatory, therefore, to a few general remarks on modern ornamental cottages, it will be instructive to observe the peculiarities of two varieties of the mountain cottage,

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (February), pp. 56–63.]

[2] [The MS. adds "so deliciously."]

[3] [The author's treatment of these further parts of his subject was prevented by the stoppage of the *Magazine* soon after the conclusion of Part II., "The Villa." See above, p. xliv.]

diametrically opposite to each other in most of their features; one always beautiful, and the other frequently so.

38. First, for Helvetia. Well do I remember the thrilling and exquisite moment when first, first in my life (which had not been over long), I encountered, in a calm and shadowy dingle, darkened with the thick spreading of tall pines, and voiceful with the singing of a rock-encumbered stream, and passing up towards the flank of a smooth green mountain, whose swarded summit shone in the summer snow like an emerald set in silver; when, I say, I first encountered in this calm defile of the Jura, the unobtrusive, yet beautiful, front of the Swiss cottage.[1] I thought it the loveliest piece of architecture I had ever had the felicity of contemplating; yet it was nothing in itself, nothing but a few mossy fir trunks, loosely nailed together, with one or two grey stones on the roof: but its power was the power of association; its beauty, that of fitness and humility.

39. How different is this from what modern architects erect, when they attempt to produce what is, by courtesy, called a Swiss cottage. The modern building known in Britain by that name has very long chimneys (see Fig. 2),[2]

[1] [For Ruskin's first impression of a Swiss cottage (in 1832), see a prose passage in "The Tour on the Continent" among the Poems of 1833 in Vol. II. He paid his first visit to the Jura on the Continental tour with his parents in 1835. He described it fifty years later: "All Switzerland was there in hope and sensation, and what was less than Switzerland was in some sort better, in its meek simplicity and healthy purity. The Jura cottage is not carved with the stately richness of the Bernese, nor set together with the antique strength of Uri. It is covered with thin slit pine shingles, side-roofed as it were to the ground for mere dryness' sake, a little crossing of laths here and there underneath the window its only ornament. It has no daintiness of garden nor wealth of farm about it,—is indeed little more than a delicately-built châlet, yet trim and domestic, mildly intelligent of things other than pastoral, watch-making and the like, though set in the midst of the meadows, the gentian at its door, the lily of the valley wild in the copses hard by."—*Præterita*, i. ch. ix. § 191.]

[2] [In the MS. the first part of this paragraph runs thus:—

> "Now, it seems that we are by no means singular in our admiration of Swiss cottages. Young ladies who study German, and waste so much of their most sweet admiration on William Tell (democratical rascal!), and sing Stockhausen's Alpine melodies (a little too high perhaps), and talk nonsense about Swiss costumes, are very apt to implore a Swiss cottage or two for their Albums (this is the legitimate plural, I believe, though that villainous second syllable might quite as well have been latinized). But this is very allowable; it is to be wished that people's admiration never went further. They must build Swiss cottages, forsooth, they must have Swiss parlours and chimney-pieces, and chairs and tables, and sticks and paper-cutters, etc. We wish we

covered with various exceedingly ingenious devices for the convenient reception and hospitable entertainment of soot, supposed by the innocent and deluded proprietor to be "meant for ornament." Its gable roof slopes at an acute angle, and terminates in an interesting and romantic manner, at each extremity, in a tooth-pick. Its walls are very precisely and prettily plastered; and it is rendered quite complete by the addition of two neat little bow windows, supported on neat little mahogany brackets, full of neat little squares of red and yellow glass. Its door is approached under a neat little veranda, "uncommon green," and is flanked on each side by a neat little round table, with all its legs of different lengths, and by a variety of neat little wooden chairs, all very peculiarly uncomfortable, and amazingly full of earwigs: the whole being surrounded by a garden full of flints, burnt bricks, and cinders, with some water in the middle, and a fountain in the middle of it, which won't play; accompanied by some goldfish, which won't swim; and by two or three ducks, which will splash. Now, I am excessively sorry to inform the members of any respectable English family, who are making themselves uncomfortable in one of these ingenious conceptions,[1] under the idea that they are living in a Swiss cottage, that they labour under a melancholy deception;[2] and shall now proceed to investigate the peculiarities of the real building.

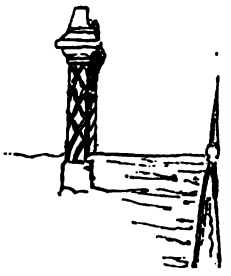


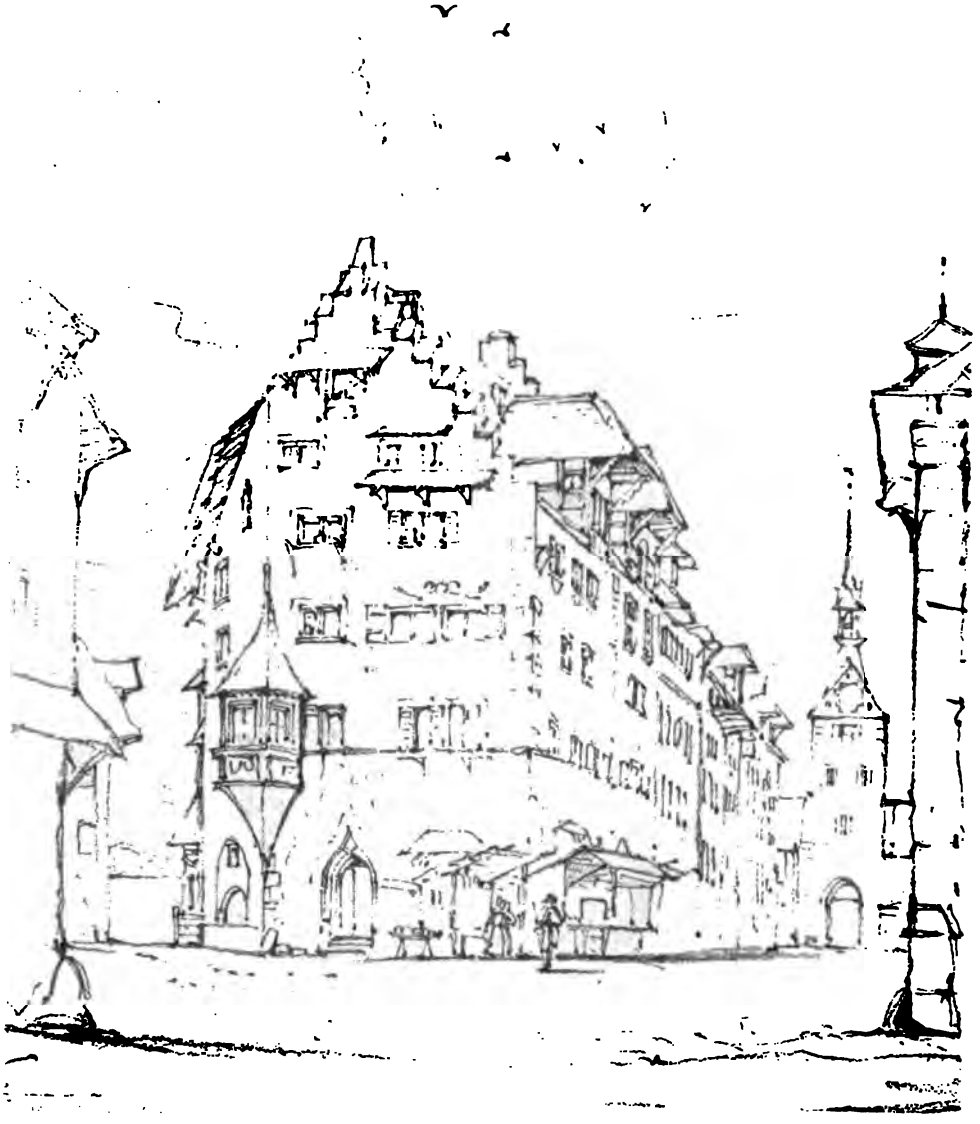
Fig. 2

40. The life of a Swiss peasant is divided into two periods; that in which he is watching his cattle at their summer

could stretch our convenience into giving the reader a fifth chapter on the cottage, we would borrow a heading from the —— of —— (*sic*) : How Mr. So and So built a Swiss cottage, and how he did it. We must, however, *en passant*, notice the chief peculiarities of what seems to be considered by our present architects a classical specimen of a Swiss cottage. It has very long chimneys," etc.]

[1] [So in the *Magazine*; the MS. has "compositions."]

[2] [Ruskin had been reading *Pickwick* (ch. xxvii.), the last parts of which were appearing at the time, and the MS. adds here, "they are 'the wictims o' gammon.'" For Ruskin's early reading of Dickens, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 64.]



Zug. 1871.

pasture on the high Alps,* and that in which he seeks shelter from the violence of the winter storms in the most retired parts of the low valleys. During the first period, he requires only occasional shelter from storms of excessive violence; during the latter, a sufficient protection from continued inclement weather. The Alpine or summer cottage, therefore, is a rude log hut, formed of unsquared pine trunks, notched into each other at the corners (see Fig. 3). The roof being excessively flat, so as to offer no surface to the wind, is covered with fragments of any stone that will split easily, held on by crossing logs; which are in their turn kept down by masses of stone; the whole being generally sheltered behind some protecting rock, or resting against the slope of the mountain, so that, from one side, you may step upon the roof. That is the *châlet.* When well grouped, running along a slope of mountain side, these huts produce a very pleasing effect, being never obtrusive (owing to the prevailing greyness of their tone),[1] uniting well with surrounding objects, and bestowing at once animation and character.

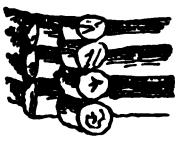


Fig. 3

41. But the winter residence, the Swiss cottage, properly so called is a much more elaborate piece of workmanship. The principal requisite is, of course, strength: and this is always observable in the large size of the timbers, and the ingenious manner in which they are joined, so as to support and relieve each other, when any of them are severely tried. The roof is always very flat, generally meeting at an angle of 155°, and projecting from 5 ft. to 7 ft. over the cottage side, in order to prevent the windows from being thoroughly clogged up with snow. That this projection may not be crushed down by the enormous weight of snow which it must sometimes sustain, it is assisted by strong wooden supports (seen in Figs. 4 and 6), which sometimes extend half down the

* I use the word Alp here, and in future, in its proper sense, of a high mountain pasture; not in its secondary sense, of a snowy peak.

[1] [In the MS.: "owing to their colour as well as their diminutive size."]

walls for the sake of strength, divide the side into regular compartments, and are rendered ornamental by grotesque carving. Every canton has its own window. That of Uri, with its diamond wood-work at the bottom, is, perhaps, one of

Fig. 4

[Swiss Cottage. 1837][1]

the richest. (See Fig. 6 in p. 39.)[2] The galleries are generally rendered ornamental by a great deal of labour bestowed upon

[1] [The titles to the *figures* were added in the 1893 edition. For further reference to this type of Bernese cottage, and Gotthelf's description thereof, see *Notes by Mr. Ruskin on . . . his handiwork illustrative of Turner.* "To me," he says, the Swiss cottage "was the soul of the Alps."]

[2] [And also in Fig. 5, which does not appear in the *Magazine;* it was given in the 1893 edition.]

their wood-work. This is best executed in the canton of Berne. The door is always six or seven feet from the ground, and occasionally much more, that it may be accessible in snow; and is reached by an oblique gallery,

Fig. 5

[COTTAGE NEAR ALTDORF. 1835]

leading up to a horizontal one, as shown in Fig. 4. The base of the cottage is formed of stone, generally whitewashed. The chimneys must have a chapter to themselves;[1] they are splendid examples of utility combined with ornament.

[1] [See below, p. 54.]

Such are the chief characteristics of the Swiss cottage, separately considered.[1] I must now take notice of its effect in scenery.

42. When one has been wandering for a whole morning through a valley of perfect silence, where everything around, which is motionless, is colossal, and everything which has motion, resistless; where the strength and the glory of nature are principally developed in the very forces which feed upon her majesty; and where, in the midst of mightiness which seems imperishable, all that is indeed eternal is the influence of desolation; one is apt to be surprised, and by no means agreeably, to find, crouched behind some projecting[2] rock, a piece of architecture which is neat in the extreme, though in the midst of wildness, weak in the midst of strength, contemptible in the midst of immensity. There is something offensive in its neatness: for the wood is almost always perfectly clean, and looks as if it had just been cut; it is consequently raw in its colour, and destitute of all variety of tone. This is especially disagreeable, when the eye has been previously accustomed to, and finds, everywhere around, the exquisite mingling of colour, and confused, though perpetually graceful, forms, by which the details of mountain scenery are peculiarly distinguished. Every fragment of rock is finished in its effect, tinted with thousands of pale lichens and fresh mosses; every pine trunk is warm with the life of various vegetation; every grassy bank glowing with mellowed colour, and waving with delicate leafage. How, then, can the contrast be otherwise than painful, between this perfect loveliness, and the dead, raw, lifeless surface of the deal boards of the cottage? Its weakness is pitiable; for, though there is always evidence of considerable strength on close examination, there is no *effect* of strength: the real thickness of the logs is concealed by the cutting and carving of their exposed surfaces; and even what is seen is felt to be so utterly contemptible, when opposed to the destructive forces which are in operation around, that the

[1] [See also on the Swiss châlet, *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xix. § 7 *n*, and *The Eagle's Nest*, § 202.]

[2] [So in the *Magazine*, the MS. has "protecting."]

Swiss Châlet Balcony. 1842.

Old Windows.

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feelings are irritated at the imagined audacity of the inanimate object, with the self-conceit of its impotence; and, finally, the eye is offended at its want of size. It does not, as might be at first supposed, enhance the sublimity of surrounding scenery by its littleness, for it provokes no comparison; and there must be proportion between objects, or they cannot be compared.[1] If the Parthenon, or the Pyramid of Cheops, or St. Peter's, were placed in the same situation, the mind would first form a just estimate of the magnificence of the building, and then be trebly impressed with the size of the masses which overwhelmed it. The architecture would not lose, and the crags would gain, by the juxtaposition; but the cottage, which must be felt to be a thing which the weakest stream of the Alps could toss down before it like a foam-globe,[2] is offensively contemptible: it is like a child's toy let fall accidentally on the hill-side; it does not unite with the scene; it is not content to sink into a quiet corner, and personify humility and peace; but it draws attention upon itself by its pretension to decoration, while its decorations themselves cannot bear examination, because they are useless, unmeaning, and incongruous.

43. So much for its faults; and I have had no mercy upon them, the rather, because I am always afraid of being biassed in its favour by my excessive love for its sweet nationality. Now for its beauties. Wherever it is found, it always suggests ideas of a gentle, pure, and pastoral life.[3] One feels that the peasants whose hands carved the planks so neatly, and adorned their cottage so industriously, and still preserve it so perfectly, and so neatly, can be no dull, drunken, lazy boors; one feels,

[1] [On this subject, see *Seven Lamps*, ch. iii. § 4, where Ruskin notices among the "many errors" of St. Peter's, "its position on the slope of an inconsiderable hill." *Cf.* in this volume, below, § 222.]

[2] [In the MS. "football." "Foam-globe" was a favourite expression of Ruskin's at this time; he uses it several times in the Poems, see Vol. II.; *cf.* also below, pp. 323, 508.

[3] [For passages in which Ruskin describes this pastoral life, and connects it with Swiss cottages and landscape, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xi. § 9, and vol. v. pt. vi. ch. ix. See also *The Two Paths*, § 1, where he remarks how much of the charm of Alpine scenery depends "on the little gracefulnesses and tendernesses of human work, which are mingled with the beauty of the Alps, or spared by their desolation. It is true that the art which carves and colours the front of a Swiss cottage is not of a very exalted kind; yet it testifies to the completeness and the delicacy of the faculties of the mountaineer," etc.]

also, that it requires both firm resolution, and determined industry, to maintain so successful a struggle against "the crush of thunder, and the warring winds."[1] Sweet ideas float over the imagination of such passages of peasant life as the gentle Walton[2] so loved; of the full milkpail, and the mantling cream-bowl; of the evening dance and the matin song; of the herdsmen on the Alps, of the maidens by the fountain; of all that is peculiarly and indisputably Swiss. For the cottage is beautifully national; there is nothing to be found the least like it in any other country. The moment a glimpse is caught of its projecting galleries, one knows that it is the land of Tell and Winkelried; and the traveller feels, that, were he indeed Swiss-born and Alp-bred, a bit of that carved plank, meeting his eye in a foreign land, would be as effectual as a note of the *Ranz des Vaches*[3] upon the ear.

44. Again, when a number of these cottages are grouped together, they break upon each other's formality, and form a mass of fantastic projection, of carved window and overhanging roof, full of character, and picturesque in the extreme. An excellent example of this is the Bernese village of Unterseen. Again, when the ornament is not very elaborate, yet enough to preserve the character, and the cottage is old, and not very well kept (suppose in a Catholic canton[4]), and a little rotten, the effect is beautiful: the timber becomes weather-stained, and of a fine warm brown, harmonizing delightfully with the grey stones on the roof, and the dark green of surrounding pines. If it be fortunate enough to be situated in some quiet glen, out of sight of the gigantic features of the scene, and surrounded with cliffs to which it bears some proportion; and if it be partially concealed, not intruding on the eye, but well united with everything around, it becomes altogether perfect;

[1] [John Armstrong, M.D., *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744), book ii. l. 534:—

"What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder, and the warring winds"

—perhaps the only good lines in the poem.]

[2] [*Cf.* below, p. 412.]

[3] [See note on p. 272, below.]

[4] [See note on p. 393, below.]

Unterseen
1835

humble, beautiful, and interesting. Perhaps no cottage can then be found to equal it; and none can be more finished in effect, graceful in detail, and characteristic as a whole.

45. The ornaments employed in the decoration of the Swiss cottage do not demand much attention; they are

Fig. 6

[Swiss Cottage: Canton Uri]

usually formed in a most simple manner, by thin laths, which are carved into any fanciful form, or in which rows of holes are cut, generally diamond-shaped; and they are then nailed one above another to give the carving depth. Pinnacles are never raised on the roof, though carved spikes are occasionally

suspended from it at the angles. No ornamental work is ever employed to disguise the beams of the projecting part of the roof, nor does any run along its edges. The galleries, in the canton of Uri, are occasionally supported on arched beams, as shown in Fig. 6, which have a very pleasing effect.

46. Of the adaptation of the building to climate and character, little can be said. When I called it "national," I meant only that it was quite *sui generis*, and, therefore, being only found in Switzerland, might be considered as a national building; though it has none of the mysterious connexion with the mind of its inhabitants which is evident in all really fine edifices. But there is a reason for this; Switzerland has no climate, properly speaking, but an assemblage of every climate, from Italy to the Pole; the vine wild in its valleys, the ice eternal on its crags.[1] The Swiss themselves are what we might have expected in persons dwelling in such a climate; they have no character. The sluggish nature of the air of the valleys has a malignant operation on the mind; and even the mountaineers, though generally shrewd and intellectual, have no perceptible nationality: they have no language, except a mixture of Italian and bad German; they have no peculiar turn of mind; they might be taken as easily for Germans as for Swiss. No correspondence, consequently, can exist between national architecture and national character, where the latter is not distinguishable. Generally speaking, then, the Swiss cottage cannot be said to be built in good taste; but it is occasionally picturesque, frequently pleasing, and, under a favourable concurrence of circumstances, beautiful. It is not, however, a thing to be imitated; it is always, when out of its own country, incongruous; it never harmonizes with anything around it, and can therefore be employed only in mimicry of what does not exist, not in improvement of what does. I mean, that any one who has on his estate a dingle shaded with larches or pines, with a rapid stream, may manufacture a bit of

[1] [The MS. adds here: "From the toppling and nodding mountains to the irregular winds and waters all is change—nothing has fixed character," and three lines below, after "mind" adds "as well as the body."]

Switzerland as a toy; but such imitations are always contemptible, and he cannot use the Swiss cottage in any other way. A modified form of it, however, as will be hereafter shown, may be employed with advantage. I hope, in my next paper, to derive more satisfaction from the contemplation of the mountain cottage of Westmoreland, than I have been able to obtain from that of the Swiss.

IV

THE MOUNTAIN COTTAGE—WESTMORELAND[1]

47. WHEN I devoted so much time to the consideration of the peculiarities of the Swiss cottage, I did not previously endeavour to ascertain what the mind, influenced by the feelings excited by the nature of its situation, would be induced to expect, or disposed to admire. I thus deviated from the general rule which I hope to be able to follow out; but I did so only because the subject for consideration was incapable of fulfilling the expectation when excited, or corresponding with the conception when formed. But now, in order to appreciate the beauty of the Westmoreland cottage, it will be necessary to fix upon a standard of excellence, with which it may be compared.

One of the principal charms of mountain scenery is its solitude. Now, just as silence is never perfect or deep without motion, solitude is never perfect without some vestige of life. Even desolation is not felt to be utter, unless in some slight degree interrupted: unless the cricket is chirping on the lonely hearth, or the vulture soaring over the field of corpses, or the one mourner lamenting over the red ruins of the devastated village, that devastation is not felt to be complete. The anathema of the prophet does not wholly leave the curse of loneliness upon the mighty city, until he tells us that "the satyr shall dance there."[2] And, if desolation, which is the destruction of life, cannot leave its impression perfect without some interruption, much less can solitude, which is only the absence of life, be felt without some contrast. Accordingly,

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (March), pp. 97–105.]

[2] [Isaiah xiii. 21: "But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."]

it is, perhaps, never so perfect as when a populous and highly cultivated plain, immediately beneath, is visible through the rugged ravines, or over the cloudy summits of some tall, vast, and voiceless mountain.

48. When such a prospect is not attainable, one of the chief uses of the mountain cottage, paradoxical as the idea may appear, is to increase this sense of solitude. Now, as it will only do so when it is seen at a considerable distance, it is necessary that it should be visible, or, at least, that its presence should be indicated, over a considerable portion of surrounding space. It must not, therefore, be too much shaded by trees, or it will be useless; but if, on the contrary, it be too conspicuous on the open hill side, it will be liable to most of the objections which were advanced against the Swiss cottage, and to another, which was not then noticed. Anything which, to the eye, is split into parts, appears less as a whole than what is undivided.[1] Now, a considerable mass, of whatever tone or colour it may consist, is as easily divisible by dots as by lines; that is, a conspicuous point, on any part of its surface, will divide it into two portions, each of which will be individually measured by the eye, but which will never make the impression which they would have made, had their unity not been interrupted. A conspicuous cottage on a distant mountain side has this effect in a fatal degree, and is, therefore, always intolerable.

49. It should accordingly, in order to reconcile the attainment of the good with the avoidance of the evil, be barely visible: it should not tell as a cottage on the eye, though it should on the mind; for be it observed that, if it is only by the closest investigation that we can ascertain it to be a human habitation, it will answer the purpose of increasing the solitude quite as well as if it were evidently so; because this impression is produced by its appeal to the thoughts, not by its effect on the eye. Its colour, therefore, should be as

[1] [This statement, if carried too far, is somewhat disputable. The Greeks and, in imitation, the Romans acted on the contrary principle: see J. H. Middleton's *Remains of Ancient Rome*, 1892, vol. ii. pp. 12 *n*, 192 *n*.]

nearly as possible that of the hill on which, or the crag beneath which, it is placed; its form, one that will incorporate well with the ground, and approach that of a large stone more than of anything else. The colour will consequently, if this rule be followed, be subdued and greyish, but rather warm;[1] and the form simple, graceful, and unpretending. The building should retain the same general character on a closer examination. Every thing about it should be natural, and should appear as if the influences and forces which were in operation around it had been too strong to be resisted, and had rendered all efforts of art to check their power, or conceal the evidence of their action, entirely unavailing. It cannot but be an alien child of the mountains; but it must show that it has been adopted and cherished by them. This effect is only attainable by great ease of outline and variety of colour; peculiarities which, as will be presently seen, the Westmoreland cottage possesses in a super-eminent degree.

50. Another feeling, with which one is impressed during a mountain ramble, is humility. I found fault with the insignificance of the Swiss cottage, because "it was not content to sink into a quiet corner, and personify humility."[2] Now, had it not been seen to be pretending, it would not have been felt to be insignificant; for the feelings would have been gratified with its submission to, and retirement from, the majesty of the destructive influences which it rather seemed to rise up against in mockery. Such pretension is especially to be avoided in the mountain cottage: it can never lie too humbly in the pastures of the valley, nor shrink too submissively into the hollows of the hills; it should seem to be asking the storm for mercy, and the mountain for protection: and should appear to owe to its weakness, rather than to its strength, that it is neither overwhelmed by the one, nor crushed by the other.

51. Such are the chief attributes without which a mountain

[1] [The MS. adds, "(red rocks should not be imitated; particularly as a grey interruption to their colour will be agreeable without being conspicuous)."]

[2] [§ 42, above; and cf. *Stones of Venice*, iii. ch. iii. § 35.]

cottage cannot be said to be beautiful. It may possess others, which are desirable or objectionable, according to their situation, or other accidental circumstances. The nature of these will be best understood by examining an individual building. The material is, of course, what is most easily attainable and available without much labour. The Cumberland and Westmoreland hills are, in general, composed of clay-slate and grey-wacke, with occasional masses of chert [1] (like that which forms the summit of Scawfell), porphyritic greenstone, and syenite. The chert decomposes deeply, and assumes a rough brown granular surface, deeply worn and furrowed. The clay-slate or grey-wacke, as it is shattered by frost, and carried down by torrents, of course forms itself into irregular flattish masses. The splintery edges of these are in some degree worn off by the action of water; and, slight decomposition taking place on the surface of the clay-slate, furnishes an aluminous soil, which is immediately taken advantage of by innumerable lichens, which change the dark grey of the original substance into an infinite variety of pale and warm colours. These stones, thus shaped to his hand, are the most convenient building materials the peasant can obtain. He lays his foundation and strengthens his angles with large masses, filling up the intervals with pieces of a more moderate size; and using here and there a little cement to bind the whole together, and to keep the wind from getting through the interstices; but never enough to fill them altogether up, or to render the face of the wall smooth.[2] At intervals of from 4 ft. to 6 ft. a horizontal line of flat and broad fragments is introduced projecting about a foot from the wall. Whether this is supposed to give strength, I know not; but as it is invariably covered by luxuriant stonecrop, it is always a delightful object.

[1] ["That is to say, a *flinty* volcanic ash."—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

[2] [A little drawing by Prout of an English cottage, which had been bought by Ruskin's grandfather, had, he says, "a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind." It taught him, among other things, "to like ruggedness; and the conditions of joint in moulding, and fitting of stones in walls which were most weather-worn, and like the grey dykes of a Cumberland hill-side." See further, *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, preface, § 23.]

52. The door is flanked and roofed by three large oblong sheets of grey rock, whose form seems not to be considered of the slightest consequence. Those which form the cheeks of the window (Fig. 7) are generally selected with more care from the debris of some rock, which is naturally smooth and polished, after being subjected to the weather, such as granite or syenite. The window itself is narrow and deep set; in the better sort of cottages, latticed, but with no affectation of sweetbriar or eglantine about it. It may be observed of the whole of the cottage, that, though all is beautiful, nothing is pretty. The roof is rather flat, and covered with heavy fragments of the stone of which the walls are built, originally very loose; but generally cemented by accumulated soil, and bound together by houseleek, moss, and stonecrop: brilliant in colour, and singular in abundance. The form of the larger cottages, being frequently that of a cross, would hurt the eye by the sharp angles of the roof, were it not for the cushion-like vegetation with which they are rounded and concealed. Varieties of the fern sometimes relieve the massy forms of the stonecrop, with their light and delicate leafage. Windows in the roof are seldom met with. Of the chimney I shall speak hereafter.[1]

Fig. 7

53. Such are the prevailing peculiarities of the Westmoreland cottage. "Is this all?" some one will exclaim: "a hovel, built of what first comes to hand, and in the most simple and convenient form; not one thought of architectural beauty ever coming into the builder's head!"[2] Even so; to this illustration

[1] [See below, ch. v.]

[2] [It is interesting to note that Ruskin in this chapter sees and praises in the Lake cottages the same characteristics that had struck Wordsworth. "These humble dwellings," says the poet, "remind the contemplative spectator of a production of Nature, and may (using a strong expression) rather be said to have grown than to have been erected; to have risen by an instinct of their own, out of the native rock" (*Guide through the District of the Lakes*, 1835, p. 51). "These dwellings, mostly built of rough unhewn stone, are roofed with slates which were rudely taken from the quarry before the present art of splitting them was understood, and are, therefore, rough and uneven

of an excellent rule, I wished particularly to direct attention: that the material which Nature furnishes, in any given country, and the form which she suggests, will always render the building the most beautiful, because the most appropriate.[1] Observe how perfectly this cottage fulfils the conditions which were before ascertained to be necessary to perfection. Its colour is that of the ground on which it stands, always subdued and grey, but exquisitely rich, the colour being disposed crumblingly, in groups of shadowy spots; a deep red brown, passing into black, being finely contrasted with the pale yellow of the *Lichen geographicus*, and the subdued white of another lichen, whose name I do not know;[2] all mingling with each other as on a native rock, and with the same beautiful effect: the mass, consequently, at a distance, tells only as a large stone would, the simplicity of its form contributing still farther to render it inconspicuous. When placed on a mountain-side, such a cottage will become a point of interest, which will relieve its monotony, but will never cut the hill in two, or take away from its size. In the valley, the colour of these cottages agrees with everything; the green light, which trembles through the leafage of the taller trees, falls with exquisite effect on the rich grey of the ancient roofs; the deep pool of clear water is not startled from its peace by their reflection; the ivy or the creepers, to which the superior wealth of the peasant of the valley does now and then pretend, in opposition to the general custom, cling gracefully and easily to its innumerable crevices; and rock, lake, and meadow seem to hail it with a brotherly affection, as if Nature had taken as much pains with it as she has with them.

in their surface, so that both the coverings and sides of the houses have furnished places of rest for the seeds of lichens, mosses, ferns, and flowers. Hence buildings which in their very form call to mind the processes of nature, do thus, clothed in part with vegetable garb, appear to be received into the bosom of the living principle of things, as it acts and exists among the woods and fields; and, by their colour and their shape affectingly direct the thoughts to that tranquil course of Nature and simplicity, along which the humble-minded inhabitants have through so many generations been led" (*ibid.* p. 52).]

[1] [Ruskin dealt at length with "the materials of mountains" and their "ministry to the purposes of man" in *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. chs. viii.–x.]

[2] [There are several common white and grey lichens on the stones of the Lake Country. Ruskin had correctly noted the district as a good lichen country: see *The Study of Lichens, with Special Reference to the Lake District*, by J. A. Martindale (Ambleside, 1889). For the *Lichen Geographicus*, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. viii. § 14, and cf. *ibid.*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. x. § 24.]

54. Again, observe its ease of outline. There is not a single straight line to be met with from foundation to roof; all is bending or broken. The form of every stone in its walls is a study; for, owing to the infinite delicacy of structure in all minerals, a piece of stone 3 in. in diameter, irregularly fractured, and a little worn by the weather, has precisely the same character of outline which we should find and admire in a mountain of the same material 6000 ft. high;[1] and, therefore, the eye, though not feeling the cause, rests on every cranny, and crack, and fissure with delight. It is true that we have no idea that every small projection, if of chert, has such an outline as Scawfell's; if of grey-wacke, as Skiddaw's; or if of slate, as Helvellyn's; but their combinations of form are, nevertheless, felt to be exquisite, and we dwell upon every bend of the rough roof and every hollow of the loose wall, feeling it to be a design which no architect on earth could ever equal, sculptured by a chisel of unimaginable delicacy, and finished to a degree of perfection, which is unnoticed only because it is everywhere.

55. This ease and irregularity is peculiarly delightful where gracefulness and freedom of outline and detail are, as they always are in mountain countries, the chief characteristics of every scene. It is well that, where every plant is wild and every torrent free, every field irregular in its form, every knoll various in its outline, one is not startled by well-built walls, or unyielding roofs, but is permitted to trace in the stones of the peasant's dwelling, as in the crags of the mountain-side, no evidence of the line or the mallet, but the operation of eternal influences, the presence of an Almighty hand. Another perfection connected with its ease of outline is, its severity of character: there is no foppery about it; not the slightest effort at any kind of ornament, but what nature chooses to bestow; it wears all its decorations wildly, covering its nakedness, not with what the peasant may plant, but with what the winds may bring. There is no gay colour or neatness about

[1] ["For a stone, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature." See *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xviii. § 7, where the same idea is developed.]

it; no green shutters or other abomination: all is calm and quiet, and severe, as the mind of a philosopher, and, withal, a little sombre. It is evidently old, and has stood many trials in its day; and the snow, and the tempest, and the torrent have all spared it, and left it in its peace, with its grey head unbowed, and its early strength unbroken, even though the spirit of decay seems creeping, like the moss and the lichen, through the darkness of its crannies. This venerable and slightly melancholy character is the very soul of all its beauty.

56. There remains only one point to be noticed, its humility. This was before stated to be desirable, and it will here be found in perfection. The building draws as little attention upon itself as possible; since, with all the praise I have bestowed upon it, it possesses not one point of beauty in which it is not equalled or excelled by every stone at the side of the road. It is small in size, simple in form, subdued in tone, easily concealed or overshadowed; often actually so; and one is always delighted and surprised to find that what courts attention so little is capable of sustaining it so well. Yet it has no appearance of weakness: it is stoutly, though rudely, built; and one ceases to fear for its sake the violence of surrounding agencies, which, it may be seen, will be partly deprecated by its humility.

57. Such is the mountain cottage of Westmoreland; and such, with occasional varieties, are many of the mountain cottages of England and Wales. It is true that my memory rests with peculiar pleasure in a certain quiet valley near Kirkstone, little known to the general tourist, distant from any public track, and, therefore, free from all the horrors of improvement:[1] in which it seemed to me that the architecture of the cottage had attained a peculiar degree of perfection.

[1] ["Troutbeck, sixty years since?"—*Editor's Note*, 1893. "His happiest hunting ground for the ideal and idyllic mountain cottage appears to have been Troutbeck and Scandale, and very fortunate it was that he came into the country before the hand of modern improvement and the cottage-built-by-contract business had superseded such efforts of the dalesmen to meet the needs of generation after generation by alteration and addition to their farms and cottages, as they themselves, with the help of village joiner and waller, could effect" (H. D. Rawnsley: *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, 1901. p. 15).]

But I think that this impression was rather produced by a few seemingly insignificant accompanying circumstances, than by any distinguished beauty of design in the cottages themselves. Their inhabitants were evidently poor, and apparently had not repaired their dwellings since their first erection; and, certainly, had never torn one tuft of moss or fern from roofs or walls, which were green with the rich vegetation of years. The valley was narrow, and quiet, and deep, and shaded by reverend trees, among whose trunks the grey cottages looked out, with a perfection of effect which I never remember to have seen equalled, though I believe that, in many of the mountain districts of Britain, the peasant's domicile is erected with equal good taste.[1]

58. I have always rejoiced in the thought, that our native highland scenery, though, perhaps, wanting in sublimity, is distinguished by a delicate finish in its details, and by a unanimity and propriety of feeling in the works of its inhabitants, which are elsewhere looked for in vain; and the reason of this is evident. The mind of the inhabitant of the continent, in general, is capable of deeper and finer sensations than that of the islander.[2] It is higher in its aspirations, purer in its passions, wilder in its dreams, and fiercer in its anger; but it is wanting in gentleness, and in its simplicity; naturally desirous of excitement, and incapable of experiencing, in equal degree, the calmer flow of human felicity, the stillness of domestic peace, and the pleasures of the humble hearth, consisting in every-day duties performed, and every-day mercies received; consequently, in the higher walks of architecture, where the mind is to be impressed or elevated, we never have

[1] [The view of a cottage on the opposite page was an additional illustration introduced in the edition of 1893, as a type of the English mountain cottage. Ruskin drew it at Malham, and described his sketch, no doubt in accordance with local belief, as "The Highest House in England," under which title the illustration appeared in 1893. The really highest inhabited house is near Alston in Cumberland, at 1980 feet. The "Cat-and-Fiddle" near Buxton is 1765 feet. The "Traveller's Rest," on the top of the Kirkstone Pass (a building of the same type as the cottage here shown), for which also the distinction of highest house is locally claimed, is only 1475 feet.]

[2] [The MS. adds here: "It differs from our souls, as its heaven does from our climate."]

[Type of English Mountain Cottage, near Malham]

Fig. 8

equalled, and we never shall equal, them. It will be seen hereafter,[1] when we leave the lowly valley for the torn ravine, and the grassy knoll for the ribbed precipice, that, if the Continental architects cannot adorn the pasture with the humble roof, they can crest the crag with eternal battlements; if they cannot minister to a landscape's peace, they can add to its terror; and it has been already seen,[2] that, in the lowland cottages of France and Italy, where high and refined feelings were to be induced, where melancholy was to be excited, or majesty bestowed, the architect was successful, and his labour was perfect: but, now, nothing is required but humility and gentleness; and this, which he does not feel, he cannot give: it is contrary to the whole force of his character, nay, even to the spirit of his religion. It is unfelt even at the time when the soul is most chastened and subdued; for the epitaph on the grave is affected in its sentiment, and the tombstone gaudily gilded, or wreathed with vain flowers.

59. We cannot, then, be surprised at the effort at ornament and other fancied architectural beauties, which injure the effect of the more peaceful mountain scenery abroad; but still less should we be surprised at the perfect propriety which prevails in the same kind of scenery at home; for the error which is there induced by one mental deficiency, is here prevented by another. The uncultivated mountaineer of Cumberland has no taste, and no idea of what architecture means; he never thinks of what is right, or what is beautiful, but he builds what is most adapted to his purposes, and most easily erected: by suiting the building to the uses of his own life, he gives it humility; and, by raising it with the nearest material, adapts it to its situation. This is all that is required, and he has no credit in fulfilling the requirement, since the moment he begins to think of effect, he commits a barbarism by whitewashing the whole. The cottages of Cumberland would suffer much by this piece of improvement, were it not for the salutary operation of mountain rains and mountain winds.

[1] [This refers to the unwritten sequel. See p. xliv.]
[2] [Above, pp. 18, etc.]

60. So much for the hill dwellings of our own country. I think the examination of the five examples of the cottage which I have given have furnished all the general principles which are important or worthy of consideration; and I shall therefore devote no more time to the contemplation of individual buildings. But, before I leave the cottage altogether, it will be necessary to notice a part of the building which I have in the separate instances purposely avoided mentioning, that I might have the advantage of immediate comparison; a part exceedingly important, and which seems to have been essential to the palace as well as to the cottage, ever since the time when Perdiccas received his significant gift of the sun from his Macedonian master, περιγράψας τὸν ἥλιον, ὅς ἦν κατὰ τὴν καπνοδόκην ἐς τὸν οἶκον ἐσέχων.[1] And then I shall conclude the subject by a few general remarks on modern ornamental cottages, illustrative of the principle so admirably developed in the beauty of the Westmoreland building; to which, it must be remembered, the palm was assigned, in preference to the Switzer's; not because it was more laboured, but because it was more natural.[2]

OXFORD, *Jan.* 1838.

[1] [("'Tracing a line [on the floor] round the sunshine which was pouring down the chimney into the house.') Herodotus, viii. 137, freely quoted from memory. The story was that three brothers took service with a kinglet in Macedonia. The queen, who cooked their food herself, for it was in the good old times, noticed that the portion of Perdiccas, the youngest, always 'rose' three times as large as any other. The king judged this to be an omen of the lad's coming to fortune; and dismissed them. They demanded their wages. 'When the king heard talk about wages—you must know *the sun was shining into the house, down the chimney*—he said (for God had hardened his heart), 'There's your wage; all you deserve and all you'll get:' and pointed to the sunshine. The elder brothers were dumbfoundered when they heard that; but the lad, who happened to have his knife with him, said, 'We accept, King, the gift.' With his knife he *made a scratch around the sunstreak* on the floor, took the shine of it three times into the fold of his kirtle'—his pocket, we should say nowadays—'and went his way.' Eventually he became King of Macedonia, and ancestor of Alexander the Great."—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

[2] [Here, in the *Magazine*, followed the "Supplementary Notice," now given as a footnote to p. 24, above.]

V

A CHAPTER ON CHIMNEYS [1]

61. It appears from the passage in Herodotus, which we alluded to in the last paper, that there has been a time, even in the most civilised countries, when the king's palace was entirely unfurnished with anything having the slightest pretension to the dignity of chimney tops; and the savoury vapours which were wont to rise from the hospitable hearth, at which the queen or princess prepared the feast with the whitest of hands, escaped with indecorous facility through a simple hole in the flat roof. The dignity of smoke, however, is now better understood, and it is dismissed through Gothic pinnacles, and (as at Burleigh House) through Tuscan columns,[2] with a most praiseworthy regard to its comfort and convenience. Let us consider if it is worth the trouble.

62. We advanced a position in the last paper, that silence is never perfect without motion. That is, unless something which might possibly produce sound is evident to the eye, the absence of sound is not surprising to the ear, and, therefore, not impressive. Let it be observed, for instance, how much the stillness of a summer's evening is enhanced by the perception of the gliding and majestic motion of some calm river, strong but still; or of the high and purple clouds; or of the voiceless leaves, among the opening branches. To produce this impression, however, the motion must be uniform, though not necessarily slow. One of the chief peculiarities of the ocean thoroughfares of Venice, is the remarkable silence which

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (April), pp. 145–154.]

[2] [Burleigh House, "by Stamford town," erected between the years 1575 and 1587 in the Italian style, was better known in the olden days than perhaps it is now, for the mail coaches on the great North Road ran past the lodge gates.]

rests upon them, enhanced as it is by the swift, but beautifully uniform motion of the gondola.[1] Now, there is no motion more uniform, silent or beautiful than that of smoke; and, therefore, when we wish the peace or stillness of a scene to be impressive, it is highly useful to draw the attention to it.

68. In the cottage, therefore, a building peculiarly adapted for scenes of peace, the chimney, as conducting the eye to what is agreeable, may be considered as important, and, if well managed, a beautiful accompaniment. But in buildings of a higher class, smoke ceases to be interesting. Owing to their general greater elevation, it is relieved against the sky, instead of against a dark background, thereby losing the fine silvery blue,—which among trees, or rising out of a distant country, is so exquisitely beautiful,—and assuming a dingy yellowish black: its motion becomes useless; for the idea of stillness is no longer desirable, or, at least, no longer attainable, being interrupted by the nature of the building itself: and, finally, the associations it arouses are not dignified; we may think of a comfortable fireside, perhaps, but are quite as likely to dream of kitchens, and spits, and shoulders of mutton. None of these imaginations are in their place, if the character of the building be elevated, they are barely tolerable in the dwelling-house and the street. Now, when smoke is objectionable, it is certainly improper to direct attention to the chimney; and, therefore, for two weighty reasons, *decorated* chimneys, of any sort or size whatsoever, are inexcusable barbarisms; first, because, where smoke is beautiful, decoration is unsuited to the building; and secondly, because, where smoke is ugly, decoration directs attention to its ugliness.

64. It is unfortunately a prevailing idea with some of our architects, that what is a disagreeable object in itself may be relieved or concealed by lavish ornament; and there never was a greater mistake. It should be a general principle, that

[1] [Ruskin had been in Venice, for the first time, on his Continental tour of 1835. See his unfinished novel written in 1836 for an account of a voyage in a gondola, pp. 537–551.]

what is intrinsically ugly should be utterly destitute of ornament, that the eye may not be drawn to it.[1] The pretended skulls of the three Magi at Cologne[2] are set in gold, and have a diamond in each eye; and are a thousand times more ghastly than if their brown bones had been left in peace. Such an error as this ought never to be committed in architecture. If any part of the building has disagreeable associations connected with it, let it alone: do not ornament it; keep it subdued, and simply adapted to its use; and the eye will not go to it, nor quarrel with it. It would have been well if this principle had been kept in view in the renewal of some of the public buildings in Oxford. In All Souls College, for instance, the architect has carried his chimneys half as high as all the rest of the building, and fretted them with Gothic. The eye is instantly caught by the plated-candlestick-like columns, and runs with some complacency up the groining and fret-work, and alights finally and fatally on a red chimney top. He might as well have built a Gothic aisle at an entrance to a coal wharf. We have no scruple in saying that the man who could desecrate the Gothic trefoil into an ornament for a chimney has not the slightest feeling, and never will have any, of its beauty or its use; he was never born to be an architect, and never will be one.

65. Now, if chimneys are not to be decorated (since their existence is necessary), it becomes an object of some importance to know what is to be done with them: and we enter into the enquiry before leaving the cottage, as in its most proper place; because, in the cottage, and only in the cottage, it is desirable to direct attention to smoke.

Speculation, however, on the *beau idéal* of a chimney can never be unshackled; because, though we may imagine what it ought to be, we can never tell, until the house is built, what it *must* be; we may require it to be short, and find that it will smoke, unless it is long; or, we may desire it to be covered, and find it will not go unless it is open. We can fix,

[1] [Cf. *The Seven Lamps*, ch. iv. §§ 19, 23.]

[2] [Cologne was visited by Ruskin in 1833; see passages thereon in Vol. II., "Account of a Tour on the Continent."]

therefore, on no one model; but by looking over the chimneys of a few nations, we may deduce some general principles from their varieties, which may always be brought into play, by whatever circumstances our own imaginations may be confined.

66. Looking first to the mind of the people, we cannot expect to find good examples of the chimney, as we go to the south. The Italian or the Spaniard does not know the use of a chimney, properly speaking; they *have* such things, and they light a fire, five days in the year, chiefly of wood, which does not give smoke enough to teach the chimney its business; but they have not the slightest idea of the meaning or the beauty of such things as hobs, and hearths, and Christmas blazes; and we should, therefore, expect, *à priori*, that there would be no soul in their chimneys; that they would have no practised substantial air about them; that they would, in short, be as awkward and as much in the way, as individuals of the human race are, when they don't know what to do with themselves, or what they were created for. But in England, sweet carbonaceous England, we flatter ourselves we *do* know something about fire, and smoke too, or our eyes have strangely deceived us; and, from the whole comfortable character and fireside disposition of the nation, we should conjecture that the architecture of the chimney would be understood, both as a matter of taste and as a matter of comfort, to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Let us see how far our expectations are realised.

67. Fig. 9, *a*, *b* and *c* are English chimneys. They are distinguishable, we think, at a glance, from all the rest, by a down-right serviceableness of appearance, a substantial, unaffected, decent, and chimney-like deportment, in the contemplation of which we experience infinite pleasure and edification, particularly as it seems to us to be strongly contrasted with an appearance, in all the other chimneys, of an indefinable something, only to be expressed by the interesting word "humbug." Fig. 9, *a* is a chimney of Cumberland, and the north of Lancashire. It is, as may be seen at a glance, only applicable at the extremity of the roof, and requires a bent flue. It is

built of unhewn stones, in the same manner as the Westmoreland cottages; the flue itself being not one-third the width of the chimney, as is seen at the top, where four flat stones placed on their edges form the termination of the flue itself, and give lightness of appearance to the whole. Cover this with a piece of paper, and observe how heavy and square the rest becomes. A few projecting stones continue the line of

Fig. 9

the roof across the centre of the chimney, and two large masses support the projection of the whole, and unite it agreeably with the wall. This is exclusively a cottage chimney; it cannot, and must not, be built of civilised materials; it must be rough, and mossy, and broken; but it is decidedly the best chimney of the whole set. It is simple and substantial, without being cumbrous; it gives great variety to the wall from which it projects, terminates the roof agreeably, and dismisses its smoke with infinite propriety.

68. Fig. 9, *b* is a chimney common over the whole of the north of England; being, as I think, one that will go well in

almost any wind, and is applicable at any part of the roof. It is also roughly built, consisting of a roof of loose stones, sometimes one large flat slab, supported above the flue by four large supports, each of a single stone. It is rather light in its appearance, and breaks the ridge of a roof very agreeably. Separately considered, it is badly proportioned; but, as it just equals the height to which a long chimney at the extremity of the building would rise above the roof (as in *a*), it is quite right *in situ*, and would be ungainly if it were higher. The upper part is always dark, owing to the smoke, and tells agreeably against any background seen through the hollow.

69. Fig. 9, *c* is the chimney of the Westmoreland cottage which formed the subject of the last paper. The good taste which prevailed in the rest of the building is not so conspicuous here, because the architect has begun to consider effect instead of utility, and has put a diamond-shaped piece of ornament on the front (usually containing the date of the building), which was not necessary, and looks out of place. He has endeavoured to build neatly too, and has bestowed a good deal of plaster on the outside, by all which circumstances the work is infinitely deteriorated. We have always disliked cylindrical chimneys, probably because they put us in mind of glasshouses and manufactories, for we are aware of no more definite reason;[1] yet this example is endurable, and has a character about it which it would be a pity to lose. Sometimes when the square part is carried down the whole front of the cottage, it looks like the remains of some grey tower, and is not felt to be a chimney at all. Such deceptions are always very dangerous, though in this case sometimes attended with good effect, as in the old building called Coniston Hall, on the shores of Coniston Water, whose distant outline (Fig. 10) is rendered light and picturesque, by the size and shape of its chimneys, which are the same in character as Fig. 9, *c*.

[1] [Here Ruskin is at variance with Wordsworth, who "loved the peculiar build of chimneys that came in with the Flemings, 'square up hauf waay and round th' tother.' He took care that the chimneys of Foxhow should be so builded. He saw 'a pleasing harmony between a tall chimney of this circular form and the living column of smoke ascending through the still air'" (H. D. Rawnsley: *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, 1901, p. 17; the quotation is from Wordsworth's *Guide*, p. 51).]

70. Of English chimneys adapted for buildings of a more elevated character, we can adduce no good examples. The old red brick mass, which we see in some of our venerable manor-houses, has a great deal of English character about it, and is always agreeable, when the rest of the building is of brick. Fig. 9, *p* is a chimney of this kind: there is nothing remarkable in it; it is to be met with all over England; but

Fig. 10

[Coniston Hall, from the Lake near Brantwood (1837)][1]

we have placed it beside its neighbour *q* to show how the same form and idea are modified by the mind of the nations who employ it. The design is the same in both, the proportions also; but the one is a chimney, the other a paltry

[1] [This may be the sketch described by Ruskin in one of the *Letters to a College Friend*, see below, p. 422. For Coniston Hall (now a farm-house), see Preface to *Rock Honeycomb*; "the Hall, on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in our Arcadia of western meres." It is seen from the study windows of Brantwood.]

model of a paltrier edifice. Fig. 9, *q* is Swiss, and is liable to all the objections advanced against the Swiss cottages; it is a despicable mimicry of a large building, like the tower in the engraving of the Italian cottage [Fig. 1, p. 25, and plate facing it], carved in stone, it is true, but not the less to be reprobated. Fig. 9, *p*, on the contrary, is adapted to its use, and has no affectation about it. It would be spoiled, however, if built in stone; because the marked bricks tell us the size of the whole at once, and prevent the eye from suspecting any intention to deceive it with a mockery of arches and columns, the imitation of which would be too perfect in stone; and therefore, even in this case, we have failed in discovering a chimney adapted to the higher class of edifices.

71. Fig. 9, *d* is a Netherland chimney, *e* and *f* German. Fig. 9, *d* belongs to an old Gothic building in Malines,[1] and is a good example of the application of the same lines to the chimney which occur in other parts of the edifice, without bestowing any false elevation of character. It is roughly carved in stone, projecting at its base grotesquely from the roof, and covered at the top. The pointed arch, by which its character is given, prevents it from breaking in upon the lines of the rest of the building, and, therefore, in reality renders it less conspicuous than it would otherwise have been. We should never have noticed its existence, had we not been looking out for chimneys.

72. Fig. 9, *e* is also carved in stone, and where there is much variety of architecture, or where the buildings are grotesque, would be a good chimney, for the very simple reason, that it resembles nothing but a chimney, and its lines are graceful. Fig. 9, *f*, though ugly in the abstract, might be used with effect in situations where perfect simplicity would be too conspicuous; but both *e* and *f* are evidently the awkward efforts of a tasteless nation, to produce something original: they have lost the chastity which we admired in *a*, without obtaining the

[1] [It does not expressly appear that Ruskin had been at Malines, though he may well have visited it from Brussels in 1833. But this chimney is taken from Plate 5 in Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*, called by the artist "Kraenstrate, Maline."]

grace and spirit of *l* and *o*. In fact, they are essentially German.

73. Fig. 9, *h* to *m*, inclusive, are Spanish, and have a peculiar character, which would render it quite impossible to employ them out of their own country. Yet they are not decorated chimneys. There is not one fragment of ornament on any of them. All is done by variety of form; and with such variety no fault can be found, because it is necessary to give them the character of the buildings, out of which they rise. For we may observe here, once for all, that character may be given either by form or by decoration, and that where the latter is improper, variety of form is allowable, because the humble associations which render ornament objectionable, also render simplicity of form unnecessary.* We need not then find fault with *fantastic* chimneys, provided they are kept in unison with the rest of the building, and do not draw too much attention.

74. Fig. 9, *h*, according to this rule, is a very good chimney. It is graceful without pretending, and its grotesqueness will suit the buildings round it—we wish we could give them: they are at Cordova.

Fig. 9, *k* and *l* ought to be seen, as they would be in reality, rising brightly up against the deep blue heaven of the south, the azure gleaming through their hollows; unless perchance a slight breath of refined, pure, pale vapour finds its way from time to time out of them into the light air; their tiled caps casting deep shadows on their white surfaces, and their *tout ensemble* causing no interruption to the feelings excited by the Moresco arches and grotesque dwelling-houses with which they would be surrounded; they are sadly spoiled by being cut off at their bases.

75. Fig. 9, *g*, *n*, *o* are Italian. Fig. 9, *g* has only been given, because it is constantly met with among the more modern buildings of Italy. Fig. 9, *n* and *o* are almost the only two varieties of chimneys which are to be found on the old Venetian palaces (whose style is to be traced partly to the

* Elevation of character, as was seen in the Italian cottage, depends upon simplicity of form.

Turk, and partly to the Moor). The curved lines of *n* harmonise admirably with those of the roof itself, and its diminutive size leaves the simplicity of form of the large building to which it belongs entirely uninterrupted and uninjured. Fig. *o* is seen perpetually carrying the whiteness of the Venetian marble up into the sky; but it is too tall, and attracts by far too much attention, being conspicuous on the sides of all the canals.

76. Fig. 9, *q*, *r*, *s* are Swiss. Fig. 9, *r* is one specimen of an extensive class of decorated chimneys, met with in the north-eastern cantons. It is never large, and consequently having no false elevation of character, and being always seen with eyes which have been prepared for it, by resting on the details of the Swiss cottage, is less disagreeable than might be imagined, but ought never to be imitated. The pyramidal form is generally preserved, but the design is the same in no two examples.

Fig. 9, *s* is a chimney very common in the eastern cantons, the principle of which we never understood. The oblique part moves on a hinge, so as to be capable of covering the chimney like a hat; and the whole is covered with wooden scales, like those of a fish. This chimney sometimes comes in very well among the confused rafters of the mountain cottage, though it is rather too remarkable to be in good taste.

77. It seems then, that out of the eighteen chimneys, which we have noticed, though several possess character, and one or two elegance, only two are to be found fit for imitation; and, of these, one is exclusively a *cottage* chimney. This is somewhat remarkable and may serve as a proof:—

First, of what we at first asserted, that chimneys which in any way attract notice (and if these had not, we should not have sketched them)[1] were seldom to be imitated; that there are few buildings which require them to be singular, and none which can tolerate them if decorated; and that the architect should always remember that the size and height being by necessity fixed, the form which draws least attention is the best.

[1] [Not all sketched from nature, however.]

J. Ruskin.

Italian Cottage Gallery. 1846

Allen & Co. lith.

Chimney at Neuchatel.

(Dent du Midi and Mont Blanc in the distance.)

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masses of scarlet and black, with foxes and cocks whisking about, like so many black devils, in the smoke on the top of them, interrupting all repose, annihilating all dignity, and awaking every possible conception which would be picturesque, and every imagination which would be rapturous, to the mind of master-sweeps.

80. On the other hand, though they have not on the Continent the same knowledge of the use and beauty of chimneys in the abstract, they display their usual good taste in grouping, or concealing them; and, whether we find them mingling with the fantastic domiciles of the German, with the rich imaginations of the Spaniard, with the classical remains and creations of the Italian, they are never intrusive or disagreeable; and either assist the grouping, and relieve the horizontality of the lines of the roof, or remain entirely unnoticed and insignificant, smoking their pipes in peace.

81. It is utterly impossible to give rules for the attainment of these effects, since they are the result of a feeling of the proportion and relation of lines, which, if not natural to a person, cannot be acquired, but by long practice and close observation; and it presupposes a power rarely bestowed on an English architect, of setting regularity at defiance, and sometimes comfort out of the question. We could give some particular examples of this grouping; but, as this paper has already swelled to an unusual length, we shall defer them until we come to the consideration of street effects in general.[1] Of the chimney in the abstract, we are afraid we have only said enough to illustrate, without removing, the difficulty of designing it; but we cannot but think that the general principles which have been deduced, if carefully followed out, would be found useful, if not for the attainment of excellence, at least for the prevention of barbarism.

OXFORD, *Feb.* 10 [1838].

[1] [This also refers to the unwritten sequel. See above, p. xliv.]

VI

THE COTTAGE—CONCLUDING REMARKS[1]

"Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia, dicit." [2]
—JUVENAL [xiv. 321].

82. IT now only remains for us to conclude the subject of the Cottage, by a few general remarks on the just application of modern buildings to adorn or vivify natural scenery.[3]

There are, we think, only three cases in which the cottage is considered as an element of architectural, or any other kind of beauty, since it is ordinarily raised by the peasant where he likes, and how he likes; and, therefore, as we have seen, frequently in good taste.

83. I. When a nobleman, or man of fortune, amuses himself with superintending the erection of the domiciles of his domestics. II. When ornamental summer-houses, or mimicries of wigwams, are to be erected as ornamental adjuncts to a

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (May), pp. 193–198.]
[2] [Printed *dixit* in the *Magazine*.]
[3] [In the MS. the first paragraph of this chapter runs as follows :—

"Our last chapter was badly arranged—very—yet we took both time and pains with it, feeling all the time that we were prosy, repeating ourselves over and over again, and yet not saying half of what we had to say.

"The truth is, it is a very difficult matter to arrange and compare the minor features of different edifices, for we are then looking at them as architecture ought never to be looked at, apart from its concomitant scenery or effects—and judging of them as architecture ought never to be judged of, without taking the local feelings into consideration. However, having once got at the general principles of chimney-building, it will be easy to apply them to, and test them by, the individual examples which we shall constantly meet with. At present let us finish the subject of the cottage with a few remarks on its artificial application—or rather on the best mode of preventing it, when used as an ornamental feature of a landscape, from being evidently artificial.

"It is almost impossible to do this perfectly, for if we put the cottage where it *ought* to be, we shall put *it* exactly where nature—or, which is the same thing, man in a state of nature, would *not* have put it, and if we put it where it ought not . . ."

The MS. breaks off thus and continues, as in the text, "There are, we think, only three," etc.]

prospect which the owner has done all he can to spoil, that it may be worthy of the honour of having him to look at it. III. When the landlord exercises a certain degree of influence over the cottages of his tenants, or the improvements of the neighbouring village, so as to induce such a tone of feeling in the new erections as he may think suitable to their situation.

84. In the first of these cases, there is little to be said; for the habitation of the domestic is generally a dependent feature of his master's, and, therefore, to be considered as a part of it. Porters' lodges are also dependent upon, and to be regulated by, the style of the architecture to which they are attached; and they are generally well managed in England, properly united with the gate, and adding to the effect of the entrance.

In the second case, as the act is in itself a barbarism, it would be useless to consider what would be the best mode of perpetrating it.

In the third case, we think it will be useful to apply a few general principles, deduced from positions formerly advanced.

85. All buildings are, of course, to be considered in connection with the country in which they are to be raised. Now, all landscape must possess one out of four distinct characters.

It must be either woody, the green country; cultivated, the blue country; wild, the grey country; or hilly, the brown country.

I. The Woody, or green, Country. By this is to be understood the mixture of park, pasture, and variegated forest, which is only to be seen in temperate climates, and in those parts of a kingdom which have not often changed proprietors, but have remained in unproductive beauty (or at least, furnishing timber only), the garden of the wealthier population. It is to be seen in no other country, perhaps, so well as in England. In other districts, we find extensive masses of black forest, but not the mixture of sunny glade, and various foliage, and dewy sward, which we meet with in the richer park districts of England. This kind of country is always surgy, oceanic, and massy, in its outline: it never affords blue

distances, unless seen from a height; and, even then, the nearer groups are large, and draw away the attention from the background. The under soil is kept cool by the shade, and its vegetation rich; so that the prevailing colour, except for a few days at the fall of the leaf, is a fresh green. A good example of this kind of country is the view from Richmond Hill.

86. Now, first, let us consider what sort of feeling this green country excites; and, in order to do so, be it observed, that anything which is apparently enduring and unchangeable gives us an impression rather of future, than of past, duration of existence; but anything which being perishable, and from its nature subject to change, has yet existed to a great age, gives us an impression of antiquity, though, of course, none of stability. A mountain, for instance (not geologically speaking, for then the furrows on its brow give it age as visible as was ever wrinkled on human forehead, but considering it as it appears to ordinary eyes), appears to be beyond the influence of change: it does not put us in mind of its past existence, by showing us any of the effect of time upon itself; we do not feel that it is old, because it is not approaching any kind of death; it is a mass of unsentient undecaying matter, which, if we think about it, we discover must have existed for some time, but which does not tell this fact to our feelings, or, rather, which tells us of no time at which it came into existence; and therefore, gives us no standard by which to measure its age, which, unless measured, cannot be distinctly felt. But a very old forest tree is a thing subject to the same laws of nature as ourselves: it is an energetic being, liable to an approaching death; its age is written on every spray; and, because we see it is susceptible of life and annihilation, like our own, we imagine it must be capable of the same feelings, and possess the same faculties, and, above all others, memory: it is always telling us about the past, never pointing to the future; we appeal to it, as to a thing which has seen and felt during a life similar to our own, though of ten times its duration, and therefore receive from it a perpetual impression of antiquity.

So, again, a ruined tower gives us an impression of antiquity; the stones of which it is built, none; for their age is not written upon them.

87. This being the case, it is evident that the chief feeling induced by woody country is one of reverence for its antiquity. There is a quiet melancholy about the decay of the patriarchal trunks, which is enhanced by the green and elastic vigour of the young saplings; the noble form of the forest aisles, and the subdued light which penetrates their entangled boughs, combine to add to the impression; and the whole character of the scene is calculated to excite conservative feeling. The man who could remain a radical in a wood country is a disgrace to his species.[1]

88. Now, this feeling of mixed melancholy and veneration is the one of all others which the modern cottage must not be allowed to violate. It may be fantastic or rich in detail; for the one character will make it look old-fashioned, and the other will assimilate with the intertwining of leaf and bough around it: but it must not be spruce, or natty, or very bright in colour; and the older it looks the better.

A little grotesqueness in form is the more allowable, because the imagination is naturally active in the obscure and indefinite daylight of wood scenery; conjures up innumerable beings, of every size and shape, to people its alleys and smile through its thickets; and is by no means displeased to find some of its inventions half-realised in a decorated panel or grinning extremity of a rafter.

89. These characters being kept in view, as objects to be attained, the remaining considerations are technical.

For the form. Select any well-grown group of the tree which prevails most near the proposed site of the cottage. Its summit will be a rounded mass. Take the three principal points of its curve: namely, its apex (*c*), and the two points where it unites itself with neighbouring masses (*a* and *b*, Fig. 11). Strike a circle through these three points; and the

[1] ["I am," said Ruskin in the first lines of *Præterita*, "and my father was before me, a violent Tory of the old school."]

angle contained in the segment cut off by a line joining *a* and *b* is to be the angle of the cottage roof. (Of course we are not thinking of interior convenience: the architect must establish his model of beauty first, and then approach it as nearly as he can.) This angle will generally be very obtuse; and this is one reason why the Swiss cottage is always beautiful when it is set among walnut or chestnut trees. Its obtuse roof is just about the true angle. With pines or larches, the angle should not be regulated by the form of the tree, but by the slope of the branches. The building itself should be low and long, so that, if possible, it may not be seen all at once, but may be partially concealed by trunks or leafage at various distances.

Fig. 11

90. For the colour, that of wood is always beautiful. If the wood of the near trees be used, so much the better; but the timber should be rough-hewn, and allowed to get weather-stained. Cold colours will not suit with green; and, therefore, slated roofs are disagreeable, unless, as in the Westmoreland cottage, the grey roof is warmed with lichenous vegetation, when it will do well with anything; but thatch is better. If the building be not of wood, the walls may be built of anything which will give them a quiet and unobtruding warmth of tone. White, if in shade, is sometimes allowable; but, if visible at any point more than 200 yards off, it will spoil the whole landscape. In general, as we saw before, the building will bear some fantastic finishing, that is, if it be entangled in forest; but, if among massive groups of trees, separated by smooth sward, it must be kept simple.

91. II. The Cultivated, or blue, Country. This is the rich champaign land, in which large trees are more sparingly scattered, and which is chiefly devoted to the purposes of

agriculture. In this we are perpetually getting blue distances from the slightest elevation, which are rendered more decidedly so by their contrast with warm corn or ploughed fields in the foreground. Such is the greater part of England. The view from the hills of Malvern[1] is a good example. In districts of this kind, all is change; one year's crop has no memory of its predecessor; all is activity, prosperity, and usefulness: nothing is left to the imagination; there is no obscurity, no poetry, no nonsense: the colours of the landscape are bright and varied; it is thickly populated, and glowing with animal life. Here, then, the character of the cottage must be cheerfulness; its colours may be vivid: white is always beautiful; even red tiles are allowable, and red bricks endurable. Neatness will not spoil it: the angle of its roof may be acute, its windows sparkling, and its roses red and abundant; but it must not be ornamented nor fantastic, it must be evidently built for the uses of common life, and have a matter-of-fact business-like air about it. Its outhouses, and pigsties, and dunghills should, therefore, be kept in sight: the latter may be made very pretty objects, by twisting them with the pitchfork, and plaiting them into braids, as the Swiss do.

92. III. The Wild, or grey, Country. "Wild" is not exactly a correct epithet; we mean wide, unenclosed, treeless undulations of land, whether cultivated or not. The greater part of northern France, though well brought under the plough, would come under the denomination of grey country. Occasional masses of monotonous forest do not destroy this character. Here, size is desirable, and massiness of form; but we must have no brightness of colour in the cottage, otherwise it would draw the eye to it at three miles off, and the whole landscape would be covered with conspicuous dots. White is agreeable, if sobered down; slate allowable on the roof, as well as thatch. For the rest, we need only refer to the remarks made on the propriety of the French cottage.

[1] [Ruskin had been at Malvern during the summer holidays of 1834.]

93. Lastly, Hill, or brown, Country.[1] And here if we look to England alone, as peculiarly a cottage country, the remarks formerly advanced, in the consideration of the Westmoreland cottage, are sufficient; but if we go into mountain districts of more varied character, we shall find a difference existing between every range of hills, which will demand a corresponding difference in the style of their cottages. The principles, however, are the same in all situations, and it would be a hopeless task to endeavour to give more than general principles. In hill country, however, another question is introduced, whose investigation is peculiarly necessary in cases in which the ground has inequality of surface, that of position. And the difficulty here is, not so much to ascertain where the building ought to be, as to put it there, without suggesting any enquiry as to the mode in which it got there; to prevent its just application from appearing artificial. But we cannot enter into this enquiry, before laying down a number of principles of composition, which are applicable, not only to cottages, but generally, and which we cannot deduce until we come to the consideration of buildings in groups.

94. Such are the great divisions under which country and rural buildings may be comprehended; but there are intermediate conditions, in which modified forms of the cottage are applicable; and it frequently happens that country which, considered in the abstract, would fall under one of these classes, possesses, owing to its peculiar climate or associations, a very different character. Italy, for instance, is blue country;

[1] [Here follows in the MS. :—

"The colour which most frequently prevails among mountain districts is a fine greenish brown—the colour of sunburnt turf—which is occasionally varied either by red or black or grey rock (the grey neutralising the red), each of the colours being again softened by vegetation which, if lichenous, is brown. And here again we think we may refer to the paper on the mountain cottage of Westmoreland, as developing almost all useful principles.

"In making the division of land we have chiefly been looking to England as a cottage country—abroad, almost every district has a character of its own with which its buildings must be suited. In Spain, for instance, a bright white is agreeable in hill or brown country, though in England we have shown that grey is the best, but we shall see the reason of this afterwards.

"Now, when by considering the character of the landscape the style of the cottage has been determined upon, its position comes into question."]

Drawn by J. Ruskin. Allen & Co. Sc.

On the Reuss, below Lucerne.

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yet it has not the least resemblance to English blue country. We have paid particular attention to wood; first, because we had not, in any previous paper, considered what was beautiful in a forest cottage; and secondly, because in such districts there is generally much more influence exercised by proprietors over their tenantry, than in populous and cultivated districts; and our English park scenery, though exquisitely beautiful, is sometimes, we think, a little monotonous, from the want of this very feature.

95. And now, farewell to the cottage, and, with it, to the humility of natural scenery. We are sorry to leave it; not that we have any idea of living in a cottage, as a comfortable thing; not that we prefer mud to marble, or deal to mahogany; but that, with it, we leave much of what is most beautiful of earth, the low and bee-inhabited scenery, which is full of quiet and prideless emotion, of such calmness as we can imagine prevailing over our earth when it was new in heaven. We are going into higher walks of architecture, where we shall find a less close connexion established between the building and the soil on which it stands, or the air with which it is surrounded, but a closer connexion with the character of its inhabitant. We shall have less to do with natural feeling, and more with human passion; we are coming out of stillness into turbulence, out of seclusion into the multitude, out of the wilderness into the world.

PART II

THE VILLA

I

THE MOUNTAIN VILLA—LAGO DI COMO[1]

96. In all arts or sciences, before we can determine what is just or beautiful in a group, we must ascertain what is desirable in the parts which compose it, separately considered; and therefore it will be most advantageous in the present case, to keep out of the village and the city, until we have searched hill and dale for examples of isolated buildings. This mode of considering the subject is also agreeable to the feelings, as the transition from the higher orders of solitary edifices, to groups of associated edifices, is not so sudden or startling, as that from nature's most humble peace, to man's most turbulent pride.

We have contemplated the rural dwelling of the peasant; let us next consider the ruralised domicile of the gentleman: and here, as before, we shall first determine what is theoretically beautiful, and then observe how far our expectations are fulfilled in individual buildings. But a few preliminary observations are necessary.

97. Man, the peasant, is a being of more marked national character, than man, the educated and refined. For nationality is founded, in a great degree, on prejudices and feelings inculcated and aroused in youth, which grow inveterate in the mind as long as its views are confined to the place of its birth; its ideas moulded by the customs of its country, and its conversation

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (June), pp. 241–250.]

limited to a circle composed of individuals of habits and feelings like its own; but which are gradually softened down, and eradicated, when the mind is led into general views of things, when it is guided by reflection instead of habit, and has begun to lay aside opinions contracted under the influence of association and prepossession, substituting in their room philosophical deductions from the calm contemplation of the various tempers, and thoughts, and customs, of mankind. The love of its country will remain with undiminished strength in the cultivated mind, but the national modes of thinking will vanish from the disciplined intellect.

98. Now as it is only by these mannerisms of thought that architecture is affected, we shall find that, the more polished the mind of its designer, the less national will be the building; for its architect will be led away by a search after a model of ideal beauty, and will not be involuntarily guided by deep-rooted feelings, governing irresistibly his heart and hand. He will therefore be in perpetual danger of forgetting the necessary unison of scene and climate, and, following up the chase of the ideal, will neglect the beauty of the natural; an error which he could not commit, were he less general in his views, for then the prejudices to which he would be subject, would be as truly in unison with the objects which created them, as answering notes with the chords which awaken them. We must not, therefore, be surprised, if buildings bearing impress of the exercise of fine thought and high talent in their design, should yet offend us by perpetual discords with scene and climate; and if, therefore, we sometimes derive less instruction, and less pleasure from the columnar portico of the Palace, than from the latched door of the Cottage.

99. Again: man, in his hours of relaxation, when he is engaged in the pursuit of mere pleasure, is less national than when he is under the influence of any of the more violent feelings which agitate everyday life. The reason of this may at first appear somewhat obscure, but it will become evident, on a little reflection. Aristotle's definition of pleasure, perhaps the best ever given, is "an agitation, and settling of the spirit

into its own proper nature;"[1] similar, by-the-bye, to the giving of liberty of motion to the molecules of a mineral, followed by their crystallisation, into their own proper form.[2] Now this "proper nature," *ὑπάρχουσαν φύσιν*, is not the acquired national habit, but the common and universal constitution of the human soul. This constitution is kept under by the feelings which prompt to action, for those feelings depend upon parts of character, or of prejudice, which are peculiar to individuals or to nations; and the pleasure which all men seek is a kind of partial casting away of these more active feelings, to return to the calm and unchanging constitution of mind which is the same in all.

100. We shall, therefore, find that man, in the business of his life, in religion, war, or ambition, is national, but in relaxation he manifests a nature common to every individual of his race. A Turk, for instance, and an English farmer, smoking their evening pipes, differ only in so much as the one has a mouthpiece of amber, and the other one of sealing wax; the one has a turban on his head, and the other a nightcap; they are the same in feeling, and to all intents and purposes the same men. But a Turkish janissary and an English grenadier differ widely in all their modes of thinking, feeling, and acting; they are strictly national. So again, a Tyrolese evening dance, though the costume, and the step, and the music may be different, is the same in feeling as that of the Parisian guinguette;[3] but follow the Tyrolese into their temples, and their deep devotion and beautiful though superstitious reverence will be found very different from any feeling exhibited during a mass in Notre-Dame. This being the case, it is a direct consequence, that we shall find much nationality in the Church or the Fortress, or in any building devoted to the purposes of active life, but very little in that which is dedicated exclusively

[1] [*Rhetoric*, i. 11, 1: *ὑποκείσθω δ' ἡμῖν εἶναι τὴν ἡδονὴν κίνησίν τινα τῆς ψυχῆς καὶ κατάστασιν ἁθρόαν καὶ αἰσθητὴν εἰς τὴν ὑπάρχουσαν φύσιν.* Ruskin omits to translate *ἁθρόαν καὶ αἰσθητὴν*, "a sudden and sensible settling," etc. Ruskin detested the *Rhetoric*: see above, p. xxxv., and *cf.* p. 418.]

[2] [The first thought of the crystal virtues which Ruskin was afterwards to develop in *The Ethics of the Dust*.]

[3] [Cabaret or tavern; as in Rousseau's *Confessions* (viii.): *Nos promenades tête-à-tête hors de la ville où je dépensois magnifiquement huit ou dix sous à quelque guinguette.*]

to relaxation, the Villa. We shall be compelled to seek out nations of very strong feeling and imaginative disposition, or we shall find no correspondence whatever between their character, and that of their buildings devoted to pleasure.

101. In our own country, for instance, there is not the slightest. Beginning at the head of Windermere, and running down its border for about six miles, there are six important gentlemen's seats, villas they may be called; the first of which is a square white mass, decorated with pilasters of no order, set in a green avenue, sloping down to the water; the second is an imitation, we suppose, of something possessing theoretical existence in Switzerland, with sharp gable ends, and wooden flourishes turning the corners, set on a little dumpy mound, with a slate wall running all round it, glittering with iron pyrites; the third is a blue dark-looking box, squeezed up into a group of straggly larches, with a bog in front of it; the fourth is a cream-coloured domicile, in a large park, rather quiet and unaffected, the best of the four, though that is not saying much; the fifth is an old-fashioned thing, formal, and narrow-windowed, yet grey in its tone, and quiet, and not to be maligned; and the sixth is a nondescript, circular, putty-coloured habitation, with a leaden dome on the top of it.

102. If, however, instead of taking Windermere, we trace the shore of the Lago di Como, we shall find some expression and nationality;[1] and there, therefore, will we go, to return,

[1] [Ruskin had been to the Lake of Como on his Continental tour with his parents in 1833. See the verses on Como in "The Tour on the Continent," in Vol. II. The following passage from *Præterita* (i. ch. vi. § 136) records the journey and the impressions, of which the present chapters in *The Poetry of Architecture* were an outcome. "We took boat on the little recessed lake of Chiavenna, and rowed down the whole way of waters, passing another Sunday at Cadenabbia, and then, from villa to villa, across the lake, and across, to Como, and so to Milan by Monza. It was then full, though early, summer time; and the first impression of Italy always ought to be in the summer. It was also well that, though my heart was with the Swiss cottage, the artificial taste in me had been mainly formed by Turner's rendering of these very scenes, in Rogers' *Italy*. The 'Lake of Como,' the two moonlight villas, and the 'Farewell,' had prepared me for all that was beautiful and right in the terraced gardens, proportioned arcades, and white spaces of sunny wall, which have in general no honest charm for the English mind. But to me, they were almost native through Turner,—familiar at once, and revered. I had no idea then of the Renaissance evil in them; they were associated only with what I had been told of the 'divine art' of Raphael and Lionardo, and, by my ignorance of dates, associated with the stories of Shakespeare. Portia's villa,—Juliet's palace,—I thought to have been like these."]

however, to England, when we have obtained some data by which to judge of her more fortunate edifices. We notice the Mountain Villa first, for two reasons; because effect is always more considered in its erection, than when it is to be situated in a less interesting country, and because the effect desired is very rarely given, there being far greater difficulties to contend with. But one word more, before setting off for the south. Though, as we saw before, the gentleman has less *national* character than the boor, his *individual* character is more marked, especially in its finer features, which are clearly and perfectly developed by education; consequently, when the inhabitant of the villa has had anything to do with its erection, we might expect to find indications of individual and peculiar feelings, which it would be most interesting to follow out. But this is no part of our present task; at some future period we hope to give a series of essays on the habitations of the most distinguished men of Europe,[1] showing how the alterations which they directed, and the expression which they bestowed, corresponded with the turn of their emotions, and leading intellectual faculties: but at present we have to deal only with generalities; we have to ascertain not what will be pleasing to a single mind, but what will afford gratification to every eye possessing a certain degree of experience, and every mind endowed with a certain degree of taste.

108. Without further preface, therefore, let us endeavour to ascertain what would be theoretically beautiful, on the shore, or among the scenery of the Larian Lake, preparatory to a sketch of the general features of those villas which exist there, in too great a multitude to admit, on our part, of much individual detail.

For the general tone of the scenery, we may refer to the paper on the Italian cottage; for the shores of the Lake of

[1] [This scheme, often in Ruskin's thoughts, was never carried out; it is the first of his many projected, but unwritten books. It appears from a letter to Loudon that the series was to be called *Homes of the Mighty*. Forty years later he similarly intended to collect for his Museum at Sheffield "a connected and systematic series of drawings of the houses and tombs of great men" (see *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, note on No. 81 of the Prout drawings). See § 137, below, for some remarks on "Petrarch's House" at Arquà.]

Como have generally the character there described, with a little more cheerfulness, and a little less elevation,* but aided by great variety of form. They are not quite so rich in vegetation as the plains: both because the soil is scanty, there being, of course, no decomposition going on among the rocks of black marble which form the greater part of the shore; and because the mountains rise steeply from the water, leaving only a narrow zone at their bases in the climate of Italy. In

* That Italian mountain scenery has less elevation of character than the plains may appear singular; but there are many simple reasons for a fact which, we doubt not, has been felt by every one (capable of feeling anything), who ever left the Alps to pass into Lombardy. The first is, that a mountain scene, as we saw in the last paper, bears no traces of decay, since it never possessed any of life. The desolation of the sterile peaks, never having been interrupted, is altogether free from the melancholy which is consequent on the passing away of interruption. They stood up in the time of Italy's glory, into the voiceless air, while all the life and light which she remembers now was working and moving at their feet, an animated cloud, which they did not feel, and do not miss. That region of life never reached up their flanks, and has left them no memorials of its being; they have no associations, no monuments, no memories; we look on them as we would on other hills; things of abstract and natural magnificence, which the presence of man could not increase, nor his departure sadden. They are, in consequence, destitute of all that renders the name of Ausonia thrilling, or her champaigns beautiful, beyond the mere splendour of climate; and even that splendour is unshared by the mountain; its cold atmosphere being undistinguished by any of that rich, purple, ethereal transparency which gives the air of the plains its depth of feeling,—we can find no better expression.

Secondly. In all hill scenery, though there is increase of size, there is want of distance. We are not speaking of views from summits, but of the average aspect of valleys. Suppose the mountains be 10,000 feet high, their summit will not be more than six miles distant in a direct line: and there is a general sense of confinement, induced by their wall-like boundaries, which is painful, contrasted with the wide expatiation of spirit induced by a distant view over plains. In ordinary countries, however, where the plain is an uninteresting mass of cultivation, the sublimity of distance is not to be compared to that of size: but, where every yard of the cultivated country has its tale to tell; where it is perpetually intersected by rivers whose names are meaning music, and glancing with cities and villages every one of which has its own halo round its head; and where the eye is carried by the clearness of the air over the blue of the farthest horizon, without finding one wreath of mist, or one shadowy cloud, to check the distinctness of the impression; the mental emotions excited are richer, and deeper, and swifter than could be awakened by the noblest hills of the earth, unconnected with the deeds of men.

Lastly. The plain country of Italy has not even to choose between the glory of distance and of size, for it has both. I do not think there is a spot,

that zone, however, the olive grows in great luxuriance, with the cypress, orange, aloe, myrtle, and vine, the latter always trellised.

104. Now, as to the situation of the cottage, we have already seen that great humility was necessary, both in the building and its site, to prevent it from offending us by an apparent struggle with forces, compared with which its strength was dust: but we cannot have this extreme humility in the villa, the dwelling of wealth and power, and yet we must not, any more, suggest the idea of its resisting natural influences under which the Pyramids could not abide. The only way of solving the difficulty is, to select such sites as shall seem to have been set aside by nature as places of rest, as points of calm and enduring beauty, ordained to sit and smile in their

from Venice to Messina, where two ranges of mountain, at the least, are not in sight at the same time. In Lombardy, the Alps are on one side, the Apennines on the other; in the Venetian territory, the Alps, Apennines and Euganean hills; going southward, the Apennines always, their outworks running far towards the sea, and the coast itself frequently mountainous. Now, the aspect of a noble range of hills, at a considerable distance, is, in our opinion, far more imposing (considered in the abstract) than they are, seen near: their height is better told, their outlines softer and more melodious, their majesty more mysterious. But, in Italy, they gain more by distance than majesty: they gain life. They cease to be the cold forgetful things they were; they hold the noble plains [1] in their lap, and become venerable, as having looked down upon them, and watched over them for ever, unchanging; they become part of the picture of associations: we endow them with memory, and then feel them to be possessed of all that is glorious on earth.

For these three reasons, then, the plains of Italy possess far more elevation of character than her hill scenery. To the northward, this contrast is felt very strikingly, as the distinction is well marked, the Alps rising sharply and suddenly. To the southward, the plain is more mingled with low projecting promontories, and unites almost every kind of beauty. However, even among her northern lakes, the richness of the low climate, and the magnificence of form and colour presented by the distant Alps, raise the character of the scene immeasurably above that of most hill landscapes, even were those natural features entirely unassisted by associations which, though more sparingly scattered than in the south, are sufficient to give light to every leaf, and voice to every wave.[2]

[1 Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. vii. § 4.]

[2 [This footnote appeared as a separate article in the number of *The Architectural Magazine* (July 1838, pp. 300–301) following that in which the text appeared. "The following paragraphs ought to have been given," it was explained, "as footnotes, along with the article on the Italian Villa in our last number; but they were inadvertently overlooked by the conductor, who begs to apologise to Kata Phusin and to his readers for the seeming neglect."]

glory of quietness, while the avalanche brands the mountain top,* and the torrent desolates the valley; yet so preserved, not by shelter amidst violence, but by being placed wholly out of the influence of violence. For in this they must differ from the site of the cottage, that the peasant may seek for protection under some low rock or in some narrow dell, but the villa must have a domain to itself, at once conspicuous, beautiful, and calm.

105. As regards the form of the cottage, we have seen how the Westmoreland cottage harmonised with the ease of outline so conspicuous in hill scenery, by the irregularity of its details; but, here, no such irregularity is allowable or consistent, and is not even desirable. For the cottage enhances the wildness of the surrounding scene, by sympathising with it; the villa must do the same thing, by contrasting with it. The eye feels, in a far greater degree, the terror of the distant and desolate peaks, when it passes down their ravined sides to sloping and verdant hills, and is guided from these to the rich glow of vegetable life in the low zones, and through this glow to the tall front of some noble edifice, peaceful even in its pride. But this contrast must not be sudden, or it will be startling and harsh; and therefore, as we saw above, the villa must be placed where all the severe features of the scene, though not concealed, are distant, and where there is a graduation, so to speak, of impressions, from terror to

* There are two kinds of winter avalanches; the one, sheets of frozen snow sliding on the surface of others. The swiftness of these, as the clavendier of the Convent of St. Bernard told me, he could compare to nothing but that of a cannon ball of equal size. The other is a rolling mass of snow, accumulating in its descent. This, grazing the bare hill-side, tears up its surface like dust, bringing away soil, rock, and vegetation, as a grazing ball tears flesh; and leaving its withered path distinct on the green hill-side, as if the mountain had been branded with red-hot iron. They generally keep to the same paths; but when the snow accumulates, and sends one down the wrong way, it has been known to cut down a pine forest, as a scythe mows grass. The tale of its work is well told by the seared and branded marks on the hill summits and sides.[1]

[1] [This footnote also was omitted from its proper place, and subsequently published (*Architectural Magazine*, July 1838, p. 301); see note above, p. 80. Ruskin was at the St. Bernard for the second time in 1835. For some literary memorials of his visit, see Appendix to this volume.]

loveliness, the one softened by distance, the other elevated in its style: and the form of the villa must not be fantastic or angular, but must be full of variety, so tempered by simplicity as to obtain ease of outline united with elevation of character; the first being necessary for reasons before advanced, and the second, that the whole may harmonise with the feelings induced by the lofty features of the accompanying scenery in any hill country, and yet more, on the Larian Lake, by the deep memories and everlasting associations which haunt the stillness of its shore. Of the colour required by Italian landscape we have spoken before, and we shall see that, particularly in this case, white or pale tones are agreeable.

106. We shall now proceed to the situation and form of the villa. As regards situation; the villas of the Lago di Como are built, *par préférence*, either on jutting promontories of low crag covered with olives, or on those parts of the shore where some mountain stream has carried out a bank of alluvium into the lake. One object proposed in this choice of situation is, to catch the breeze as it comes up the main opening of the hills, and to avoid the reflection of the sun's rays from the rocks of the actual shore; and another is, to obtain a prospect up or down the lake, and of the hills on whose projection the villa is built: but the effect of this choice when the building is considered the object, is to carry it exactly into the place where it ought to be, far from the steep precipice and dark mountain, to the border of the winding bay and citron-scented cape, where it stands at once conspicuous and in peace. For instance, in Fig. 12 (Bellagio, Lago di Como[1]), although the eye falls suddenly from the crags above to the promontory below, yet all the sublime and severe features of the scene are kept in the distance, and the villa itself is mingled with graceful lines, and embosomed in rich vegetation. The promontory separates the Lake of Lecco from that of Como, properly so called, and is three

[1] [The view is of the Villa Serbelloni, from the Lake of Lecco. The villa is now leased to the proprietor of the Grand Hôtel Bellagio, and is used as a hotel and *pension*.]

miles from the opposite shore, which gives room enough for aërial perspective. So also in Fig. 18.[1]

107. We shall now consider the form of the villa. It is generally the apex of a series of artificial terraces, which conduct through its gardens to the water. These are formal in their design, but extensive, wide, and majestic in their

Fig. 12

[Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio]

slope, the steps being generally about ½ ft. high and 4½ ft. wide (sometimes however much deeper). They are generally supported by white wall, strengthened by unfilled arches, the angles being turned by sculptured pedestals, surmounted by statues, or urns. Along the terraces are carried rows, sometimes of cypress, more frequently of orange or lemon trees,

[1] [A view of the Villa Sommariva, now called Villa Carlotta, at Cadenabbia.]

with myrtles, sweet bay, and aloes, intermingled, but always with dark and spiry cypresses occurring in groups; and attached to these terraces, or to the villa itself, are series of arched grottoes (seen well in Fig. 12), built (or sometimes cut in the rock) for coolness, frequently overhanging the water, kept dark and fresh, and altogether delicious to the feelings.

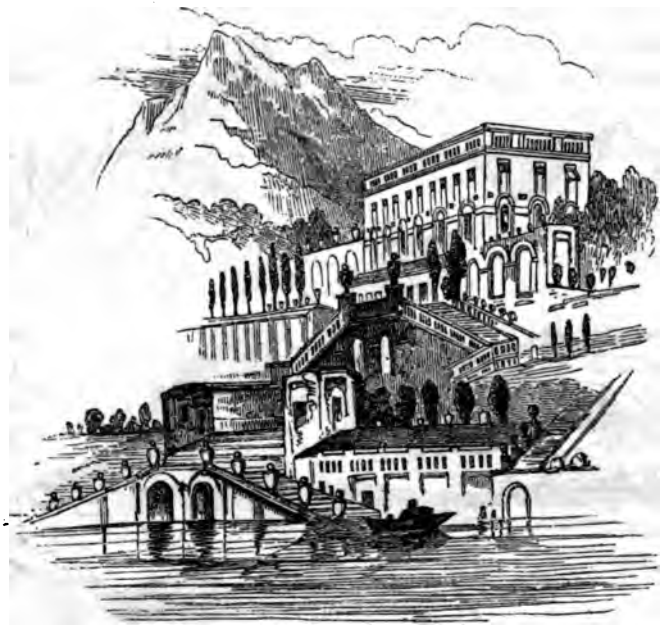

Fig. 13

[Villa Sommariva, Cadenabbia]

A good instance of these united peculiarities is seen in Fig. 13 (Villa Sommariva, Lago di Como).

The effect of these approaches is disputable. It is displeasing to many, from its formality; but we are persuaded that it is right, because it is a national style, and therefore has in all probability due connexion with scene and character; and this connexion we shall endeavour to prove.

108. The frequent occurrence of the arch is always delightful in distant effect, partly on account of its graceful line,

partly because the shade it casts is varied in depth, becoming deeper and deeper as the grotto retires, and partly because it gives great apparent elevation to the walls which it supports. The grottoes themselves are agreeable objects seen near, because they give an impression of coolness to the eye; and they echo all sounds with great melody; small streams are often conducted through them, occasioning slight breezes by their motion. Then the statue and the urn are graceful in their outline, classical in their meaning, and correct in their position, for where could they be more appropriate than here; the one ministering to memory, and the other to mourning. The terraces themselves are dignified in their character (a necessary effect, as we saw above), and even the formal rows of trees are right in this climate, for a peculiar reason. Effect is always to be considered, in Italy, as if the sun were always to shine, for it does nine days out of ten. Now the shadows of foliage regularly disposed, fall with a grace which it is impossible to describe, running up and down across the marble steps, and casting alternate statues into darkness; and chequering the white walls with a "method in their madness,"[1] altogether unattainable by loose grouping of trees; and therefore, for the sake of this kind of shade, to which the eye, as well as the feeling, is attracted, the long row of cypresses or orange trees is allowable.

109. But there is a still more important reason for it, of a directly contrary nature to that which its formality would seem to require. In all beautiful designs of exterior descent, a certain regularity is necessary; the lines should be graceful, but they must balance each other, slope answering to slope, statue to statue. Now this mathematical regularity would hurt the eye excessively in the midst of scenes of natural grace, were it executed in bare stone; but, if we make part of the design itself foliage, and put in touches of regular shade, alternating with the stone, whose distances and darkness are as mathematically limited as the rest of the grouping, but whose nature is changeful and varied in individual forms, we have

[1] [*Hamlet*, ii. 2.]

obtained a link between nature and art, a step of transition, leading the feelings gradually from the beauty of regularity to that of freedom. And this effect would not be obtained, as might at first appear, by intermingling trees of different kinds, at irregular distances, or wherever they chose to grow; for then the design and the foliage would be instantly separated by the eye, the symmetry of the one would be interrupted, the grace of the other lost; the nobility of the design would not be seen, but its formality would be felt; and the wildness of the trees would be injurious, because it would be felt to be out of place. On principles of composition, therefore, the regular disposition of decorative foliage is right, when such foliage is mixed with architecture; but it requires great taste, and long study, to design this disposition properly. Trees of dark leaf and little colour should be invariably used, for they are to be considered, it must be remembered, rather as free touches of shade than as trees.

110. Take, for instance, the most simple bit of design, such as a hollow balustrade, Fig. 14, and suppose that it is found to look cold or raw, when executed, and to want depth. Then put small pots, with any dark shrub, the darker the better, at fixed places behind them, at the same distance as the balustrades, or between every two or three, as shown in Fig. 15, and keep them cut down to a certain height, and we have immediate depth and increased ease, with undiminished symmetry. But the great difficulty is to keep the thing within proper limits, since too much of it will lead to paltriness, as is the case in a slight degree in Isola Bella, on Lago Maggiore;[1] and not to let it run into small details: for, be it

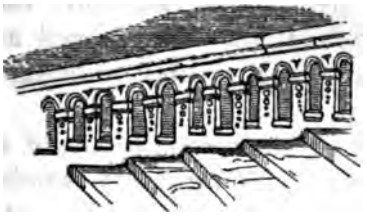

Fig. 14

[1] [It appears from a list of places in one of Ruskin's early note-books that he had seen the Lago Maggiore in 1833. In writing this passage he may have had before him Turner's vignette at the head of the last section in Rogers' *Italy*; the foreground in that composition (based on the Isola Bella) is composed of a balustrade and flower-pots. Turner's original drawing is No. 205 in the Water-colour Collection at the National Gallery.]

remembered, that it is only in the majesty of art, in its large and general effects, that this regularity is allowable; nothing but variety should be studied in detail, and therefore there can be no barbarism greater than the lozenge borders and beds of the French garden. The scenery around must be naturally rich, that its variety of line may relieve the slight stiffness of the architecture itself: and the climate must always be considered; for, as we saw, the chief beauty of these flights of steps depends upon the presence of the sun; and, if they are to be in shade half the year, the dark trees will only make them gloomy, the grass will grow between the stones of the steps, black weeds will flicker from the pedestals, damp mosses discolour the statues and urns, and the whole will become one incongruous ruin, one ridiculous decay. Besides, the very dignity of its character, even could it be kept in proper order, would be out of place in any country but Italy. Busts of Virgil or Ariosto would look astonished in an English snow storm; statues of Apollo and Diana would be no more divine, where the laurels of the one would be weak, and the crescent of the other would never gleam in pure moonlight. The whole glory of the design consists in its unison with the dignity of the landscape, and with the classical tone of the country. Take it away from its concomitant circumstances, and, instead of conducting the eye to it by a series of lofty and dreamy impressions, bring it through green lanes, or over copse-covered crags, as would be the case in England, and the whole system becomes utterly and absolutely absurd, ugly in outline, worse than useless in application, unmeaning in design, and incongruous in association.

Fig. 15

111. It seems, then, that in the approach to the Italian villa, we have discovered great nationality and great beauty, which was more than we could have expected, but a beauty

utterly untransferable from its own settled habitation. In our next paper we shall proceed to the building itself, which will not detain us long, as it is generally simple in its design, and take a general view of villa architecture over Italy.

112. We have bestowed considerable attention on this style of Garden Architecture, because it has been much abused by persons of high authority, and general good taste, who forgot, in their love of grace and ideal beauty, the connexion with surrounding circumstances so manifest even in its formality. Eustace, we think, is one of these;[1] and, although it is an error of a kind he is perpetually committing, he is so far right, that this mannerism is frequently carried into excess even in its own peculiar domain, then becoming disagreeable, and is always a dangerous style in inexperienced hands. We think, however, paradoxical as the opinion may appear, that every one who is a true lover of nature, and has been bred in her wild school, will be an admirer of this symmetrical designing, in its place; and will feel, as often as he contemplates it, that the united effect of the wide and noble steps, with the pure water dashing over them like heated crystal, the long shadows of the cypress groves, the golden leaves and glorious light of blossom of the glancing aloes, the pale statues gleaming along the heights in their everlasting death in life, their motionless brows looking down for ever on the loveliness in which their beings once dwelt, marble forms of more than mortal grace lightening along the green arcades, amidst dark cool grottoes, full of the voice of dashing waters, and of the breath of myrtle blossoms, with the blue of the deep lake and the distant precipice mingling at every opening with the eternal snows glowing in their noontide silence, is one not unworthy of Italy's most noble remembrances.

[1] [The reference is to *A Classical Tour through Italy*, 1832, by the Rev. J. C. Eustace, a work which had been published a few years before Ruskin wrote these papers, and which ran through several editions. Ruskin refers again to the book in *St. Mark's Rest*, ch. i. § 12, where he describes the building of a "Palladian portico" on the site of the old monastery of S. Giorgio, "to delight Mr. Eustace on his classical tour."]

II

THE MOUNTAIN VILLA—LAGO DI COMO (*continued*)[1]

118. HAVING considered the propriety of the approach, it remains for us to investigate the nature of the feelings excited by the villas of the Lago di Como in particular, and of Italy in general.

We mentioned that the bases of the mountains bordering the Lake of Como were chiefly composed of black marble; black, at least, when polished, and very dark grey in its general effect. This is very finely stratified in beds varying in thickness from an inch to two or three feet; and these beds, taken of a medium thickness, form flat slabs, easily broken into rectangular fragments, which, being excessively compact in their grain, are admirably adapted for a building material. There is a little pale limestone* among the hills to the south; but this marble, or primitive limestone (for it is not highly crystalline), is not only more easy of access, but a more durable stone. Of this, consequently, almost all the buildings on the lake shore are built; and, therefore, were their material unconcealed, would be of a dark monotonous and melancholy grey tint, equally uninteresting to the eye, and depressing to the mind. To prevent this result, they

* Pale limestone, with dolomite. A coarse dolomite forms the mass of mountains on the east of Lake Lecco, Monte Campione, etc., and part of the other side, as well as the Monte del Novo, above Cadenabbia; but the bases of the hills, along the *shore* of the Lake of Lecco, and all the mountains on both sides of the lower limb of Como are black limestone. The whole northern half of the lake is bordered by gneiss or mica slate, with tertiary deposit where torrents enter it. So that the dolomite is only obtainable by ascending the hills, and incurring considerable expense of carriage; while the rocks of the shore split into blocks of their own accord, and are otherwise an excellent material.

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (July), pp. 289–300.]

are covered with different compositions, sometimes white, more frequently cream-coloured, and of varying depth; the mouldings and pilasters being frequently of deeper tones than the walls. The insides of the grottoes, however, when not cut in the rock itself, are left uncovered, thus forming a strong contrast with the whiteness outside; giving great depth, and permitting weeds and flowers to root themselves on the roughnesses, and rock streams to distil through the fissures of the dark stones; while all parts of the building to which the eye is drawn, by their form or details (except the capitals of the pilasters), such as the urns, the statues, the steps, or balustrades, are executed in very fine white marble, generally from the quarries of Carrara, which supply quantities of fragments of the finest quality, which nevertheless, owing to their want of size, or to the presence of conspicuous veins, are unavailable for the higher purposes of sculpture.

114. Now, the first question is, is this very pale colour desirable? It is to be hoped so, or else the whole of Italy must be pronounced full of impropriety. The first circumstance in its favour is one which, though connected only with lake scenery, we shall notice at length, as it is a point of high importance in our own country. When a small piece of quiet water reposes in a valley, or lies embosomed among crags, its chief beauty is derived from our perception of crystalline depth, united with excessive slumber. In its limited surface we cannot get the sublimity of extent, but we may have the beauty of peace, and the majesty of depth. The object must therefore be, to get the eye off its surface, and to draw it down, to beguile it into that fairy land underneath, which is more beautiful than what it repeats, because it is all full of dreams unattainable and illimitable. This can only be done by keeping its edge out of sight, and guiding the eye off the land into the reflection, as if it were passing into a mist, until it finds itself swimming into the blue sky, with a thrill of unfathomable falling. (If there be not a touch of sky at the bottom, the water will be disagreeably black, and the clearer the more fearful.) Now, one touch of *white* reflection of an

object at the edge will destroy the whole illusion, for it will come like the flash of light on armour, and will show the surface, not the depth: it will tell the eye whereabouts it is; will define the limit of the edge; and will turn the dream of limitless depth into a small, uninteresting, reposeless piece of water. In all small lakes or pools, therefore, steep borders of dark crag, or of thick foliage, are to be obtained, if possible; even a shingly shore will spoil them: and this was one reason, it will be remembered, for our admiration of the colour of the Westmoreland cottage, because it never broke the repose of water by its reflection.

115. But this principle applies only to small pieces of water, on which we look down, as much as along the surface. As soon as we get a sheet, even if only a mile across, we lose depth; first, because it is almost impossible to get the surface without a breeze on some part of it; and, again, because we look along it, and get a great deal of sky in the reflection, which, when occupying too much space, tells as mere flat light. But we may have the beauty of extent in a very high degree; and it is therefore desirable to know how far the water goes, that we may have a clear conception of its space. Now, its border, at a great distance, is always lost, unless it be defined by a very distinct line; and such a line is harsh, flat, and cutting on the eye. To avoid this, the border itself should be dark, as in the other case, so that there may be no continuous horizontal line of demarcation; but one or two bright white objects should be set here and there along or near the edge: their reflections will flash on the dark water, and will inform the eye in a moment of the whole distance and transparency of the surface it is traversing. When there is a slight swell on the water, they will come down in long, beautiful, perpendicular lines, mingling exquisitely with the streaky green of reflected foliage; when there is none, they become a distant image of the object they repeat, endowed with infinite repose.

116. These remarks, true of small lakes whose edges are green, apply with far greater force to sheets of water on which the eye passes over ten or twenty miles in one long glance,

and the prevailing colour of whose borders is, as we noticed when speaking of the Italian cottage, blue. The white reflections are here excessively valuable, giving space, brilliancy, and transparency; and furnish one very powerful apology, even did other objections render an apology necessary, for the pale tone of the colour of the villas, whose reflections, owing to their size and conspicuous situations, always take a considerable part in the scene, and are therefore things to be attentively considered in the erection of such buildings, particularly in a climate whose calmness renders its lakes quiet for the greater part of the day. Nothing, in fact, can be more beautiful than the intermingling of these bright lines with the darkness of the reversed cypresses seen against the deep azure of the distant hills in the crystalline waters of the lake, of which some one aptly says, "Deep within its azure rest, white villages sleep silently;"[1] or than their columnar perspective, as village after village catches the light, and strikes the image to the very quietest recess of the narrow water, and the very farthest hollow of the folded hills.

117. From all this, it appears that the effect of the white villa in water is delightful. On land it is quite as important, but more doubtful. The first objection, which strikes us instantly when we *imagine* such a building, is the want of repose, the startling glare of effect, induced by its unsubdued tint. But this objection does not strike us when we *see* the building; a circumstance which was partly accounted for before, in speaking of the cottage, and which we shall presently see farther cause not to be surprised at. A more important objection is, that such whiteness destroys a great deal of venerable character, and harmonises ill with the melancholy tones of surrounding landscape: and this requires detailed consideration.

118. Paleness of colour destroys the majesty of a building; first, by hinting at a disguised and humble material; and, secondly, by taking away all appearance of age. We shall

[1] [A reminiscence of a poem on the Lago di Como, written by the author in 1833, as part of a metrical account of his first tour on the Continent. But the author here allows himself the liberty of amending his early verses; the first line given above does not occur: see Vol. II.]

speak of the effect of the material presently; but the deprivation of apparent antiquity is dependent in a great degree on the colour; and in Italy, where, as we saw before, everything ought to point to the past, is a serious injury, though, for several reasons, not so fatal as might be imagined; for we do not require, in a building raised as a light summer-house, wherein to while away a few pleasure hours, the evidence of ancestral dignity, without which the château or palace can possess hardly any beauty. We know that it is originally built more as a plaything than as a monument; as the delight of an individual, not the possession of a race; and that the very lightness and carelessness of feeling with which such a domicile is entered and inhabited by its first builder would demand, to sympathise and keep in unison with them, not the kind of building adapted to excite the veneration of ages, but that which can most gaily minister to the amusement of hours. For all men desire to have memorials of their actions, but none of their recreations; inasmuch as we only wish that to be remembered which others will not, or cannot, perform or experience; and we know that all men can enjoy recreation as much as ourselves.[1] We wish succeeding generations to admire our energy, but not even to be aware of our lassitude; to know when we moved, but not when we rested; how we ruled, not how we condescended; and, therefore, in the case of the triumphal arch, or the hereditary palace, if we are the builders, we desire stability; if the beholders, we are offended with novelty: but in the case of the villa, the builder desires only a correspondence with his humour; the beholder, evidence of such correspondence; for he feels that the villa is most beautiful when it ministers most to pleasure; that it cannot minister to pleasure without perpetual change, so as to suit the varying ideas, and humours, and imaginations of its inhabitant, and that it cannot possess this light and variable habit with any appearance of antiquity.

119. And, for a yet more important reason, such appearance

[1] [A reminiscence, both in thought and in style, of Aristotle's *Ethics:* see Book x. ch. vi.]

is not desirable. Melancholy, when it is productive of pleasure, is accompanied either by loveliness in the object exciting it, or by a feeling of pride in the mind experiencing it. Without one of these, it becomes absolute pain, which all men throw off as soon as they can, and suffer under as long as their minds are too weak for the effort. Now, when it is accompanied by loveliness in the object exciting it, it forms beauty; when by a feeling of pride, it constitutes the pleasure we experience in tragedy, when we have the pride of endurance, or in contemplating the ruin, or the monument, by which we are informed or reminded of the pride of the past. Hence, it appears that age is beautiful only when it is the decay of glory or of power, and memory only delightful when it reposes upon pride.* All remains, therefore, of what was merely devoted to pleasure; all evidence of lost enjoyment; all memorials of the recreation and rest of the departed; in a word, all desolation of delight is productive of mere pain, for there is no feeling of exultation connected with it. Thus, in any ancient habitation, we pass with reverence and pleasurable emotion through the ordered armoury, where the lances lie, with none to wield; through the lofty hall, where the crested scutcheons glow with the honour of the dead: but we turn sickly away from the arbour which has no hand to tend it, and the boudoir which has no life to lighten it, and the smooth sward which has no light feet to dance on it. So it is in the villa: the more memory, the more sorrow; and, therefore, the less adaptation to its present purpose. But, though cheerful, it should be ethereal in its expression: "spirituel" is a good word, giving ideas of the very highest order of delight that can be obtained in the mere present.

120. It seems, then, that for all these reasons an appearance of age is not desirable, far less necessary, in the villa; but its existing character must be in unison with its country;

* Observe, we are not speaking of emotions felt on remembering what we ourselves have enjoyed, for then the imagination is productive of pleasure by replacing us in enjoyment, but of the feelings excited in the *indifferent* spectator, by the evident decay of power or desolation of enjoyment, of which the first ennobles, the other only harrows, the spirit.

and it must appear to be inhabited by one brought up in that country, and imbued with its national feelings. In Italy, especially, though we can even here dispense with one component part of elevation of character,—age, we must have all the others: we must have high feeling, beauty of form, and depth of effect, or the thing will be a barbarism; the inhabitant must be an Italian, full of imagination and emotion: a villa inhabited by an Englishman, no matter how close its imitation of others, will always be preposterous.

We find, therefore, that white is not to be blamed in the villa for destroying its antiquity; neither is it reprehensible, as harmonising ill with the surrounding landscape: on the contrary, it adds to its brilliancy, without taking away from its depth of tone. We shall consider it as an element of landscape, more particularly, when we come to speak of grouping.

121. There remains only one accusation to be answered; viz., that it hints at a paltry and unsubstantial material: and this leads us to the second question, Is this material allowable?[1] If it were distinctly felt by the eye to be stucco, there could be no question about the matter, it would be decidedly disagreeable; but all the parts to which the eye is attracted are executed in marble, and the stucco merely forms the dead flat of the building, not a single wreath of ornament being formed of it. Its surface is smooth and bright, and altogether avoids what a stone building, when not built of large masses, and uncharged with ornament, always forces upon the attention, the rectangular lines of the blocks, which, however nicely fitted they may be, are "horrible! most horrible!"[2] There is also a great deal of ease and softness in the angular lines of the stucco, which are never sharp or harsh, like those of stone; and it receives shadows with great beauty, a point of infinite importance in this climate; giving them lightness and transparency, without any diminution of

[1] [For later discussions of the ethics of stucco, see *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. ii., and *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. i. §§ 29, 30.]

[2] [*Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. v. 80.]

depth. It is also rather agreeable to the eye, to pass from the sharp carving of the marble decorations to the ease and smoothness of the stucco; while the utter want of interest in those parts which are executed in it prevents the humility of the material from being offensive: for this passage of the eye from the marble to the composition is managed with the dexterity of the artist, who, that the attention may be drawn to the single point of the picture which is his subject, leaves the rest so obscured and slightly painted, that the mind loses it altogether in its attention to the principal feature.

122. With all, however, that can be alleged in extenuation of its faults, it cannot be denied that the stucco *does* take away so much of the dignity of the building, that, unless we find enough bestowed by its form and details to counterbalance, and a great deal more than counterbalance, the deterioration occasioned by tone and material, the whole edifice must be condemned, as incongruous with the spirit of the climate, and even with the character of its own gardens and approach. It remains, therefore, to notice the details themselves. Its form is simple to a degree; the roof generally quite flat, so as to leave the mass in the form of a parallelopiped, in general without wings or adjuncts of any sort. Villa Sommariva (Fig. 13 in p. 84) is a good example of this general form and proportion, though it has an arched passage on each side, which takes away from its massiness. This excessive weight of effect would be injurious, if the building were set by itself; but, as it always forms the apex of a series of complicated terraces, it both relieves them and gains great dignity by its own unbroken simplicity of size. This general effect of form is not injured, when, as is often the case, an open passage is left in the centre of the building, under tall and well-proportioned arches, supported by pilasters (never by columns). Villa Porro, Lago di Como (Fig. 16),[1] is a good example of this method. The arches hardly ever exceed three in number, and these are all of the same size, so that the crowns

[1] [Subsequently known as the Villa Balbianello, and now, from its present owner, the Villa Arcomati. It stands on the peninsula of Lavedo, near Lenno.]

of the arches continue the horizontal lines of the rest of the building. Were the centre one higher than the others, these lines would be interrupted, and a great deal of simplicity lost. The covered space under these arches is a delightful, shaded, and breezy retreat in the heat of the day; and the entrance doors usually open into it, so that a current of cool air is obtainable by throwing them open.

128. The building itself consists of three floors: we re-

Fig. 16

[Villa Porro, Lago di Como]

member no instance of a greater number, and only one or two of fewer. It is, in general, crowned with a light balustrade, surmounted by statues at intervals. The windows of the uppermost floor are usually square, often without any architrave. Those of the principal floor are surrounded with broad architraves, but are frequently destitute of frieze or cornice. They have usually flat bands at the bottom, and their aperture is a double square. Their recess is very deep, so as not to let the sun fall far into the interior. The interval between them is very variable. In some of the villas of highest pretensions,

such as those on the banks of the Brenta, that of Isola Bella, and others, which do not face the south, it is not much more than the breadth of the two architraves, so that the rooms within are filled with light. When this is the case, the windows have friezes and cornices. But, when the building fronts the south, the interval is often very great, as in the case of the Villa Porro. The ground-floor windows are frequently set in tall arches, supported on deeply engaged pilasters as in Fig. 13, p. 84 (Villa Sommariva). The door is not large, and never entered by high steps, as it generally opens on a terrace of considerable height, or on a wide landing-place at the head of a flight of fifty or sixty steps descending through the gardens.

124. Now, it will be observed, that, in these general forms, though there is no splendour, there is great dignity. The lines throughout are simple to a degree, entirely uninterrupted by decorations of any kind, so that the beauty of their proportions is left visible and evident. We shall see hereafter[1] that ornament in Grecian architecture, while, when well managed, it always adds to its grace, invariably takes away from its majesty; and that these two attributes never can exist together in their highest degrees. By the utter absence of decoration, therefore, the Italian villa, possessing, as it usually does, great beauty of proportion, attains a degree of elevation of character, which impresses the mind in a manner which it finds difficult to account for by any consideration of its simple details or moderate size; while, at the same time, it lays so little claim to the attention, and is so subdued in its character, that it is enabled to occupy a conspicuous place in a landscape, without any appearance of intrusion. The glance of the beholder rises from the labyrinth of terrace and arbour beneath, almost weariedly; it meets, as it ascends, with a gradual increase of bright marble and simple light, and with a proportionate diminution of dark foliage and complicated shadow, till it rests finally on a piece of simple brilliancy, chaste and unpretending, yet singularly dignified; and does

[1] [A reference to the unwritten sequel; see p. xliv.]

not find its colour too harsh, because its form is so simple: for colour of any kind is only injurious when the eye is too much attracted to it; and, when there is so much quietness of detail as to prevent this misfortune, the building will possess the cheerfulness, without losing the tranquillity, and will seem to have been erected, and to be inhabited, by a mind of that beautiful temperament wherein modesty tempers majesty, and gentleness mingles with rejoicing, which, above all others, is most suited to the essence, and most interwoven with the spirit, of the natural beauty whose peculiar power is invariably repose.

125. So much for its general character. Considered by principles of composition, it will also be found beautiful. Its prevailing lines are horizontal; and every artist knows that, where peaks of any kind are in sight, the lines above which they rise ought to be flat. It has not one acute angle in all its details, and very few intersections of verticals with horizontals; while all that do intersect seem useful as supporting the mass. The just application of the statues at the top is more doubtful, and is considered reprehensible by several high authorities, who, nevertheless, are inconsistent enough to let the balustrade pass uncalumniated, though it is objectionable on exactly the same grounds; for, if the statues suggest the enquiry of "What are they doing there?" the balustrade compels its beholder to ask, "whom it keeps from tumbling over?"

126. The truth is, that the balustrade and statues derive their origin from a period when there was easy access to the roof of either temple or villa; (that there was such access is proved by a passage in the *Iphigenia Taurica*, line 118, where[1]

[1] [ὅρα δὲ γεῖσα [or γ'εἴσω] τριγλύφων ὅπου κενὸν δέμας καθεῖναι.

"Look at the eaves where there is an empty space between the triglyphs to let down your body" (or, look where between the triglyphs there is space, etc.).

The Undergraduate of Oxford is here displaying a piece of newly-acquired knowledge. He tells us that he was once "put on" at this passage in Euripides by a college lecturer, "in order to bring out as best he might my supposed peculiar genius and acquirements," but, to the general astonishment, was found not to know what a triglyph was (*Præterita*, i. ch. xi. § 229). What triglyphs are every reader is doubtless aware; it may not, however, be universally known that these three parallel channels, arranged at regular intervals throughout a Doric frieze, were a survival in stone buildings of the old wooden architecture: the triglyphs represented, that is, the ends of the wooden cross-beams.]

Orestes speaks of getting up to the triglyphs of a Doric temple as an easy matter;) and when the flat roofs were used, not, perhaps, as an evening promenade, as in Palestine, but as a place of observation, and occasionally of defence. They were composed of large flat slabs of stone (*κέραμος**), peculiarly adapted for walking, one or two of which, when taken up, left an opening of easy access into the house, as in Luke v. 19,[1] and were perpetually used in Greece as missile weapons, in the event of a hostile attack or sedition in the city, by parties of old men, women, and children, who used, as a matter of course, to retire to the roof as a place of convenient defence. By such attacks from the roof with the *κέραμος* the Thebans were thrown into confusion in Platæa (*Thucydides*, ii. 4[2]). So, also, we find the roof immediately resorted to in the case of the starving of Pausanias in the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House,[3] and in that of the massacre of the aristocratic party at Corcyra (*Thucydides*, iv. 48):—*Ἀναβάντες δὲ ἐπὶ τὸ τέγος τοῦ οἰκήματος, καὶ διελόντες τὴν ὀροφὴν, ἔβαλλον τῷ κεράμῳ.*[4]

127. Now, where the roof was thus a place of frequent resort, there could be no more useful decoration than a balustrade; nor one more appropriate or beautiful than occasional statues in attitudes of watchfulness, expectation, or observation: and even now, wherever the roof is flat, we have an

* In the large buildings, that is: *κέραμος* also signifies earthen tiling, and sometimes earthenware in general, as in *Herodotus*, iii. 6 [where it is used of earthen jars of wine]. It appears that such tiling was frequently used in smaller edifices. The Greeks may have derived their flat roofs from Egypt. Herodotus mentions of the Labyrinth of the Twelve Kings, that *ὀροφὴ δὲ πάντων τούτων λιθίνη*, but not as if the circumstance were in the least extraordinary [*Herodotus*, ii. 148].

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[1] ["They went upon the housetop and let him down through the tiling."]

[2] [*λίθοις τε καὶ κεράμῳ βαλλόντων*: "the women and slaves were raising a loud shouting and screaming from the houses, and pelting them with stones and tiles."]

[3] [Pausanias the Spartan, being arrested by the ephors for treachery, fled and took refuge in an outhouse of the Temple of Minerva of the Brazen House (so called because the statue of the goddess and its shrine were of brass): see *Pausanias*, iii. 17, 3. The ephors prevented his further escape by building up the door, but kept him under observation (and released him on the point of death) by stripping off the roof: *Thucydides*, i. 134.]

[4] ["But having gone up to the top of the building, and broken through the roof, they threw the tiling down on them."]

idea of convenience and facility of access, which still renders the balustrade agreeable, and the statue beautiful, if well designed. It must not be a figure of perfect peace or repose; far less should it be in violent action: but it should be fixed in that quick, startled stillness, which is the result of intent observation or expectation, and which seems ready to start into motion every instant. Its height should be slightly colossal, as it is always to be seen against the sky; and its draperies should not be too heavy, as the eye will always expect them to be caught by the wind. We shall enter into this subject, however, more fully hereafter.[1] We only wish at present to vindicate from the charge of impropriety one of the chief features of the Italian villa. Its white figures, always marble, remain entirely unsullied by the weather, and stand out with great majesty against the blue air behind them, taking away from the heaviness, without destroying the simplicity, of the general form.

128. It seems, then, that, by its form and details, the villa of the Lago di Como attains so high a degree of elevation of character, as not only brings it into harmony of its *locus*, without any assistance from appearance of antiquity, but may, we think, permit it to dispense even with solidity of material, and appear in light summer stucco, instead of raising itself in imperishable marble. And this conclusion, which is merely theoretical, is verified by fact; for we remember no instance, except in cases where poverty had overpowered pretension, or decay had turned rejoicing into silence, in which the lightness of the material was offensive to the feelings; in all cases, it is agreeable to the eye. Where it is allowed to get worn, and discoloured, and broken, it induces a wretched mockery of the dignified form which it preserves; but, as long as it is renewed at proper periods, and watched over by the eye of its inhabitant, it is an excellent and easily managed medium of effect.

129. With all the praise, however, which we have bestowed upon it, we do not say that the villa of the Larian

[1] [Again a reference to the intended sequel; see p. xliv.]

Lake is perfection; indeed we cannot say so, until we have compared it with a few other instances, chiefly to be found in Italy, on whose soil we delay, as being the native country of the villa, properly so called, and as even yet being almost the only spot of Europe where any good specimens of it are to be found; for we do not understand by the term "villa" a cubic erection, with one window on each side of a verdant door, and three on the second and uppermost story, such as the word suggests to the fertile imagination of ruralising cheesemongers; neither do we understand the quiet and unpretending country house of a respectable gentleman; neither do we understand such a magnificent mass of hereditary stone as generally forms the autumn retreat of an English noble; but we understand the light but elaborate summer habitation, raised however and wherever it pleases his fancy, by some individual of great wealth and influence, who can enrich it with every attribute of beauty; furnish it with every appurtenance of pleasure; and repose in it with the dignity of a mind trained to exertion or authority. Such a building could not exist in Greece, where every district a mile and a quarter square was quarrelling with all its neighbours. It could exist, and did exist, in Italy, where the Roman power secured tranquillity, and the Roman constitution distributed its authority among a great number of individuals, on whom, while it raised them to a position of great influence, and, in its later times, of wealth, it did not bestow the power of raising palaces or private fortresses. The villa was their peculiar habitation, their only resource, and a most agreeable one; because the multitudes of the kingdom being, for a long period, confined to a narrow territory, though ruling the world, rendered the population of the city so dense, as to drive out its higher ranks to the neighbouring hamlets of Tibur[1] and Tusculum.

180. In other districts of Europe the villa is not found, because in very perfect monarchies, as in Austria, the power is thrown chiefly into the hands of a few, who build themselves

[1] [The MS. first has "hills of Tivoli."]

Towers, Chambéry.

palaces, not villas; and in perfect republics, as in Switzerland, the power is so split among the multitude, that nobody can build himself anything. In general, in kingdoms of great extent, the country house becomes the permanent and hereditary habitation; and the villas are all crowded together, and form gingerbread rows in the environs of the capital; and, in France and Germany, the excessively disturbed state of affairs in the middle ages compelled every petty baron or noble to defend himself, and retaliate on his neighbours as he best could, till the villa was lost in the château and the fortress; and men now continue to build as their forefathers built (and long may they do so), surrounding the domicile of pleasure with a moat and a glacis,[1] and guarding its garret windows with turrets and towers: while, in England, the nobles, comparatively few, and of great power, inhabit palaces, not villas; and the rest of the population is chiefly crowded into cities. in the activity of commerce, or dispersed over estates in that of agriculture; leaving only one grade of gentry, who have neither the taste to desire, nor the power to erect, the villa, properly so called.

181. We must not, therefore, be surprised if, on leaving Italy, where the crowd of poverty-stricken nobility can still repose their pride[2] in the true villa, we find no farther examples of it worthy of consideration; though we hope to have far greater pleasure in contemplating its substitutes, the château and the fortress.[3] We must be excused, therefore, for devoting one paper more to the state of villa architecture in Italy; after which we shall endeavour to apply the principles we shall have deduced to the correction of some abuses in the erection of English country houses, in cases where scenery would demand beauty of design, and wealth permit finish of decoration.[4]

[1] [Technically, "the parapet of the covered way extended in a long slope to meet the natural surface of the ground, so that every part of it shall be swept by the fire of the ramparts." Byron makes a characteristic rhyme of the word:—

"The rest, who kept their valiant faces
And levell'd weapons still against the glacis."
—*Don Juan*, viii. 34.]

[2] [The MS. here adds, "and the projectors of bubble companies hide their rascality."]

[3] [A further reference to the intended sequel; see p. xliv.]

[4] [Here, in the *Magazine*, followed, as "Art. II., Notes to the Italian Villa," the footnotes given above on pp. 79, 80, 81.]

III

THE ITALIAN VILLA (*concluded*)[1]

182. WE do not think there is any truth in the aphorism, now so frequently advanced in England, that the adaptation of shelter to the corporal comfort of the human race is the original and true end of the art of architecture, properly so called:[2] for, were such the case, he would be the most distinguished architect who was best acquainted with the properties of cement, with the nature of stone, and the various durability of wood.[3] That such knowledge is necessary to the perfect architect we do not deny; but it is no more the end and purpose of his application, than a knowledge of the alphabet is the object of the refined scholar, or of rhythm of the inspired poet.

183. For, supposing that we were for a moment to consider that we built a house *merely* to be lived in, and that the whole bent of our invention, in raising the edifice, is to be directed to the provision of comfort for the life to be spent therein; supposing that we build it with the most perfect dryness and coolness of cellar, the most luxurious appurtenances of pantry; that we build our walls with the most compacted strength of material, the most studied economy of space; that we leave not a chink in the floor for a breath of wind to pass through, not a hinge in the door, which, by any possible exertion of its irritable muscles, could creak; that we elevate

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (August), pp. 337–344.]

[2] [But see *Lectures on Art*, § 122: "the best architecture was but a glorified roof." The "adaptation of shelter" is not the end of the art of architecture; but the healthy development of that, as of other arts, depends on reference to industrial use.]

[3] [In the MS.: "with the nature of cement in resisting the effect of damp, with the nature of stone in supporting the attacks of weather, with the nature of woods in elasticity or durability."]

our chambers into exquisite coolness, furnish them with every attention[1] to the maintenance of general health, as well as the prevention of present inconvenience: to do all this, we must be possessed of great knowledge and various skill; let this knowledge and skill be applied with the greatest energy, and what have they done? Exactly as much as brute animals can do by mere instinct; nothing more than bees and beavers, moles and magpies, ants and earwigs, do every day of their lives, without the slightest effort of reason; we have made ourselves superior as architects to the most degraded animation of the universe, only insomuch as we have lavished the highest efforts of intellect, to do what they have done with the most limited sensations that can constitute life.

184. The mere preparation of convenience, therefore, is not architecture in which man can take pride, or ought to take delight;[2] but the high and ennobling art of architecture is that of giving to buildings, whose parts are determined by necessity, such forms and colours as shall delight the mind, by preparing it for the operations to which it is to be subjected in the building: and thus, as it is altogether to the mind that the work of the architect is addressed, it is not as a part of his art, but as a limitation of its extent, that he must be acquainted with the minor principles of the economy of domestic erections. For this reason, though we shall notice every class of edifice, it does not come within our proposed plan, to enter into any detailed consideration of the inferior buildings of each class, which afford no scope for the play of the imagination by their nature or size; but we shall generally select the most perfect and beautiful examples, as those in which alone the architect

[1] [In the MS.: "furnish them with every article to minister to luxury of rest, and finish them with every attention. . . ."]

[2] [Ruskin here foreshadows the definition of architecture given in ch. i. § 1 of *The Seven Lamps*: "the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them may contribute to his mental power and pleasure." And with reference to the allusion above to bees and ants, *cf.* the note added by Ruskin to the 1880 edition of *Seven Lamps*: "It is the addition of the mental ἀρχή—in the sense in which Plato uses that word in the 'Laws'—which separates architecture from a wasp's nest, a rat hole, or a railway station."]

has the power of fulfilling the high purposes of his art. In the villa, however, some exception must be made, inasmuch as it will be useful, and perhaps interesting, to arrive at some fixed conclusions respecting the modern buildings, improperly called villas, raised by moderate wealth, and of limited size, in which the architect is compelled to produce his effect without extent or decoration. The principles which we have hitherto arrived at, deduced as they are from edifices of the noblest character, will be but of little use to a country gentleman, about to insinuate himself and his habitation into a quiet corner of our lovely country; and, therefore, we must glance at the more humble homes of the Italian, preparatory to the consideration of what will best suit our own less elevated scenery.

135. First, then, we lose the terraced approach, or, at least, its size and splendour, as these require great wealth to erect them, and perpetual expense to preserve them. For the chain of terraces we find substituted a simple garden, somewhat formally laid out; but redeemed from the charge of meanness by the nobility and size attained by most of its trees, the line of immense cypresses which generally surrounds it in part, and the luxuriance of the vegetation of its flowering shrubs. It has frequently a large entrance gate, well designed, but carelessly executed; sometimes singularly adorned with fragments of ancient sculpture, regularly introduced, which the spectator partly laments, as preserved in a mode so incongruous with their ancient meaning, and partly rejoices over, as preserved at all. The grottoes of the superior garden are here replaced by light ranges of arched summer-houses, designed in stucco, and occasionally adorned in their interior with fresco paintings of considerable brightness and beauty.

136. All this, however, has very little effect in introducing the eye to the villa itself, owing to the general want of inequality of level in the ground, so that the main building becomes an independent feature, instead of forming the apex of a mass of various architecture. Consequently, the weight of form which in the former case it might, and even ought to,

possess, would here be cumbrous, ugly, and improper; and accordingly we find it got rid of. This is done, first by the addition of the square tower, a feature which is not allowed to break in upon the symmetry of buildings of high architectural pretensions; but is immediately introduced, whenever less richness of detail, or variety of approach, demands or admits of irregularity of form. It is a constant and most important feature in Italian landscape; sometimes high and apparently detached, as when it belongs to sacred edifices; sometimes low and strong, united with the mass of the fortress, or varying the form of the villa. It is always simple in its design, flat-roofed, its corners being turned by very slightly projecting pilasters, which are carried up the whole height of the tower, whatever it may be, without any regard to proportion, terminating in two arches on each side, in the villa most frequently filled up, though their curve is still distinguished by darker tint and slight relief. Two black holes on each side, near the top, are very often the only entrances by which light or sun can penetrate. These are seldom actually large, always proportionably small, and destitute of ornament or relief.

187. The forms of the villas to which these towers are attached are straggling, and varied by many crossing masses; but the great principle of simplicity is always kept in view; everything is square, and terminated by parallel lines; no tall chimneys, no conical roofs, no fantastic ornaments are ever admitted: the arch alone is allowed to relieve the stiffness of the general effect. This is introduced frequently, but not in the windows, which are either squares or double squares, at great distances from each other, set deeply into the walls and only adorned with broad flat borders, as in Fig. 17. Where more light is required they are set moderately close, and protected by an outer line of arches, deep enough to keep the noonday sun from entering the rooms. These lines of arches cast soft shadows along the bright fronts, and are otherwise of great value.

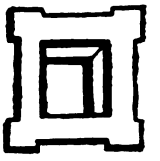

Fig. 17

Their effect is pretty well seen in Fig. 18; a piece which, while it has no distinguished beauty is yet pleasing by its entire simplicity; and peculiarly so, when we know that simplicity to have been chosen (some say, built) for its last and lonely habitation, by a mind of softest passion as of purest thought; and to have sheltered its silent old age among the blue and quiet hills, till it passed away like a deep lost melody from the earth, leaving a light of peace about the grey tomb at which the steps of those who pass by always falter, and around this deserted, and decaying, and calm habitation of the thoughts of the departed; Petrarch's, at Arquà.[1] A more familiar instance of the application of these arches is the Villa of Mecænas at Tivoli, though it is improperly styled a villa, being pretty well known to have been nothing but stables.[2]

188. The buttress is the only remaining point worthy of notice. It prevails to a considerable extent among the villas of the south, being always broad and tall, and occasionally so frequent as to give the building, viewed laterally, a pyramidal and cumbrous effect. The most usual form is that of a simple sloped mass, terminating in the wall, without the slightest finishing, and rising at an angle of about 84°. Sometimes it is perpendicular, sloped at the top into the wall; but it never has steps of increasing projection as it goes down. By observing the occurrence of these buttresses, an architect, who knew

[1] [In September 1372, Petrarch wrote to Pandolfo Malatesta from Arquà: "Cities please me no longer. But I have found a secluded and pleasant retreat among the Euganean Hills, in a delightful and salubrious position, where often enough, attracted by the beauty of the spot or by his affection for me, the noble lord of Padua comes to see me." Tradition identifies a modest house in the upper part of the town as Petrarch's dwelling, where also is shown the chair in which he is said to have died. But these details are uncertain. In the exhibition of drawings by Prout and Hunt, for which Ruskin wrote some "Notes" in 1879, a drawing by Prout of "Petrarch's House" was included. "I believe," said Ruskin, "that the so-called Petrarch's house at Arquà can only be built on the site of the real one; it can't be of Petrarch's time." There is, however, no doubt about Petrarch's tomb, described in a well-known passage in *Childe Harold* (iv. 30–31). Byron's verses must have quickened Ruskin's interest in the place. In *Fors Clavigera* (Letter xx.) Ruskin refers to the hills of Arquà—"blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home."]

[2] [Excavations in 1886 revealed inscriptions which prove that the ruins in question were of the Halls of the Augustales, a club formed for the purpose of perpetuating the worship of the Imperial family.]

Fig. 18

[PETRARCH'S VILLA, ARQUÀ, 1837][1]

[1] [Title added in 1893 edition, from which the cut is here reproduced; it was redrawn from the cut in the *Magazine*.]

nothing of geology, might accurately determine the points of most energetic volcanic action in Italy; for their use is to protect the building from the injuries of earthquakes, the Italian having far too much good taste to use them, except in cases of extreme necessity. Thus, they are never found in North Italy, even in the fortresses. They begin to occur among the Apennines, south of Florence; they become more and more frequent and massy towards Rome; in the neighbourhood of Naples they are huge and multitudinous, even the walls themselves being sometimes sloped; and the same state of things continues as we go south, on the coasts of Calabria and Sicily.[1]

139. Now, these buttresses present one of the most extraordinary and striking instances of the beauty of adaptation of style to locality and peculiarity of circumstance, that can be met with in the whole range of architectural investigation. Taken in the abstract, they are utterly detestable, formal, clumsy, and apparently unnecessary. Their builder thinks so himself: he hates them as things to be looked at, though he erects them as things to be depended upon. He has no idea that there is any propriety in their presence, though he knows perfectly well that there is a great deal of necessity; and, therefore he builds them. Where? On rocks whose sides are one mass of buttresses, of precisely the same form; on rocks which are cut and cloven by basalt and lava dikes of every size, and which, being themselves secondary, wear away gradually by exposure to the atmosphere, leaving the intersecting dikes standing out in solid and vertical walls, from the faces of their precipices. The eye passes over heaps of scoriæ and sloping banks of ashes, over the huge ruins of more ancient masses, till it trembles for the fate of the crags still standing round; but it finds them ribbed with basalt like bones, buttressed with a thousand lava walls, propped upon pedestals and

[1] [Here, and in the next section, Ruskin is not writing from personal observation; he did not travel in Central and Southern Italy till 1840–41. But he had long been familiar at second-hand with the scenery of Naples, which he had studied for *Leoni*: see *Præterita*, i. ch. iii. § 50.]

pyramids of iron, which the pant and the pulse of the earthquake itself can scarcely move, for they are its own work; it climbs up to their summits, and there it finds the work of man; but it is no puny domicile, no eggshell imagination, it is in[1] a continuation of the mountain itself, inclined at the same slope, ribbed in the same manner, protected by the same means against the same danger; not, indeed, filling the eye with delight, but, which is of more importance, freeing it from fear, and beautifully corresponding with the prevalent lines around it, which a less massive form would have rendered, in some cases, particularly about Etna, even ghastly. Even in the long and luxuriant views from Capo di Monte, and the heights to the east of Naples, the spectator looks over a series of volcanic eminences, generally, indeed, covered with rich verdure, but starting out here and there in grey and worn walls, fixed at a regular slope, and breaking away into masses more and more rugged[2] towards Vesuvius, till the eye gets thoroughly habituated to their fortress-like outlines.

140. Throughout the whole of this broken country, and, on the summits of these volcanic cones, rise innumerable villas; but they do not offend us, as we should have expected, by their attestation of cheerfulness of life amidst the wrecks left by destructive operation, nor hurt the eye by non-assimilation with the immediate features of the landscape: but they seem to rise prepared and adapted for resistance to, and endurance of, the circumstances of their position; to be inhabited by beings of energy and force sufficient to decree and to carry on a steady struggle with opposing elements, and of taste and feeling sufficient to proportion the form of the walls of men[3] to the clefts in the flanks of the volcano, and to prevent the exultation and the lightness of transitory life from startling, like a mockery, the eternal remains of disguised desolation.

141. We have always considered these circumstances as most remarkable proofs of the perfect dependence of architecture on

[1] [So in the *Magazine* and MS., but the word seems superfluous.]
[2] [In the MS.: "ruggedly buttressed."]
[3] [Misprinted "even" in the *Magazine*.]

its situation, and of the utter impossibility of judging of the beauty of any building in the abstract: and we would also lay much stress upon them, as showing with what boldness the designer may introduce into his building, undisguised, such parts as local circumstances render desirable; for there will invariably be something in the nature of that which causes their necessity, which will endow them with beauty.

142. These, then, are the principal features of the Italian villa, modifications of which, of course more or less dignified in size, material or decoration, in proportion to the power and possessions of their proprietor, may be considered as composing every building of that class in Italy. A few remarks on their general effect will enable us to conclude the subject.

143. We have been so long accustomed to see the horizontal lines and simple forms which, as we have observed, still prevail among the Ausonian villas, used with the greatest dexterity, and the noblest effect, in the compositions of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin—and so habituated to consider these compositions as perfect models of the beautiful, as well as the pure in taste—that it is difficult to divest ourselves of prejudice, in the contemplation of the sources from which those masters received their education, their feelings, and their subjects. We would hope, however, and we think it may be proved, that in this case principle assists and encourages prejudice. First, referring only to the gratification afforded to the eye, which we know to depend upon fixed mathematical principles, though those principles are not always developed, it is to be observed, that country is always most beautiful when it is made up of curves, and that one of the chief characters of Ausonian landscape is the perfection of its curvatures, induced by the gradual undulation of promontories into the plains. In suiting architecture to such a country, that building which least interrupts the curve on which it is placed will be felt to be most delightful to the eye.

144. Let us take then the simple form *a b c d*, interrupting the curve *c e* (Fig. 19 *a*). Now, the eye will always continue the principal lines of such an object for itself, until they cut the main curve; that is, it will carry on *a b* to *e*, and the total effect of the interruption will be that of the form *c d e*. Had the line *b d* been nearer to *a c*, the effect would have been just the same. Now, every curve may be considered as composed of an infinite number of lines at right angles to each other, as *m n* is made up of *o p*, *p q*, etc. (Fig. 19 *b*), whose ratio to each other varies with the direction of the curve. Then, if the right lines which form the curve at *c* (Fig. 19 *a*) be increased, we have the figure *c d e*, that is, the apparent interruption of the curve is an increased part of the curve itself. To the mathematical reader we can explain our meaning more clearly, by pointing out that, taking *c* for our origin, we have *a c*, *a e*, for the co-ordinates of *e*, and that, therefore, their ratio is the equation to the curve. Whence it appears, that, when any curve is broken in upon by a building composed of simple vertical and horizontal lines, the eye is furnished, by the interruption, with the equation to that part of the curve which is interrupted. If, instead of square forms, we take obliquity, as *r s t* (Fig. 19 *c*), we have one line, *s t*, an absolute break, and the other, *r s*, in false proportion. If we take another curve, we have an infinite number of lines, only two of which are where they ought to be. And this is the true reason for the constant introduction of features which appear to be somewhat formal, into the most perfect imaginations of the old masters, and the true cause of the extreme beauty of the groups formed by Italian villages in general.

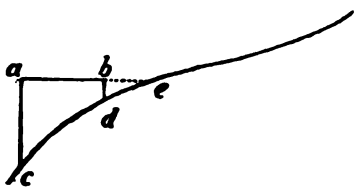

Fig. 19 *a*

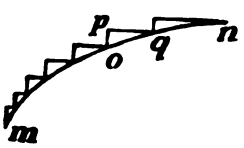

Fig. 19 *b*

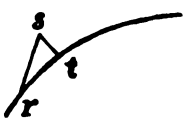

Fig. 19 *c*

145. Thus much for the mere effect on the eye. Of correspondence with national character, we have shown that we

must not be disappointed, if we find little in the villa. The unfrequency of windows in the body of the building is partly attributed to the climate; but the total exclusion of light from some parts, as the base of the central tower, carries our thoughts back to the ancient system of Italian life, when every man's home had its dark, secret places, the abodes of his worst passions; whose shadows were alone intrusted with the motion of his thoughts; whose walls became the whited sepulchres of crime; whose echoes were never stirred except by such words as they dared not repeat;* from which the rod of power, or the dagger of passion, came forth invisible; before whose stillness princes grew pale, as their fates were prophesied or fulfilled by the horoscope or the hemlock; and nations, as the whisper of anarchy or of heresy was avenged by the opening of the low doors, through which those who entered returned not.[1]

146. The mind of the Italian, sweet and smiling in its operations, deep and silent in its emotions, was thus, in some degree, typified by those abodes into which he was wont to retire from the tumult and wrath of life, to cherish or to gratify the passions which its struggles had excited; abodes which now gleam brightly and purely among the azure mountains, and by the sapphire sea, but whose stones are dropped with blood; whose vaults are black with the memory of guilt and

* Shelley has caught the feeling finely:—"The house is penetrated to its corners by the peeping insolence of the day. When the time comes the crickets shall not see me."—*Cenci.*[2]

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[1] [With this passage should be compared the closing portion of "The Campagna of Florence" in Rogers' *Italy.*]

[2] [Quoted from memory and added as the paper went through the press, for it is not in the MS. Ruskin was thinking of Cenci's speech in Act ii. Sc. i.—

> "It is a garish, broad, and peering day;
> Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears;
> And every little corner, nook, and hole,
> Is penetrated with the insolent light.
> Come, darkness!"

The "crickets" were perhaps a reminiscence of Mamillius in *The Winter's Tale*, Act ii. Sc. i.—

> "I will tell it softly;
> Yond crickets shall not hear it."]

grief unpunished and unavenged, and by whose walls the traveller hastens fearfully, when the sun has set, lest he should hear, awakening again through the horror of their chambers, the faint wail of the children of Ugolino, the ominous[1] alarm of Bonatti, or the long low cry of her who perished at Coll' Alto.[2]

OXFORD, *July*, 1838.

[1] [Corrected by the author from "mysterious" in the MS.]

[2] [The Torre della Fame at Pisa, where Count Ugolino and his children were starved to death, was destroyed in 1655. There is now a modern clock-tower on the site. For Ugolino, see Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii. Guido Bonatti is mentioned in the *Inferno*, xx. 118. He was an astrologer of Forli, and of him it is related that Guido da Montefeltro, lord of that place, would never go into battle if Bonatti's omens were unfavourable. "It was from the top of the tower of Forli," says Rogers, "that he gave his signals. At the first touch of a bell the Count put on his armour; at the second he mounted his horse, and at the third marched out to battle." Ruskin at this time was not acquainted with Dante (see *Præterita*, i. ch. iii. § 50). His references to Ugolino and Bonatti were at second-hand from Rogers' *Italy* (see the sections entitled "The Campagna of Florence" and "Venice"). The reference to "her who perished at Coll' Alto" is stated in the editor's note, 1893, to be to Sapia and Coll' Alto in the Val d'Elsa (*Purgatorio*, xiii. 100–145); but it seems more probable that the reference is to the section so entitled in Rogers' *Italy*. In it he tells a ghost-story (which he had from Sir Charles Eastlake), attached to the Castle of Coll' Alto in the country of Treviso. A serving-maid, falsely suspected of exchanging loving glances with her master, was by her mistress "walled up within the castle wall." Her ghost still wails within the castle walls, or walks in white upon the neighbouring mountains.]

IV

THE LOWLAND VILLA—ENGLAND[1]

147. ALTHOUGH, as we have frequently observed, our chief object in these papers is, to discover the connexion existing between national architecture and character, and therefore is one leading us rather to the investigation of what is, than of what ought to be, we yet consider that the subject would be imperfectly treated, if we did not, at the conclusion of the consideration of each particular rank of building, endeavour to apply such principles as may have been demonstrated to the architecture of our country, and to discover the *beau idéal* of English character, which should be preserved through all the decorations which the builder may desire, and through every variety which fancy may suggest. There never was, and never can be, a universal *beau idéal* in architecture, and the arrival at all local models of beauty would be the task of ages; but we can always, in some degree, determine those of our own lovely country. We cannot, however, in the present case, pass from the contemplation of the villa of a totally different climate, to the investigation of what is beautiful here, without the slightest reference to styles now or formerly adopted for our own "villas," if such they are to be called; and therefore it will be necessary to devote a short time to the observance of the peculiarities of such styles, if we possess them; or, if not, of the causes of their absence.

148. We have therefore headed this paper "The Villa, England;" awakening, without doubt, a different idea in the mind of every one who reads the words. Some, accustomed to the appearance of metropolitan villas, will think of brick

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (September), pp. 385-392.]

buildings, with infinite appurtenances of black nicked chimney-pots, and plastered fronts, agreeably varied with graceful cracks, and undulatory shades of pink, brown, and green, communicated to the cement by smoky showers. Others will imagine large, square, many-windowed masses of white, set with careful choice of situation exactly where they will spoil the landscape to such a conspicuous degree, as to compel the gentlemen travelling on the outside of the mail to enquire of the guard, with great eagerness, "whose place that is;" and to enable the guard to reply with great distinctness, that it belongs to Squire ——, to the infinite gratification of Squire ——, and the still more infinite edification of the gentlemen on the outside of the mail. Others will remember masses of very red brick, quoined with stone; with columnar porticoes, about one third of the height of the building, and two niches, with remarkable looking heads and bag-wigs in them, on each side; and two teapots, with a pocket-handkerchief hanging over each (described to the astonished spectator as "Grecian urns") located upon the roof, just under the chimneys. Others will go back to the range of Elizabethan gables;[1] but none will have any idea of a fixed character, stamped on a class of national edifices. This is very melancholy, and very discouraging; the more so, as it is not without cause.

149. In the first place, Britain unites in itself so many geological formations, each giving a peculiar character to the country which it composes, that there is hardly a district five miles broad, which preserves the same features of landscape through its whole width.* If, for example, six foreigners were to land severally at Glasgow, at Aberystwith, at Falmouth, at Brighton, at Yarmouth, and at Newcastle, and to confine their investigations to the country within twenty miles of them,

* Length is another thing: we might divide England into strips of country, running south-west and north-east, which would be composed of the same rock, and therefore would present the same character throughout the whole of their length. Almost all our great roads cut these transversely, and therefore seldom remain for ten miles together on the same beds.

[1] [In the MS.: "the long range of Elizabethan gables, looking out on the clipped garden."]

what different impressions would they receive of British landscape! If, therefore, there be as many forms of edifice as there are peculiarities of situation, we can have no national style; and if we abandon the idea of a correspondence with situation, we lose the only criterion capable of forming a national style.*

150. Another cause to be noticed is the peculiar independence of the Englishman's disposition; a feeling which prompts him to suit his own humour, rather than fall in with the prevailing cast of social sentiment, or of natural beauty and expression; and which, therefore,—there being much obstinate originality in his mind,—produces strange varieties of dwelling, frequently rendered still more preposterous by his love of display; a love universally felt in England, and often absurdly

* It is thus that we find the most perfect schools of architecture have arisen in districts whose character is unchanging. Looking to Egypt first, we find a climate inducing a perpetual state of heavy feverish excitement, fostered by great magnificence of natural phenomena, and increased by the general custom of exposing the head continually to the sun (*Herodotus*, Bk. III. chap. 12); so that, as in a dreaming fever we imagine distorted creatures and countenances moving and living in the quiet objects of the chamber, the Egyptian endowed all existence with distorted animation; turned dogs into deities, and leeks into lightning-darters; then gradually invested the blank granite with sculptured mystery, designed in superstition, and adored in disease; and then such masses of architecture arose as, in delirium, we feel crushing down upon us with eternal weight, and see extending far into the blackness above; huge and shapeless columns of colossal life; immense and immeasurable avenues of mountain stone. This was a perfect—that is, a marked, enduring, and decided school of architecture, induced by an unchanging and peculiar character of climate. Then in the purer air, and among the more refined energies of Greece, architecture rose into a more studied beauty, equally perfect in its school, because fostered in a district not 50 miles square, and in its dependent isles and colonies, all of which were under the same air, and partook of the same features of landscape. In Rome, it became less perfect, because more imitative than indigenous, and corrupted by the travelling, and conquering, and stealing ambition of the Roman; yet still a school of architecture, because the whole of Italy presented the same peculiarities of scene. So with the Spanish and Moresco schools, and many others; passing over the Gothic, which, though we hope hereafter to show it to be no exception to the rule, involves too many complicated questions to be now brought forward as a proof of it.[1]

[1] [The comparison of Egyptian architecture with delirious visions seems to be an allusion to De Quincey's passage in "The Pains of Opium"—the last paper in the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* (p. 268, ed. 1862)—where, after describing Piranesi's *Dreams*, he tells how he fancied he was "buried for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids, etc." —*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

indulged. Wealth is worshipped in France as the means of purchasing pleasure; in Italy, as an instrument of power; in England, as the means "of showing off." It would be a very great sacrifice indeed, in an Englishman of the average stamp, to put his villa out of the way, where nobody would ever see it, or think of *him;* it is his ambition to hear every one exclaiming, "What a pretty place! whose can it be?" And he cares very little about the peace which he has disturbed, or the repose which he has interrupted; though, even while he thus pushes himself into the way, he keeps an air of sulky retirement, of hedgehog independence, about his house, which takes away any idea of sociability or good-humour, which might otherwise have been suggested by his choice of situation.

151. But, in spite of all these unfortunate circumstances, there are some distinctive features in our English country houses, which are well worth a little attention. First, in the approach, we have one component part of effect, which may be called peculiarly our own, and which requires much study before it can be managed well,—the avenue. It is true that we meet with noble lines of timber trees cresting some of the larger bastions of Continental fortified cities; we see interminable regiments of mistletoed apple trees flanking the carriage road; and occasionally we approach a turretted château * by a broad way, "edged with poplar pale."[1] But, allowing all this, the legitimate glory of the perfect avenue is ours still, as will appear by a little consideration of the elements which constitute its beauty.

152. The original idea was given by the opening of the tangled glades in our most ancient forests. It is rather a curious circumstance that, in those woods whose decay has been most instrumental in forming the bog districts of Ireland,[2]

* Or a city. Any one who remembers entering Carlsruhe[3] from the north, by the two miles of poplar avenue, remembers entering the most soulless of all cities, by the most lifeless of all entrances.

[1] [Milton: *Hymn on Christ's Nativity*, l. 183.]

[2] [Here Ruskin is not writing from personal observation. He had not at this time ever been in Ireland.]

[3] [Ruskin passed through Carlsruhe on his second Continental tour, 1833, on which the route was Calais, Brussels, Cologne, the Rhine, Strassburg, Schaffhausen.]

the trees have, in general, been planted in symmetrical rows, at distances of about twenty feet apart. If the arrangement of our later woods be not quite so formal, they at least present frequent openings, carpeted with green sward, and edged with various foliage, which the architect (for so may the designer of the avenue be entitled) should do little more than reduce to symmetry and place in position, preserving, as much as possible, the manner and the proportions of nature. The avenue, therefore, must not be too long. It is quite a mistake to suppose that there is sublimity in a monotonous length of line, unless indeed it be carried to an extent generally impossible, as in the case of the long walk at Windsor.[1] From three to four hundred yards is a length which will display the elevation well, and will not become tiresome from continued monotony. The kind of tree must, of course, be regulated by circumstances; but the foliage must be unequally disposed, so as to let in passages of light across the path, and cause the motion of any object across it to change, like an undulating melody, from darkness to light. It should meet at the top, so as to cause twilight, but not obscurity, and the idea of a vaulted roof, without rigidity. The ground should be green, so that the sunlight may tell with force wherever it strikes. Now, this kind of rich and shadowy vista is found in its perfection only in England: it is an attribute of green country; it is associated with all our memories of forest freedom, of our wood-rangers, and yeomen with the "doublets of the Lincoln green;"[2] with our pride of ancient archers, whose art was fostered in such long and breezeless glades; with our thoughts of the merry chases of our kingly companies, when the dewy antlers sparkled down the intertwined paths of the windless woods, at the morning echo of the hunter's horn; with all, in fact, that once contributed to give our land its ancient name of "merry" England; a name which, in this age of steam and iron, it will have some difficulty in keeping.[3]

[1] [Ruskin had been at Windsor in June–July 1834.]

[2] [Scott: Song in *Rokeby*, canto iii. 28.]

[3] [To make England once more worthy of the name was the object of the social efforts which Ruskin was in after years to undertake: see, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, beginning of Letter xxvi.]

153. This, then, is the first feature we would direct attention to, as characteristic, in the English villa: and be it remembered, that we are not speaking of the immense lines of foliage which guide the eye to some of our English palaces, for those are rather the adjuncts of the park than the approach to the building; but of the more laconic avenue, with the two crested columns and the iron gate at its entrance, leading the eye, in the space of a hundred yards or so, to the gables of its grey mansion. A good instance of this approach may be found at Petersham, by following the right side of the Thames for about half a mile from Richmond Hill; though the house, which, in this case, is approached by a noble avenue, is much to be reprehended, as a bad mixture of imitation of the Italian with corrupt Elizabethan; though it is somewhat instructive, as showing the ridiculous effect of statues out of doors in a climate like ours.[1]

154. And now that we have pointed out the kind of approach most peculiarly English, that approach will guide us to the only style of villa architecture which can be called English,—the Elizabethan, and its varieties,—a style fantastic in its details, and capable of being subjected to no rule, but, as we think, well adapted for the scenery in which it arose. We allude not only to the pure Elizabethan, but even to the strange mixtures of classical ornaments with Gothic forms, which we find prevailing in the sixteenth century. In the most simple form, we have a building extending round three sides of a court, and, in the larger halls, round several interior courts, terminating in sharply gabled fronts, with broad oriels divided into very narrow lights by channelled mullions, without decoration of any kind; the roof relieved by projecting dormer windows, whose lights are generally divided into three, terminating in very flat arches without cusps, the intermediate edge of the roof being battlemented. Then we find wreaths of ornament introduced at the base of the oriels;* ranges of short columns, the base of one upon the capital of another, running

* As in a beautiful example in Brasenose College, Oxford.

[1] [Ham House, built in 1610, has a row of busts on the river front, and a statue representing the Thames on the lawn.]

up beside them; the bases being very tall, sometimes decorated with knots of flower-work; the columns usually fluted,—wreathed, in richer examples, with ornament. The entrance is frequently formed by double ranges of those short columns, with intermediate arches, with shell canopies, and rich crests above.* This portico is carried up to some height above the roof, which is charged with an infinite variety of decorated chimneys.

155. Now, all this is utterly barbarous as architecture; but, with the exception of the chimneys, it is not false in taste; for it was originally intended for retired and quiet habitations in our forest country, not for conspicuous palaces in the streets of the city; and we have shown, in speaking of green country, that the eye is gratified[1] with fantastic details; that it is prepared, by the mingled lights of the natural scenery, for rich and entangled ornament, and would not only endure, but demand, irregularity of system in the architecture of man, to correspond with the infinite variety of form in the wood architecture of nature. Few surprises can be imagined more delightful than the breaking out of one of these rich gables, with its decorated entrance, among the dark trunks and twinkling leaves of forest scenery. Such an effect is rudely given in Fig. 20. We would direct the attention chiefly to the following points in the building:—

156. First, it is a humourist, an odd, twisted, independent being, with a great deal of mixed, obstinate, and occasionally absurd, originality. It has one or two graceful lines about it, and several harsh and cutting ones; it is a whole, which would allow of no unison with any other architecture; it is gathered in itself, and would look very ugly indeed, if pieces in a purer style of building were added. All this corresponds with points of English character, with its humours, its independency, and its horror of being put out of its own way.

* The portico of the [old] Schools and the inner courts of Merton and St. John's Colleges, Oxford; an old house at Charlton, Kent; and Burleigh House, will probably occur to the mind of the architect, as good examples of the varieties of this mixed style.

[1] [*i.e.* when the spectator is surrounded by woodland scenery. *Vide ante*, § 88.—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

157. Again, it is a thoroughly domestic building, homely and cottage-like in its prevailing forms, awakening no elevated ideas, assuming no nobility of form. It has none of the pride, or the grace of beauty, none of the dignity of delight, which we found in the villa of Italy; but it is a habitation of every-

Fig. 20

[Old English Mansion. 1837]

day life, a protection from momentary inconvenience, covered with stiff efforts at decoration, and exactly typical of the mind of its inhabitant: not noble in its taste, not haughty in its recreation, not pure in its perception of beauty; but domestic in its pleasures, fond of matter-of-fact rather than of imagination, yet sparkling occasionally with odd wit and grotesque

association. The Italian obtains his beauty, as his recreation, with quietness, with few and noble lines, with great seriousness and depth of thought, with very rare interruptions to the simple train of feeling. But the Englishman's villa is full of effort: it is a business with him to be playful, an infinite labour to be ornamental: he forces his amusement with fits of contrasted thought, with mingling of minor touches of humour, with a good deal of sulkiness, but with no melancholy; and therefore, owing to this last adjunct,[1] the building, in its original state, cannot be called beautiful, and we ought not to consider the effect of its present antiquity, evidence of which is, as was before proved, generally objectionable in a building devoted to pleasure,[2] and is only agreeable here, because united with the memory of a departed pride.

158. Again, it is a lifelike building, sparkling in its casements, brisk in its air, letting much light in at the walls and roof, low and comfortable-looking in its door. The Italian's dwelling is much walled in, letting out no secrets from the inside, dreamy[3] and drowsy in its effect. Just such is the difference between the minds of the inhabitants; the one passing away in deep and dark reverie, the other quick and business-like, enjoying its everyday occupations, and active in its ordinary engagements.

159. Again, it is a regularly planned, mechanical, well-disciplined building; each of its parts answering to its opposite, each of its ornaments matched with similarity. The Italian (where it has no high pretence to architectural beauty) is a rambling and irregular edifice, varied with uncorresponding masses: and the mind of the Italian we find similarly irregular, a thing of various and ungovernable impulse, without fixed principle of action; the Englishman's, regular and uniform in its emotions, steady in its habits, and firm even in its most trivial determinations.

[1] [Namely, the fact that there is no melancholy in the English play-impulse; *vide ante*, § 23.—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

[2] [See § 118 seq.—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

[3] ["Dreary" in the *Magazine*, but the MS. has "dreamy," which is doubtless the true reading.]

160. Lastly, the size of the whole is diminutive, compared with the villas of the south, in which the effect was always large and general. Here the eye is drawn into the investigation of particular points, and miniature details; just as, in comparing the English and Continental cottages, we found the one characterised by a minute finish, and the other by a massive effect, exactly correspondent with the scale of the features and scenery of their respective localities.[1]

161. It appears, then, from a consideration of these several points, that, in our antiquated style of villa architecture, some national feeling may be discovered; but in any buildings now raised there is no character whatever: all is ridiculous imitation, and despicable affectation; and it is much to be lamented, that now, when a great deal of public attention has been directed to architecture on the part of the public, more efforts are not made to turn that attention from mimicking Swiss châlets, to erecting English houses. We need not devote more time to the investigation of *purely* domestic English architecture, though we hope to derive much instruction and pleasure from the contemplation of buildings partly adapted for defence, and partly for residence.[2] The introduction of the means of defence is, however, a distinction which we do not wish at present to pass over; and therefore, in our next paper, we hope to conclude the subject of the villa, by a few remarks on the style now best adapted for English scenery.

[1] [See above, §§ 14, 15.]
[2] [A reference to the intended sequel; see above, p. xliv.]

V

THE ENGLISH VILLA—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION[1]

162. It has lately become a custom, among the more enlightened and refined of metropolitan shopkeepers, to advocate the cause of propriety in architectural decoration, by ensconcing their shelves, counters, and clerks in classical edifices, agreeably ornamented with ingenious devices, typical of the class of articles to which the tradesman particularly desires to direct the public attention. We find our grocers enshrined in temples whose columns are of canisters, and whose pinnacles are of sugar-loaves. Our shoemakers shape their soles under Gothic portals, with pendants of shoes, and canopies of Wellingtons; and our cheesemongers will, we doubt not, soon follow the excellent example, by raising shops the varied diameters of whose jointed columns, in their address to the eye, shall awaken memories of Staffa, Pæstum, and Palmyra; and in their address to the tongue, shall arouse exquisite associations of remembered flavour, Dutch, Stilton, and Stracchino.[2]

163. Now, this fit of taste on the part of our tradesmen is only a coarse form of a disposition inherent in the human mind. Those objects to which the eye has been most frequently accustomed, and among which the intellect has formed its habits of action, and the soul its modes of emotion, become agreeable to the thoughts, from their correspondence with their prevailing cast, especially when the business of life has had any relation to those objects; for it is in the habitual and necessary occupation that the most painless hours of existence

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (October), pp. 433–442.]

[2] [The rich cheese, made from cream and unskimmed cow's milk, called by the Italians Stracchino, is now usually known as Gorgonzola, from the village, twelve miles east of Milan, where the genuine article is made.]

are passed: whatever be the nature of that occupation, the memories belonging to it will always be agreeable, and, therefore, the objects awakening such memories will invariably be found beautiful, whatever their character or form.

164. It is thus that taste is the child and the slave of memory; and beauty is tested, not by any fixed standard, but by the chances of association;[1] so that in every domestic building evidence will be found of the kind of life through which its owner has passed, in the operation of the habits of mind which that life has induced. From the superannuated coxswain, who plants his old ship's figure-head in his six square feet of front garden at Bermondsey, to the retired noble, the proud portal of whose mansion is surmounted by the broad shield and the crested gryphon, we are all guided, in our purest conceptions, our most ideal pursuit, of the beautiful, by remembrances of active occupation; and by principles derived from industry regulate the fancies of our repose.

165. It would be excessively interesting to follow out the investigation of this subject more fully, and to show how the most refined pleasures, the most delicate perceptions, of the creature who has been appointed to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, are dependent upon, and intimately connected with, his hours of labour. This question, however, has no relation to our immediate object, and we only allude to it, that we may be able to distinguish between the two component parts of individual character; the one being the consequence of continuous habits of life acting upon natural temperament and disposition, the other being the *humour* of character, consequent upon circumstances altogether accidental, taking stern effect upon feelings previously determined by the first part of the character; laying on, as it were, the finishing touches, and occasioning the innumerable prejudices, fancies, and eccentricities, which, modified in every individual to an infinite extent, form the visible veil of the human heart.

[1] [Ruskin was afterwards to analyse more closely the connexion between impressions of beauty and the association of ideas: see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. iv. § 7, and *cf.* p. 449, below.]

166. Now, we have defined[1] the province of the architect to be, that of selecting such forms and colours as shall delight the mind, by preparing it for the operations to which it is to be subjected in the building. Now, no forms, in domestic architecture, can thus prepare it more distinctly than those which correspond closely with the first, that is, the fixed and fundamental, part of character, which is always so uniform in its action, as to induce great simplicity in whatever it designs. Nothing, on the contrary, can be more injurious than the slightest influence of the *humours* upon the edifice; for the influence of what is fitful in its energy, and petty in its imagination, would destroy all the harmony of parts, all the majesty of the whole; would substitute singularity for beauty, amusement for delight, and surprise for veneration. We could name several instances of buildings erected by men of the highest talent, and the most perfect general taste, who yet, not having paid much attention to the first principles of architecture, permitted the humour of their disposition to prevail over the majesty of their intellect, and, instead of building from a fixed design, gratified freak after freak, and fancy after fancy, as they were caught by the dream or the desire; mixed mimicries of incongruous reality with incorporations of undisciplined ideal; awakened every variety of contending feeling and unconnected memory; consummated confusion of form by trickery of detail; and have left barbarism, where half the world will look for loveliness.

167. This is a species of error which it is very difficult for persons paying superficial and temporary attention to architecture to avoid: however just their taste may be in criticism, it will fail in creation. It is only in moments of ease and amusement that they will think of their villa: they make it a mere plaything, and regard it with a kind of petty exultation, which, from its very nature, will give liberty to the light fancy, rather than the deep feeling, of the mind. It is not thought necessary to bestow labour of thought, and periods of deliberation, on one of the toys of life; still less to undergo

[1] [See above, § 134.]

the vexation of thwarting wishes, and leaving favourite imaginations, relating to minor points, unfulfilled, for the sake of general effect.

168. This feeling, then, is the first to which we would direct attention, as the villa architect's chief enemy: he will find it perpetually and provokingly in his way. He is requested, perhaps, by a man of great wealth, nay, of established taste in some points, to make a design for a villa in a lovely situation. The future proprietor carries him upstairs to his study, to give him what he calls his "ideas and materials," and, in all probability, begins somewhat thus:—"This, sir, is a slight note: I made it on the spot: approach to Villa Reale, near Pozzuoli. Dancing nymphs, you perceive; cypresses, shell fountain. I think I should like something like this for the approach: classical, you perceive, sir; elegant, graceful. Then, sir, this is a sketch, made by an American friend of mine: Whee-whaw-Kantamaraw's wigwam, King of the—Cannibal Islands, I think he said, sir. Log, you observe; scalps, and boa constrictor skins: curious. Something like this, sir, would look neat, I think, for the front door; don't you? Then, the lower windows, I've not quite decided upon; but what would you say to Egyptian, sir? I think I should like my windows Egyptian, with hieroglyphics, sir; storks and coffins, and appropriate mouldings above: I brought some from Fountains Abbey the other day.[1] Look here, sir; angels' heads putting their tongues out, rolled up in cabbage leaves, with a dragon on each side riding on a broomstick, and the devil looking on from the mouth of an alligator, sir.* Odd, I think; interesting. Then the corners may be turned by octagonal towers, like the centre one in Kenilworth Castle; with Gothic doors, portcullis, and all, quite perfect; with cross slits for arrows, battlements for musketry, machicolations for boiling lead, and a room at the top for drying plums; and

* Actually carved on one of the groins of Roslin Chapel.[2]

[1] [Ruskin was at Fountains Abbey in 1837, and at Kenilworth in 1830.]

[2] [A fine pencil drawing of the interior of Roslin done by Ruskin, in the style of Prout, in 1838, is in the collection of Mr. Wedderburn. It will be found in *Præterita*, i. ch. xii.]

the conservatory at the bottom, sir, with Virginian creepers up the towers; door supported by sphinxes, holding scrapers in their fore paws, and having their tails prolonged into warm-water pipes, to keep the plants safe in winter," etc. The architect is, without doubt, a little astonished by these ideas and combinations; yet he sits calmly down to draw his elevations; as if he were a stone-mason, or his employer an architect; and the fabric rises to electrify its beholders, and confer immortality on its perpetrator.

169. This is no exaggeration: we have not only listened to speculations on the probable degree of the future majesty, but contemplated the actual illustrious existence, of several such buildings, with sufficient beauty in the management of some of their features to show that an architect had superintended them, and sufficient taste in their interior economy to prove that a refined intellect had projected them; and had projected a Vandalism, only because fancy had been followed instead of judgment; with as much *nonchalance* as is evinced by a perfect poet, who is extemporising doggerel for a baby; full of brilliant points, which he cannot help, and jumbled into confusion, for which he does not care.

170. Such are the first difficulties to be encountered in villa designs. They must always continue to occur in some degree, though they might be met with ease by a determination on the part of professional men to give no assistance whatever, beyond the mere superintendence of construction, unless they be permitted to take the whole exterior design into their own hands, merely receiving broad instructions respecting the style (and not attending to them unless they like). They should not make out the smallest detail, unless they were answerable for the whole. In this case, gentlemen architects would be thrown so utterly on their own resources, that, unless those resources were adequate, they would be obliged to surrender the task into more practised hands; and, if they were adequate, if the amateur had paid so much attention to the art as to be capable of giving the design perfectly, it is probable he would not erect anything strikingly abominable.

171. Such a system (supposing that it could be carried fully into effect, and that there were no such animals as sentimental stone-masons to give technical assistance) might, at first, seem rather an encroachment on the liberty of the subject, inasmuch as it would prevent people from indulging their edificatorial fancies, unless they knew something about the matter, or, as the sufferers would probably complain, from doing what they liked with their own. But the mistake would evidently lie in their supposing, as people too frequently do, that the outside of their house *is* their own, and that they have a perfect right therein to make fools of themselves in any manner, and to any extent, they may think proper. This is quite true in the case of interiors; every one has an indisputable right to hold himself up as a laughing-stock to the whole circle of his friends and acquaintances, and to consult his own private asinine comfort by every piece of absurdity which can in any degree contribute to the same; but no one has any right to exhibit his imbecilities at other people's expense, or to claim the public pity by inflicting public pain. In England, especially, where, as we saw before,[1] the rage for attracting observation is universal, the outside of the villa is rendered, by the proprietor's own disposition, the property of those who daily pass by, and whom it hourly affects with pleasure or pain. For the pain which the eye feels from the violation of a law to which it has been accustomed, or the mind from the occurrence of anything jarring to its finest feelings, is as distinct as that occasioned by the interruption of the physical economy, differing only inasmuch as it is not permanent; and, therefore, an individual has as little right to fulfil his own conceptions by disgusting thousands, as, were his body as impenetrable to steel or poison, as his brain to the effect of the beautiful or true, he would have to decorate his carriage roads with caltrops, or to line his plantations with upas trees.

172. The violation of general feelings would thus be unjust, even were their consultation productive of continued vexation to the individual: but it is not. To no one is the

[1] [See above, § 150.]

architecture of the exterior of a dwelling-house of so little consequence as to its inhabitant. Its material may affect his comfort, and its condition may touch his pride; but, for its architecture, his eye gets accustomed to it in a week, and, after that, Hellenic, Barbaric, or Yankee, are all the same to the domestic feelings, are all lost in the one name of Home. Even the conceit of living in a châlet, or a wigwam, or a pagoda, cannot retain its influence for six months over the weak minds which alone can feel it; and the monotony of existence becomes to them exactly what it would have been had they never inflicted a pang upon the unfortunate spectators, whose unaccustomed eyes shrink daily from the impression to which they have not been rendered callous by custom, or lenient by false taste.

173. If these considerations are just when they allude only to buildings in the abstract, how much more when referring to them as materials of composition, materials of infinite power, to adorn or destroy the loveliness of the earth. The nobler scenery of that earth is the inheritance of all her inhabitants: it is not merely for the few to whom it temporarily belongs, to feed from like swine, or to stable upon like horses, but it has been appointed to be the school of the minds which are kingly among their fellows, to excite the highest energies of humanity, to furnish strength to the lordliest intellect, and food for the holiest emotions of the human soul. The presence of life is, indeed, necessary to its beauty, but of life congenial with its character; and that life is not congenial which thrusts presumptuously forward, amidst the calmness of the universe, the confusion of its own petty interests and grovelling imaginations, and stands up with the insolence of a moment, amid the majesty of all time, to build baby fortifications upon the bones of the world, or to sweep the copse from the corrie, and the shadow from the shore, that fools may risk, and gamblers gather, the spoil of a thousand summers.

174. It should therefore be remembered by every proprietor of land in hill country, that his possessions are the means of a peculiar education, otherwise unattainable, to the artists, and

in some degree to the literary men, of his country; that, even in this limited point of view, they are a national possession, but much more so when it is remembered how many thousands are perpetually receiving from them, not merely a transitory pleasure, but such thrilling perpetuity of pure emotion, such lofty subject for scientific speculation, and such deep lessons of natural religion, as only the work of a Deity can impress, and only the spirit of an immortal can feel: they should remember that the slightest deformity, the most contemptible excrescence, can injure the effect of the noblest natural scenery, as a note of discord can annihilate the expression of the purest harmony; that thus it is in the power of worms to conceal, to destroy, or to violate, what angels could not restore, create, or consecrate; and that the right, which every man unquestionably possesses, to be an ass, is extended only, in public, to those who are innocent in idiotism, not to the more malicious clowns, who thrust their degraded motley conspicuously forth amidst the fair colours of earth, and mix their incoherent cries with the melodies of eternity, break with their inane laugh upon the silence which Creation keeps where Omnipotence passes most visibly, and scrabble over with the characters of idiocy the pages that have been written by the finger of God.

175. These feelings we would endeavour to impress upon all persons likely to have anything to do with embellishing, as it is called, fine natural scenery; as they might, in some degree, convince both the architect and his employer of the danger of giving free play to the imagination in cases involving intricate questions of feeling and composition, and might persuade the designer of the necessity of looking, not to his own acre of land, or to his own peculiar tastes, but to the whole mass of forms and combination of impressions with which he is surrounded.

176. Let us suppose, however, that the design is yielded entirely to the architect's discretion. Being a piece of domestic architecture, the chief object in its exterior design will be to arouse domestic feelings, which, as we saw before, it will

do most distinctly by corresponding with the first part of character. Yet it is still more necessary that it should correspond with its situation; and hence arises another difficulty, the reconciliation of correspondence with contraries; for such, it is deeply to be regretted, are too often the individual's mind, and the dwelling-place it chooses. The polished courtier brings his refinement and duplicity with him to ape the Arcadian rustic in Devonshire;[1] the romantic rhymer takes a plastered habitation, with one back window looking into the Green Park; the soft votary of luxury endeavours to rise at seven, in some Ultima Thule of frosts and storms; and the rich stock-jobber calculates his percentages among the soft dingles and woody shores of Westmoreland. When the architect finds this to be the case, he must, of course, content himself with suiting his design to such a mind as ought to be where the intruder's is; for the feelings which are so much at variance with themselves in the choice of situation, will not be found too critical of their domicile, however little suited to their temper.

177. If possible, however, he should aim at something more; he should draw his employer into general conversation; observe the bent of his disposition, and the habits of his mind; notice every manifestation of fixed opinions, and then transfer to his architecture as much of the feeling he has observed as is distinct in its operation. This he should do, not because the general spectator will be aware of the aptness of the building, which, knowing nothing of its inmate, he cannot be; nor to please the individual himself, which it is a chance if any simple design ever will, and who never will find out how well his character has been fitted; but because a portrait is always more spirited than a composed countenance; and because this study of human passions will bring a degree of energy, unity, and originality into every one of his designs (all of which will necessarily be different), so simple, so domestic, and so lifelike, as to strike every spectator with an interest and a sympathy, for which he will be utterly unable to account, and to impress

[1] [Ruskin had travelled in the West of England in 1828.]

on him a perception of something more ethereal than stone or carving, somewhat similar to that which some will remember having felt disagreeably in their childhood, on looking at any old house authentically haunted. The architect will forget in his study of life the formalities of science, and, while his practised eye will prevent him from erring in technicalities, he will advance, with the ruling feeling, which, in masses of mind, is nationality, to the conception of something truly original, yet perfectly pure.

178. He will also find his advantage in having obtained a guide in the invention of decorations of which, as we shall show, we would have many more in English villas than economy at present allows. Candidus complains, in his Note Book, that Elizabethan architecture is frequently adopted, because it is easy, with a pair of scissors, to derive a zigzag ornament from a doubled piece of paper.[1] But we would fain hope that none of our professional architects have so far lost sight of the meaning of their art, as to believe that roughening stone mathematically is bestowing decoration, though we are too sternly convinced that they believe mankind to be more short-sighted by at least thirty yards than they are; for they think of nothing but general effect in their ornaments, and lay on their flower-work so carelessly, that a good substantial captain's biscuit, with the small holes left by the penetration of the baker's four fingers, encircling the large one which testifies of the forcible passage of his thumb, would form quite as elegant a rosette as hundreds now perpetuated in stone.

179. Now, there is nothing which requires study so close, or experiment so frequent, as the proper designing of ornament. For its use and position some definite rules may be given; but, when the space and position have been determined, the lines of curvature, the breadth, depth, and sharpness of the shadows to be obtained, the junction of the parts of a group, and the general expression, will present questions for the solution of

[1] ["Candidus's Note-Book" was the title of some occasional articles in the *Architectural Magazine*, in which the passage here referred to occurs at vol. v. p. 16.]

which the study of years will sometimes scarcely be sufficient;* for they depend upon the feeling of the eye and hand, and there is nothing like perfection in decoration, nothing which, in all probability, might not, by farther consideration, be improved. Now, in cases in which the outline and larger masses are determined by situation, the architect will frequently find it necessary to fall back upon his decorations, as the only means of obtaining character; and that which before was an unmeaning lump of jagged freestone, will become a part of expression, an accessory of beautiful design, varied in its form, and delicate in its effect. Then, instead of shrinking from his bits of ornament, as from things which will give him trouble to invent, and will answer no other purpose than that of occupying what would otherwise have looked blank, the designer will view them as an efficient *corps de reserve*, to be brought up when the eye comes to close quarters with the edifice, to maintain and deepen the impression it has previously received. Much more time will be spent in the conception, much more labour in the execution, of such meaning ornament, but both will be well spent and well rewarded.

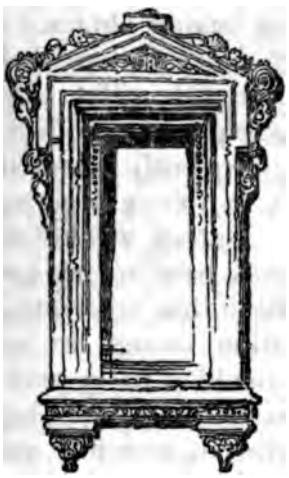


Fig. 21

180. Perhaps our meaning may be made more clear by Fig. 21, which is that of a window found in a domestic building of mixed and corrupt architecture, at Munich (which we give now, because we shall have occasion to allude to it hereafter).[1]. Its absurd breadth of moulding, so disproportionate

* For example, we would allow one of the modern builders of Gothic chapels a month of invention, and a botanic garden to work from, with perfect certainty that he would not, at the expiration of the time, be able to present us with one design of leafage equal in beauty to hundreds we could point out in the capitals and niches of Melrose and Roslin.[2]

[1] [Again a reference to the intended sequel; see p. xliv.]

[2] [Ruskin had been sketching at Melrose and Roslin in this year. Cf. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 24.]

to its cornice, renders it excessively ugly, but capable of great variety of effect. It forms one of a range of four, turning an angle, whose mouldings join each other, their double breadth being the whole separation of the apertures, which are something more than double squares. Now by alteration of the decoration, and depth of shadow, we have Figs. 22 and 23. These three windows differ entirely in their feeling and manner,

Fig. 22

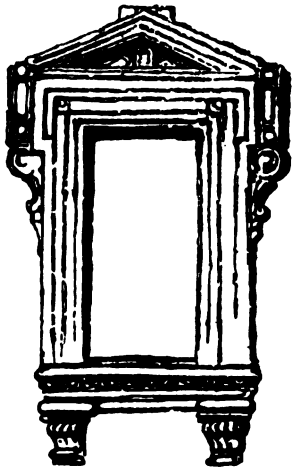


Fig. 23

and are broad examples of such distinctions of style as might be adopted severally in the habitations of the man of imagination, the man of intellect and the man of feeling.[1] If our alterations have been properly made, there will be no difficulty in distinguishing between their expressions, which we shall therefore leave to conjecture. The character of Fig. 21 depends upon the softness with which the light is caught upon its ornaments, which should not have a single hard line in them; and on the gradual, unequal, but intense, depth of its shadows. Fig. 22 should have all its forms undefined, and passing into one another, the touches of the chisel light, a grotesque face or feature occurring in parts, the shadows pale, but

[1] ["Though not in this order. Fig. 23 is the intellectual window; Fig. 22 the imaginative one."—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]

broad;* and the boldest part of the carving kept in shadow rather than light. The third should be hard in its lines, strong in its shades, and quiet in its ornament.

181. These hints will be sufficient to explain our meaning, and we have not space to do more, as the object of these papers is rather to observe than to advise. Besides, in questions of expression so intricate, it is almost impossible to advance fixed principles; every mind will have perceptions of its own, which will guide its speculations, every hand, and eye, and peculiar feeling, varying even from year to year. We have only started the subject of correspondence with individual character, because we think that imaginative minds might take up the idea with some success, as furnishing them with a guide in the variation of their designs, more certain than mere experiment on unmeaning forms, or than ringing indiscriminate changes on component parts of established beauty. To the reverie, rather than the investigation, to the dream, rather than the deliberation, of the architect, we recommend it, as a branch of art in which instinct will do more than precept, and inspiration than technicality. The correspondence of our villa architecture with our natural scenery may be determined with far greater accuracy, and will require careful investigation.

We had hoped to have concluded the Villa in this paper; but the importance of domestic architecture at the present day, when people want houses more than fortresses, safes more than keeps, and sculleries more than dungeons, is sufficient apology for delay.

OXFORD, *August*, 1838.

* It is too much the custom to consider a design as composed of a certain number of hard lines, instead of a certain number of shadows of various depth and dimension. Though these shadows change their position in the course of the day, they are relatively always the same. They have most variety under a strong light without sun, most expression with the sun. A little observation of the infinite variety of shade which the sun is capable of casting, as it touches projections of different curve and character, will enable the designer to be certain of his effects. We shall have occasion to allude to this subject again.[1]

[1] [Ruskin dealt with this subject in *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, ch. iii. §§ 13, 23, but not in these papers.]

VI

THE BRITISH VILLA—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION[1]

The Cultivated, or Blue Country [and the Wooded, or Green Country].[2]

182. IN the papers hitherto devoted to the investigation of villa architecture, we have contemplated the beauties of what may be considered as its model, in its original and natural territory; and we have noticed the difficulties to be encountered in the just erection of villas in England. It remains only to lay down the general principles of composition, which in such difficulties may, in some degree, serve as a guide. Into more than general principles it is not consistent with our plan to enter. One obstacle, which was more particularly noticed, was, as it may be remembered, the variety of the geological formations of the country. This will compel us to use the divisions of landscape formerly adopted in speaking of the cottage,[3] and to investigate severally the kind of domestic architecture required by each.

183. First. Blue or cultivated country, which is to be considered as including those suburban districts, in the neighbourhood of populous cities, which, though more frequently black than blue, possess the activity, industry, and life, which we before noticed as one of the characteristics of blue country. We shall not, however, allude to suburban villas at present; first, because they are in country possessing nothing which can be spoiled by anything; and, secondly, because their close association renders them subject to laws which, being

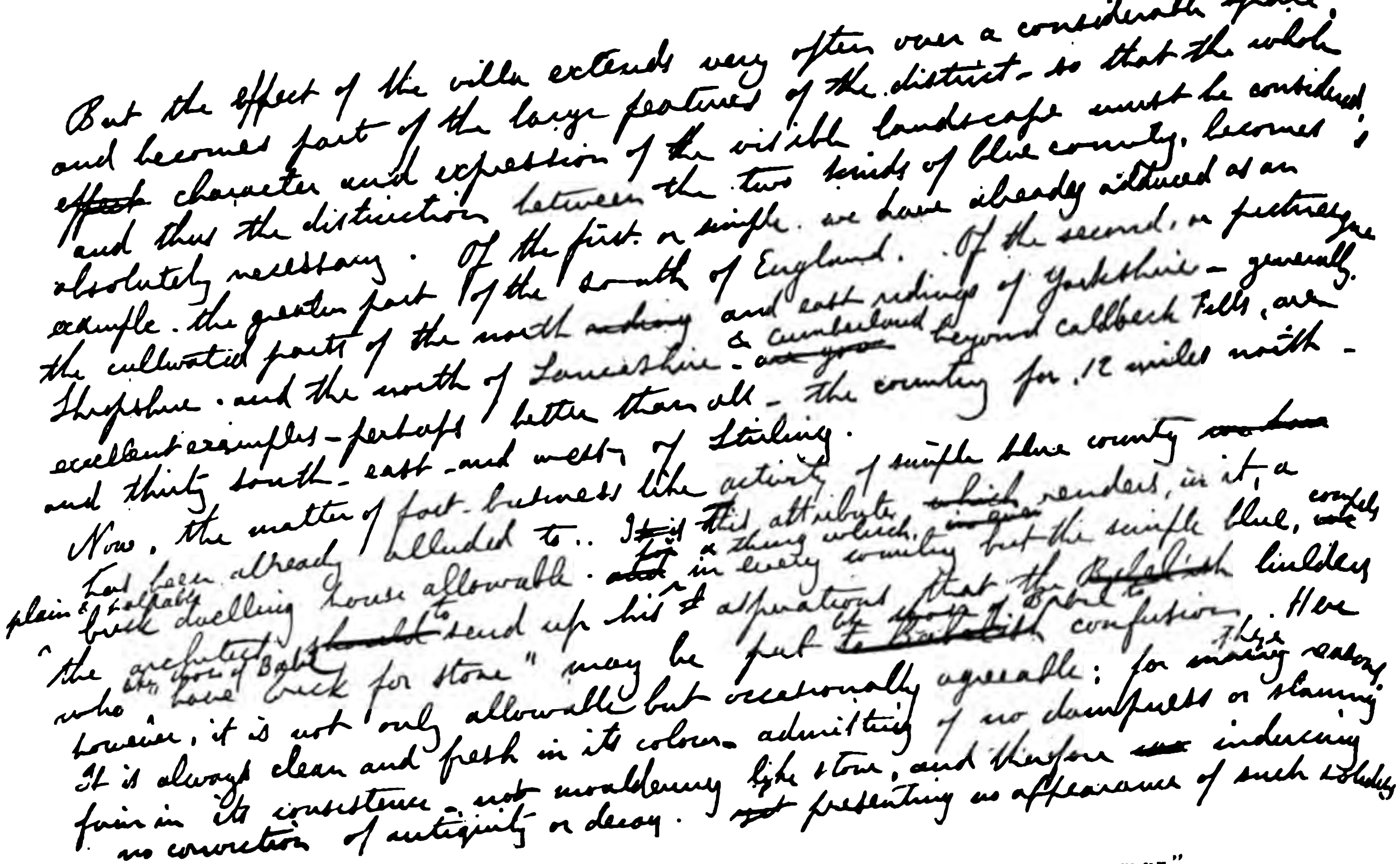
[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (November), pp. 481–494.]
[2] [Added in the 1893 edition, as also were the cross-heads above §§ 185, 196.]
[3] [The MS. adds: "into the green, the blue, the grey, and the brown;" see above, § 85.]

altogether different from those by which we are to judge of the beauty of solitary villas, we shall have to develop in the consideration of street effects.[1]

184. Passing over the suburb, then, we have to distinguish between the *simple* blue country, which is composed only of rich cultivated champaign, relieved in parts by low undulations, monotonous and uninteresting as a whole, though cheerful in its character, and beautiful in details of lanes and meadow paths; and the *picturesque* blue country, lying at the foot of high hill ranges, intersected by their outworks, broken here and there into bits of crag and dingle scenery; perpetually presenting prospects of exquisite distant beauty, and possessing in its valley and river scenery, fine detached specimens of the natural "green country." This distinction we did not make in speaking of the cottage; the effect of which, owing to its size, can extend only over a limited space; and this space, if in picturesque blue country, must be either part of its monotonous cultivation, when it is to be considered as belonging to the simple blue country, or part of its dingle scenery, when it becomes green country; and it would not be just, to suit a cottage, actually placed in one colour, to the general effect of another colour, with which it could have nothing to do. But the effect of the villa extends very often over a considerable space, and becomes part of the large features of the district; so that the whole character and expression of the visible landscape must be considered, and thus the distinction between the two kinds of blue country becomes absolutely necessary. Of the first, or simple, we have already adduced, as an example, the greater part of the South of England. Of the second, or picturesque, the cultivated parts of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, generally Shropshire, and the north of Lancashire, and Cumberland, beyond Caldbeck Fells, are good examples; perhaps better than all, the country for twelve miles north, and thirty south, east, and west, of Stirling.[2]

[1] [A reference to the intended sequel; see above, p. xliv.]

[2] [All these regions were familiar to Ruskin: the English counties from tours in 1829, 1830, 1836, 1837, and 1838; Stirling, in 1827 and 1838.]


But the effect of the villa extends very often over a considerable space,
and becomes part of the large features of the district - so that the whole
~~effect~~ character and expression of the visible landscape must be considered,
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Shropshire. and the north of Lancashire & Cumberland ~~[illegible]~~ beyond Caldbeck Fells, are
excellent examples - perhaps better than all - the country for 12 miles north -
and thirty south - east - and west of Stirling.
Now, the matter of fact - business like activity of simple blue country ~~[illegible]~~
has been already alluded to.. ~~It is~~ this attribute ~~which~~ renders, in it, a
plain & palpable brick dwelling house allowable. ~~[illegible]~~ a thing which, ~~[illegible]~~ in every country but the simple blue, completely
"the architect ~~should~~ to send up his & aspirations that the ~~[illegible]~~ builders
who [illegible] of Babel have brick for stone" may be put ~~[illegible]~~ to confusion. Here
however, it is not only allowable but occasionally agreeable: for many reasons
It is always clean and fresh in its colour admitting of no dampness or staining
firm in its consistence - not mouldering like stone, and therefore ~~[illegible]~~ inducing
no conviction of antiquity or decay. ~~not~~ presenting no appearance of such solidity

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE ORIGINAL MS. OF "THE POETRY OF ARCHITECTURE"

p. 140

[A. *The Simple Blue Country.*]

185. Now, the matter-of-fact business-like activity of simple blue country has been already alluded to.[1] This attribute renders in it a plain palpable brick dwelling-house allowable; though a thing which, in every country but the simple blue, compels every spectator of any feeling to send up aspirations, that builders who, like those of Babel, have brick for stone,[2] may be put, like those of Babel, to confusion. Here, however, it is not only allowable, but even agreeable, for the following reasons:—

186. Its cleanness and freshness of colour, admitting of little dampness or staining, firm in its consistence, not mouldering like stone, and therefore inducing no conviction of antiquity or decay, presents rather the appearance of such comfort as is contrived for the enjoyment of temporary wealth, than of such solidity as is raised for the inheritance of unfluctuating power. It is thus admirably suited for that country where all is change, and all activity; where the working and money-making members of the community are perpetually succeeding and overpowering each other; enjoying, each in his turn, the reward of his industry; yielding up the field, the pasture, and the mine, to his successor, and leaving no more memory behind him, no farther evidence of his individual existence, than is left by a working bee, in the honey for which we thank his[3] class, forgetting the individual. The simple blue country may, in fact, be considered the dining-table of the nation; from which it provides for its immediate necessities, at which it feels only its present existence, and in which it requires, not a piece of furniture adapted only to remind it of past refection,[4] but a polished, clean, and convenient minister to its immediate wishes. No habitation, therefore, in this country, should look old: it should give an

[1] [See above, § 91.]
[2] [Genesis, xi. 3.]
[3] [In the Magazine *the*; the MS. rightly reads *his*.]
[4] [The MS. inserts: "stained with the droppings of gravy long since cold."]

impression of present prosperity, of swift motion and high energy of life; too rapid in its successive operation to obtain greatness, or allow of decay, in its works. This is the first cause which, in this country, renders brick allowable.

187. Again, wherever the soil breaks out in simple blue country, whether in the river shore, or the broken road-side bank, or the ploughed field, in nine cases out of ten it is excessively warm in its colour, being either gravel or clay, the black vegetable soil never remaining free of vegetation. The warm tone of these beds of soil is an admirable relief to the blue of the distances, which we have taken as the distinctive feature of the country, tending to produce the perfect light without which no landscape can be complete. Therefore the red of the brick is prevented from glaring upon the eye, by its falling in with similar colours in the ground, and contrasting finely with the general tone of the distance. This is another instance of the material which nature most readily furnishes being the right one. In almost all blue country, we have only to turn out a few spadefuls of loose soil, and we come to the bed of clay, which is the best material for the building; whereas we should have to travel hundreds of miles, or to dig thousands of feet, to get the stone which nature does not want, and therefore has not given.

188. Another excellence in brick is its perfect air of English respectability. It is utterly impossible for an edifice altogether of brick to look affected or absurd: it may look rude, it may look vulgar, it may look disgusting, in a wrong place; but it cannot look foolish, for it is incapable of pretension. We may suppose its master a brute, or an ignoramus, but we can never suppose him a coxcomb: a bear he may be, a fop he cannot be; and, if we find him out of his place, we feel that it is owing to error, not to impudence;[1] to self-ignorance, not to self-conceit; to the want, not the assumption of feeling. It is thus that brick is peculiarly English in its

[1] [The words "impudence" and "coxcomb" were hereafter, when given a personal application in artistic criticism, to get Ruskin into trouble: see the passage in *Fors Clavigera*, Letter lxxix., which led to the libel action of Whistler *v.* Ruskin.]

effect: for we are brutes in many things, and we are ignorami[1] in many things, and we are destitute of feeling in many things, but we are *not* coxcombs. It is only by the utmost effort, that some of our most highly gifted junior gentlemen can attain such distinction of title; and even then the honour sits ill upon them: they are but awkward coxcombs. Affectation * never was, and never will be, a part of English character; we have too much national pride, too much consciousness of our own dignity and power, too much established self-satisfaction, to allow us to become ridiculous by imitative efforts; and, as it is only by endeavouring to appear what he is not, that a man ever can become so, properly speaking, our true-witted[2] Continental neighbours, who shrink from John Bull as a brute, never laugh at him as a fool. "Il est bête, il n'est pas pourtant sot."

189. The brick house admirably corresponds with this part of English character; for, unable as it is to be beautiful, or graceful, or dignified, it is equally unable to be absurd. There is a proud independence about it, which seems conscious of its entire and perfect applicability to those uses for which it was built, and full of a good-natured intention to render every one who seeks shelter within its walls excessively comfortable; it therefore feels awkward in no company; and, wherever it intrudes its good-humoured red face, stares plaster and marble

* The nation, indeed, possesses one or two interesting individuals, whose affectation is, as we have seen, strikingly manifested in their lake villas: but every rule has its exceptions; and, even on these gifted personages, the affectation sits so very awkwardly, so like a velvet bonnet on a ploughman's carroty hair, that it is evidently a late acquisition. Thus, one proprietor of land on Windermere, who has built unto himself a castellated mansion with round towers, and a Swiss cottage for a stable, has yet, with that admiration of the "neat but not gaudy," which is commonly reported to have influenced the devil when he painted his tail pea-green,[3] painted the rocks at the back of his house pink, that they may look clean. This is a little outcrop of English feeling in the midst of the assumed romance.

[1] [So in the *Magazine*; corrected to "ignoramuses" in the ed. of 1893. The MS. has "ignoramus's" (*sic*) distinctly altered to "ignorami."]

[2] [The MS. has "keen-witted," corrected to "true and therefore keen-witted."]

[3] [A locution widely current near the middle of the nineteenth century. "Neat not gaudy" was a phrase of Lamb's: see *Letters of Charles Lamb*, 1837, i. 279.]

out of countenance with an insensible audacity, which we drive out of such refined company, as we would a clown from a drawing-room, but which we nevertheless seek in its own place, as we would seek the conversation of the clown in his own turnip-field, if he were sensible in the main.[1]

190. Lastly. Brick is admirably adapted for the climate of England, and for the frequent manufacturing nuisances of English blue country: for the smoke, which makes marble look like charcoal, and stucco like mud, only renders brick less glaring in its colour; and the inclement climate, which makes the composition front look as if its architect had been amusing himself by throwing buckets of green water down from the roof, and before which the granite base of Stirling Castle is mouldering into sand as impotent as ever was ribbed by ripple, wreaks its rage in vain upon the bits of baked clay, leaving them strong, and dry, and stainless, warm and comfortable in their effect, even when neglect has permitted the moss and wall-flower to creep into their crannies, and mellow into something like beauty that which is always comfort. Damp, which fills many stones as it would a sponge, is defied by the brick; and the warmth of every gleam of sunshine is caught by it, and stored up for future expenditure; so that, both actually and in its effect, it is peculiarly suited for a climate whose changes are in general from bad to worse, and from worse to bad.

191. These then are the principal apologies which the brick dwelling-house has to offer for its ugliness. They will, however, only stand it in stead in the simple blue country; and, even there, only when the following points are observed.

First. The brick should neither be of the white, nor the very dark red, kind. The white is worse than useless as a colour: its cold, raw, sandy neutral has neither warmth enough to relieve, nor grey enough to harmonise with, any natural tones; it does not please the eye by warmth, in shade; it hurts it, by dry heat in sun; it has none of the advantages of effect

[1] [The MS. illustrates the trouble taken by Ruskin to get the words he wanted. He wrote successively, (1) "good-natured," (2) "intrinsically sensible and good-natured," (3) "in the main sensible and good-natured," and (4) as above.]

which brick may have, to compensate for the vulgarity which it must have, and is altogether to be abhorred. The very bright red, again, is one of the ugliest warm colours that art ever stumbled upon: it is never mellowed by damp or anything else, and spoils everything near it by its intolerable and inevitable glare. The moderately dark brick, of a neutral red, is to be chosen, and this, after a year or two, will be farther softened in its colour by atmospheric influence, and will possess all the advantages we have enumerated. It is almost unnecessary to point out its fitness for a damp situation, not only as the best material for securing the comfort of the inhabitant, but because it will the sooner contract a certain degree of softness of tone, occasioned by microscopic vegetation, which will leave no more brick-red than is agreeable to the feelings where the atmosphere is chill.

192. Secondly. Even this kind of red is a very powerful colour; and as, in combination with the other primitive colours, very little of it will complete the light, so, very little will answer every purpose in landscape composition, and every addition, above that little, will be disagreeable. Brick, therefore, never should be used in large groups of buildings, where those groups are to form part of landscape scenery: two or three houses, partly shaded with trees, are all that can be admitted at once. There is no object more villainously destructive of natural beauty, than a large town, of very red brick, with very scarlet tiling, very tall chimneys, and very few trees; while there are few objects that harmonise more agreeably with the feeling of English ordinary landscape, than the large, old, solitary, brick manor house, with its group of dark cedars on the lawn in front, and the tall wrought-iron gates opening down the avenue of approach.

193. Thirdly. No stone quoining, or presence of any contrasting colour, should be admitted. Quoins in general (though, by the by, they are prettily managed in the old Tolbooth of Glasgow, and some other antique buildings in Scotland), are only excusable as giving an appearance of strength; while their zigzag monotony, when rendered

conspicuous by difference of colour, is altogether detestable. White cornices, niches, and the other superfluous introductions in stone and plaster, which some architects seem to think ornamental, only mock what they cannot mend, take away the whole expression of the edifice, render the brick-red glaring and harsh, and become themselves ridiculous in isolation. Besides, as a general principle, contrasts of extensive colour are to be avoided in all buildings, and especially in positive and unmanageable tints. It is difficult to imagine whence the custom of putting stone ornaments into brick buildings could have arisen; unless it be an imitation of the Italian custom of mixing marble with stucco, which affords it no sanction, as the marble is only distinguishable from the general material by the sharpness of the carved edges.[1] The Dutch seem to have been the originators of the custom; and, by the by, if we remember right, in one of the very finest pieces of colouring now extant, a landscape by Rubens (in the gallery at Munich, we think[2]), the artist seems to have sanctioned the barbarism, by introducing a brick edifice, with white stone quoining. But the truth is that he selected the subject, partly under the influence of domestic feelings, the place being, as it is thought, his own habitation, and partly as a piece of practice, presenting such excessive difficulties of colour, as he, the lord of colour,[3] who alone could overcome them, would peculiarly delight in overcoming; and the harmony with which he has combined tints of the most daring force, and sharpest apparent contrast, in the edgy building, and opposed them to an uninteresting distance of excessive azure (simple blue country, observe), is one of the chief wonders of the painting: so that this masterpiece can no more furnish an apology for the

[1] [See above, § 121.]

[2] [The reference to Munich must have been a slip of the pen. None of the pictures by Rubens in the gallery at Munich correspond with the description. It seems clear that the picture intended is the "Landscape with a View of the Château de Stein" (Rubens's residence near Mechlin), No. 66 in the National Gallery; it was presented in 1826 by Sir George Beaumont. Ruskin refers to the picture, in a different connexion, in *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. iii. ch. ii. § 9.]

[3] [Until 1842, says Ruskin, "Rubens had remained the type of colour power to me (*Præterita*, i. ch. v. § 101);" for his conversion to the Venetians, see *ibid.* § 104.]

continuance of a practice which, though it gives some liveliness of character to the warehouses of Amsterdam, is fit only for a place whose foundations are mud, and whose inhabitants are partially animated cheeses,—than Caravaggio's custom of painting blackguards should introduce an ambition among mankind in general of becoming fit subjects for his pencil.[1] We shall have occasion again to allude to this subject, in speaking of Dutch street effects.[2]

194. Fourthly. It will generally be found to agree best with the business-like air of the blue country, if the house be excessively simple, and apparently altogether the minister of utility; but, where it is to be extensive, or tall, a few decorations about the upper windows are desirable. These should be quiet and severe in their lines, and cut boldly in the brick itself. Some of the minor streets in the King of Sardinia's capital are altogether of brick, very richly charged with carving, with excellent effect, and furnish a very good model.[3] Of course, no delicate ornament can be obtained, and no classical lines[4] can be allowed; for we should be horrified by seeing that in brick which we have been accustomed to see in marble. The architect must be left to his own taste for laying on, sparingly and carefully, a few dispositions of well-proportioned line, which are all that can ever be required.

195. These broad principles are all that need be attended to in simple blue country: anything will look well in it which is not affected; and the architect, who keeps comfort and utility steadily in view, and runs off into no expatiations of fancy, need never be afraid here of falling into error.

[1] [Ruskin's dislike of the "naturalism" of the eclectics was early fixed, and never changed. In his review of Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art* (*Quarterly Review*, June 1847) he returned to the charge against "the ruffian Caravaggio, distinguished only by his preference of candlelight and re-inforcement of villainy."]

[2] [Again a reference to the unwritten sequel; see above, p. xliv.]

[3] [Turin has been much rebuilt since the date of this essay, but still has many houses of the kind described above. Ruskin had been there in 1833.]

[4] [From here to the end of § 212 the MS. is not extant.]

[B. *The Picturesque Blue Country.*]

196. But the case is different with the picturesque blue country.* Here, owing to the causes mentioned in the notes at p. 79, we have some of the most elevated bits of landscape character, which the country, whatever it may be, can afford. Its first and most distinctive peculiarity is its grace; it is all undulation and variety of line, one curve passing into another with the most exquisite softness, rolling away into faint and far outlines of various depth and decision, yet none hard or harsh; and in all probability, rounded off in the near ground into massy forms of partially wooded hill, shaded downwards into winding dingles or cliffy ravines, each form melting imperceptibly into the next, without an edge or angle.

197. Its next character is mystery. It is a country peculiarly distinguished by its possessing features of great sublimity in the distance, without giving any hint in the foreground of their actual nature. A range of mountain, seen from a mountain peak, may have sublimity, but not the mystery with which it is invested, when seen rising over the farthest surge of misty blue, where everything near is soft and smiling, totally separated in nature from the consolidated clouds of the horizon. The picturesque blue country is sure, from the nature of the ground, to present some distance of this kind, so as never to be without a high and ethereal mystery.

198. The third and last distinctive attribute is sensuality. This is a startling word, and requires some explanation. In the first place, every line is voluptuous, floating, and wavy in its form; deep, rich, and exquisitely soft in its colour; drowsy in its effect; like slow, wild music; letting the eye repose on it, as on a wreath of cloud, without one feature of harshness to hurt, or of contrast to awaken. In the second place, the cultivation, which, in the simple blue country, has the forced

* In leaving simple blue country, we hope it need hardly be said that we leave bricks at once and for ever. Nothing can excuse them out of their proper territory.

formality of growth which evidently is to supply the necessities of man, here seems to leap into the spontaneous luxuriance of life, which is fitted to minister to his pleasures. The surface of the earth exults with animation, especially tending to the gratification of the senses; and, without the artificialness which reminds man of the necessity of his own labour, without the opposing influences which call for his resistance, without the vast energies that remind him of his impotence, without the sublimity that can call his noblest thoughts into action, yet, with every perfection that can tempt him to indolence of enjoyment, and with such abundant bestowal of natural gifts, as might seem to prevent that indolence from being its own punishment, the earth appears to have become a garden of delight, wherein the sweep of the bright hills, without chasm or crag, the flow of the bending rivers, without rock or rapid, and the fruitfulness of the fair earth, without care or labour on the part of its inhabitants, appeal to the most pleasant passions of eye and sense, calling for no effort of body, and impressing no fear on the mind.[1] In hill country we have a struggle to maintain with the elements; in simple blue, we have not the luxuriance of delight: here, and here only, all nature combines to breathe over us a lulling slumber, through which life degenerates into sensation.

199. These considerations are sufficient to explain what we mean by the epithet "sensuality." Now, taking these three distinctive attributes, the mysterious, the graceful, and the voluptuous, what is the whole character? Very nearly—the Greek: for these attributes, common to all picturesque blue country, are modified in the degree of their presence by every climate. In England, they are all low in their tone; but as we go southward, the voluptuousness becomes deeper in feeling as the colours of the earth and the heaven become purer and more passionate, and "the purple of ocean deepest of dye;"[2] the mystery becomes mightier, for the greater and more

[1] [One of those long sentences (163 words) to which Ruskin was, in his middle period, to become—triumphantly, if perilously—addicted.]

[2] [Byron: *Bride of Abydos*, i. 1.]

universal energy of the beautiful permits its features to come nearer, and to rise into the sublime, without causing fear. It is thus that we get the essence of the Greek feeling, as it was embodied in their finest imaginations, as it showed itself in the works of their sculptors and their poets, in which sensation was made almost equal with thought, and deified by its nobility of association; at once voluptuous, refined, dreamily mysterious, infinitely beautiful. Hence, it appears that the spirit of this blue country is essentially Greek; though, in England and in other northern localities, that spirit is possessed by it in a diminished and degraded degree. It is also the natural dominion of the villa, possessing all the attributes which attracted the Romans, when, in their hours of idleness, they lifted the light arches along the echoing promontories of Tiber. It is especially suited to the expression of the edifice of pleasure; and, therefore, is most capable of being adorned by it.

200. The attention of every one about to raise himself a villa of any kind should, therefore, be directed to this kind of country; first, as that in which he will not be felt to be an intruder; secondly, as that which will, in all probability, afford him the greatest degree of continuous pleasure, when his eye has become accustomed to the features of the locality. To the human mind, as on the average constituted, the features of hill scenery will, by repetition, become tiresome, and of wood scenery, monotonous; while the simple blue can possess little interest of any kind. Powerful intellect will generally take perpetual delight in hill residence; but the general mind soon feels itself oppressed with a peculiar melancholy and weariness, which it is ashamed to own; and we hear our romantic gentlemen begin to call out about the want of society, while, if the animals were fit to live where they have forced themselves, they would never want more society than that of a grey stone, or of a clear pool of gushing water. On the other hand, there are few minds so degraded as not to feel greater pleasure in the picturesque blue than in any other country. Its distance has generally grandeur enough to meet their moods of aspiration;

its near aspect is that of a more human interest than that of hill country, and harmonises more truly with the domestic feelings which are common to all mankind; so that, on the whole, it will be found to maintain its freshness of beauty to the habituated eye, in a greater degree than any other scenery.

201. As it thus persuades us to inhabit it, it becomes a point of honour not to make the attractiveness of its beauty its destruction; especially as, being the natural dominion of the villa, it affords great opportunity for the architect to exhibit variety of design.

Its spirit has been proved to be Greek; and therefore, though that spirit is slightly manifested in Britain, and though every good architect is shy of importation, villas on Greek and Roman models are admissible here. Still, as in all blue country there is much activity of life, the principle of utility should be kept in view, and the building should have as much simplicity as can be united with perfect gracefulness of line. It appears from the principles of composition alluded to in speaking of the Italian villa, that in undulating country the forms should be square and massy; and, where the segments of curves are small, the buildings should be low and flat, while they may be prevented from appearing cumbrous by some well-managed irregularity of design, which will be agreeable to the inhabitant as well as to the spectator; enabling him to change the aspect and size of his chamber, as temperature or employment may render such change desirable, without being foiled in his design, by finding the apartments of one wing matched, foot to foot, by those of the other.

202. For the colour, it has been shown that white or pale tints are agreeable in all blue country: but there must be warmth in it, and a great deal too,—grey being comfortless and useless with a cold distance; but it must not be raw or glaring.* The roof and chimneys should be kept out of sight

* The epithet "raw," by the by, is vague, and needs definition. Every tint is raw which is perfectly opaque, and has not all the three primitive colours in its composition. Thus, black is always raw, because it has no

as much as possible; and therefore the one very flat, and the other very plain. We ought to revive the Greek custom of roofing with thin slabs of coarse marble, cut into the form of tiles. However, where the architect finds he has a very cool distance, and few trees about the building, and where it stands so high as to preclude the possibility of its being looked down upon, he will, if he be courageous, use a very flat roof of the dark Italian tile. The eaves, which are all that should be seen, will be peculiarly graceful; and the sharp contrast of colour (for this tiling can only be admitted with white walls) may be altogether avoided, by letting them cast a strong shadow, and by running the walls up into a range of low garret windows, to break the horizontal line of the roof. He will thus obtain a bit of very strong colour, which will impart a general glow of cheerfulness to the building, and which, if he manages it rightly, will not be glaring nor intrusive. It is to be observed, however, that he can only do this with villas of the most humble order, and that he will seldom find his employer possessed of so much common sense as to put up with a tile roof. When this is the case, the flat slabs of the upper limestone (ragstone) are usually better than slate.

208. For the rest, it is always to be kept in view, that the prevailing character of the whole is to be that of graceful simplicity; distinguished from the simplicity of the Italian

colour; white never, because it has all colours. No tint can be raw which is not opaque; and opacity may be taken away, either by actual depth and transparency, as in the sky; by lustre and texture, as in the case of silk and velvet, or by variety of shade as in forest verdure. Two instances will be sufficient to prove the truth of this. Brick, when first fired, is always raw; but when it has been a little weathered, it acquires a slight blue tint, assisted by the grey of the mortar: incipient vegetation affords it the yellow. It thus obtains an admixture of the three colours, and is raw no longer. An old woman's red cloak, though glaring, is never raw; for it must of necessity have folded shades: those shades are of a rich grey; no grey can exist without yellow and blue. We have then three colours, and no rawness. It must be observed however, that when any one of the colours is given in so slight a degree that it can be overpowered by certain effects of light, the united colour, when opaque, will be raw. Thus many flesh-colours are raw; because, though they must have a little blue in their composition, it is too little to be efficiently visible in a strong light.

edifice, by being that of utility instead of that of pride.* Consequently the building must *not* be Gothic or Elizabethan: it may be as commonplace as the proprietor likes, provided its proportions be good; but nothing can ever excuse one acute angle, or one decorated pinnacle,—both being direct interruption of the repose with which the eye is indulged by the undulations of the surrounding scenery. Tower and fortress outlines are indeed agreeable, for their fine grouping and roundness; but we do not allude to them, because nothing can be more absurd than the humour prevailing at the present day among many of our peaceable old gentlemen, who never smelt powder in their lives, to eat their morning muffin in a savage-looking round tower, and admit quiet old ladies to a tea-party under the range of twenty-six cannon, which—it is lucky for the china—are all wooden ones,—as they are, in all probability, accurately and awfully pointed into the drawing-room windows.

So much then for our British blue country, to which it was necessary to devote some time, as occupying a considerable portion of the island, and being peculiarly well adapted for villa residences.

[C. *The Woody or Green Country.*]

204. The woody, or green country, which is next in order, was spoken of before, and was shown to be especially our own.[1] The Elizabethan was pointed out as the style peculiarly belonging to it; and farther criticism of that style was deferred until we came to the consideration of domestic buildings provided with the means of defence. We have, therefore, at present only to offer a few remarks on the principles to be observed in the erection of Elizabethan villas at the present day.

205. First. The building must be either quite chaste, or excessively rich in decoration. Every inch of ornament short

* There must always be a difficulty in building in picturesque blue country in England; for the English character is opposed to that of the country: it is neither graceful, nor mysterious, nor voluptuous; therefore, what we cede to the country, we take from the nationality, and *vice versâ*.

[1] [See above, § 85.]

of a certain quantity will render the whole effect poor and ridiculous; while the pure perpendicular lines of this architecture will always look well if left entirely alone. The architect therefore, when limited as to expense, should content himself with making his oriels project boldly, channelling their mullions richly, and, in general, rendering his vertical lines delicate and beautiful in their workmanship; but, if his estimate be unlimited, he should lay on his ornament richly, taking care never to confuse the eye.

206. Those parts to which, of necessity, observation is especially directed, must be finished so as to bear a close scrutiny, that the eye may rest on them with satisfaction: but their finish must not be of a character which would have attracted the eye by itself, without being placed in a conspicuous situation; for, if it were, the united attraction of form and detail would confine the contemplation altogether to the parts so distinguished, and render it impossible for the mind to receive any impression of general effect.

Consequently, the parts that project, and are to bear a strong light, must be chiselled with infinite delicacy; so that the ornament, though it would have remained unobserved had the eye not been guided to it, when observed, may be of distinguished beauty and power; but those parts which are to be flat, and in shade, should be marked with great sharpness and boldness, that the impression may be equalised.

When, for instance, we have to do with oriels, to which attention is immediately attracted by their projection, we may run wreaths of the finest flower-work up the mullions, charge the terminations with shields, and quarter them richly; but we must join the window to the wall, where its shadow falls, by means of more deep and decided decoration.

206. Secondly. In the choice and design of his ornaments, the architect should endeavour to be grotesque rather than graceful (though little bits of soft flower-work here and there will relieve the eye): but he must not imagine he can be grotesque by carving faces with holes for eyes and knobs for noses; on the contrary, whenever he mimics grotesque life,

there should be wit and humour in every feature, fun and frolic in every attitude; every distortion should be anatomical, and every monster a studied combination. This is a question, however, relating more nearly to Gothic architecture and therefore we shall not enter into at present.[1]

207. Thirdly. The gables must, on no account, be jagged into a succession of right angles, as if people were to be perpetually engaged in trotting up one side and down the other. This custom, though sanctioned by authority, has very little apology to offer for itself, based on any principle of composition. In street effect indeed it is occasionally useful; and where the verticals below are unbroken by ornament, may be used even in the detached Elizabethan, but not when decoration has been permitted below. They should then be carried up in curved lines, alternating with two angles, or three at the most, without pinnacles or hip-knobs. A hollow parapet is far better than a battlement, in the intermediate spaces; the latter, indeed, is never allowable, except when the building has some appearance of being intended for defence, and therefore is generally barbarous in the villa; while the parapet admits of great variety of effect.

208. Lastly. Though the grotesque of Elizabethan architecture is adapted for wood country, the grotesque of the clipped garden, which frequently accompanies it, is not. The custom of clipping trees into fantastic forms is always to be reprehended: first, because it never can produce the true grotesque, for the material is not passive, and, therefore, a perpetual sense of restraint is induced, while the great principle of the grotesque is action; again, because we have a distinct perception of two natures, the one neutralising the other; for the vegetable organisation is too palpable to let the animal form suggest its true idea; again, because the great beauty of all foliage is the energy of life and action, of which

[1] [Ruskin here lays down some of the conditions which he was afterwards (though not in these papers) to develop in his analysis of the grotesque, noble and ignoble. See *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. iii., "Grotesque Renaissance," and *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. viii., "Of the True Ideal:—Thirdly, Grotesque," and cf. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 42.]

it loses the appearance by formal clipping; and again, because the hands of the gardener will never produce anything really spirited or graceful. Much, however, need not be said on this subject; for the taste of the public does not now prompt them to such fettering of fair freedom, and we should be as sorry to see the characteristic vestiges of it, which still remain in a few gardens, lost altogether, as to see the thing again becoming common.

209. The garden of the Elizabethan villa, then, should be laid out with a few simple terraces near the house, so as to unite it well with the ground; lines of balustrade along the edges, guided away into the foliage of the taller trees of the garden, with the shadows falling at intervals. The balusters should be square rather than round, with the angles outward; and if the balustrade looks unfinished at the corners, it may be surmounted by a grotesque bit of sculpture, of any kind; but it must be very strong and deep in its carved lines, and must not be large; and all graceful statues are to be avoided, for the reasons mentioned in speaking of the Italian villa:[1] neither is the terraced part of the garden to extend to any distance from the house, nor to have deep flights of steps, for they are sure to get mossy and slippery, if not superintended with troublesome care; and the rest of the garden should have more trees than flowers in it. A flower-garden is an ugly thing, even when best managed: it is an assembly of unfortunate beings, pampered and bloated above their natural size, stewed and heated into diseased growth; corrupted by evil communication into speckled and inharmonious colours; torn from the soil which they loved, and of which they were the spirit and the glory, to glare away their term of tormented life among the mixed and incongruous essences of each other, in earth that they know not, and in air that is poison to them.[2]

210. The florist may delight in this: the true lover of

[1] [See above, § 110, and *cf.* § 153.]

[2] [Cf. *Proserpina*, "Giulietta:" "I believe no manner of temperance in pleasure would be better rewarded than that of making our gardens gay only with common flowers, and leaving those which needed care for their transplanted life to be found in their native places when we travelled." *Cf.* below, p. 474.]

flowers never will. He who has taken lessons from nature, who has observed the real purpose and operation of flowers; how they flush forth from the brightness of the earth's being, as the melody rises up from among the moved strings of the instrument; how the wildness of their pale colours passes over her, like the evidence of a various emotion; how the quick fire of their life and their delight glows along the green banks, where the dew falls the thickest, and the mists of incense pass slowly through the twilight of the leaves, and the intertwined roots make the earth tremble with strange joy at the feeling of their motion; he who has watched this will never take away the beauty of their being to mix into meretricious glare, or to feed into an existence of disease. And the flower-garden is as ugly in effect as it is unnatural in feeling: it never will harmonise with anything, and if people will have it, should be kept out of sight till they get into it.

211. But in laying out the garden which is to assist the effect of the building, we must observe, and exclusively use, the natural combinations of flowers.* Now, as far as we are aware, bluish purple is the only flower colour which Nature ever uses in masses of distant effect; this, however, she does in the case of most heathers, with the Rhododendron ferrugineum, and, less extensively, with the colder colour of the wood hyacinth. Accordingly, the large rhododendron may be used to almost any extent, in masses; the pale varieties of the rose more sparingly; and, on the turf, the wild violet and pansy should be sown by chance, so that they may grow in undulations of colour, and should be relieved by a few primroses. All dahlias, tulips, ranunculi, and, in general, what are called florist's flowers, should be avoided like garlic.

* Every one who is about to lay out a limited extent of garden, in which he wishes to introduce many flowers, should read and attentively study, first Shelley, and next Shakspeare. The latter indeed induces the most beautiful connexions between thought and flower that can be found in the whole range of European literature; but he very often uses the symbolical effect of the flower, which it can only have on the educated mind, instead of the natural and true effect of the flower, which it must have, more or less, upon every mind. Thus, when Ophelia, presenting her wild flowers, says, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is

212. Perhaps we should apologise for introducing this in the *Architectural Magazine;* but it is not out of place: the garden is almost a necessary adjunct of the Elizabethan villa, and all garden architecture is utterly useless unless it be assisted by the botanical effect.

These, then, are a few of the more important principles of architecture, which are to be kept in view in the blue and in the green country. The wild, or grey, country is never selected, in Britain, as the site of a villa; and, therefore, it only remains for us to offer a few remarks on a subject as difficult as it is interesting and important, the architecture of the villa in British hill, or brown, country.

pansies, that's for thoughts:" the infinite beauty of the passage depends entirely upon the arbitrary meaning attached to the flowers. But, when Shelley speaks of

> "The lily of the vale,
> Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
> That the light of her tremulous bells is seen
> Through their pavilion of tender green,"[1]

he is etherealising an impression which the mind naturally receives from the flower. Consequently, as it is only by their natural influence that flowers can address the mind through the eye, we must read Shelley, to learn how to use flowers, and Shakspeare, to learn to love them. In both writers we find the wild flower possessing soul as well as life, and mingling its influence most intimately, like an untaught melody, with the deepest and most secret streams of human emotion.

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[1] [In the third line of the quotation from Shelley, "her" should be "its," and in the fourth "pavilion," "pavilions." The first line, as it stands in "The Sensitive Plant," is, "And the Naiad-like lily of the vale." For another reference to the particularisation of flowers by Shakespeare and Shelley, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i., preface to 2nd edition, § 31. To Shakespeare's flower fancies, Ruskin frequently alluded; see, *e.g. Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. xx. § 29, *Queen of the Air*, § 82, and *Proserpina*, "Viola." For the motto of the latter work, the subject of which is "studies of wayside flowers," he chose the lines from *The Winter's Tale*, Act iv. Sc. iii.: "Oh —Proserpina! For the flowers now, which frighted, thou let'st fall from Dis's waggon." *Cf.* also in Vol. II., "The Gipsies," author's note to line 19. For Ruskin on Shelley, see below, pp. 252, 253.]

VII

THE BRITISH VILLA—PRINCIPLES OF COMPOSITION[1]

D. *Hill, or Brown Country.*

"Vivite contenti casulis et collibus istis."—JUVENAL [xiv. 179].

218. IN the Boulevard des Italiens, just at the turning into the Rue la Paix (in Paris), there stand a few dusky and withered trees, beside a kind of dry ditch, paved at the bottom, into which a carriage can with some difficulty descend, and which affords access (not in an unusual manner) to the ground floor of a large and dreary-looking house, whose passages are dark and confined, whose rooms are limited in size, and whose windows command an interesting view of the dusty trees before mentioned.

This is the town residence of one of the Italian noblemen, whose country house has already been figured as a beautiful example of the villas of the Lago di Como.[2] That villa, however, though in one of the loveliest situations that hill, and wave, and heaven ever combined to adorn, and though itself one of the most delicious habitations that luxury ever projected, or wealth procured, is very rarely honoured by the presence of its master; while attractions of a very different nature retain him, winter after winter, in the dark chambers of the Boulevard des Italiens.

214. This appears singular to the casual traveller, who darts down from the dust and heat of the French capital to the light and glory of the Italian lakes, and finds the tall marble chambers and orange groves, in which he thinks, were he possessed of them, he could luxuriate for ever, left desolate

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., 1838 (December), pp. 533–554.]
[2] [Probably the Villa Sommariva, see p. 84.]

and neglected by their real owner; but, were he to try such a residence for a single twelvemonth, we believe his wonder would have greatly diminished at the end of the time. For the mind of the nobleman in question does not differ from that of the average of men; inasmuch as it is a well-known fact that a series of sublime impressions, continued indefinitely, gradually pall upon the imagination, deaden its fineness of feeling, and in the end induce a gloomy and morbid state of mind, a reaction of a peculiarly melancholy character, because consequent, not upon the absence of that which once caused excitement, but upon the failure of its power.[1] This is not the case with all men; but with those over whom the sublimity of an unchanging scene can retain its power for ever, we have nothing to do; for they know better than any architect can, how to choose their scene, and how to add to its effect; we have only to impress upon them the propriety of thinking before they build, and of keeping their humours under the control of their judgment.

215. It is not of them, but of the man of average intellect, that we are thinking throughout all these papers; and upon him it cannot be too strongly impressed, that there are very few points in a hill country at all adapted for a permanent residence. There is a kind of instinct, indeed, by which men become aware of this, and shrink from the sterner features of hill scenery into the parts possessing a human interest; and thus we find the north side of the Lake Leman, from Vevay to Geneva, which is about as monotonous a bit of vine-country as any in Europe, studded with villas;[2] while the south side, which is as exquisite a piece of scenery as is to be found in all Switzerland, possesses, we think, two. The instinct in this case is true; but we frequently find it in error. Thus, the Lake of Como is the resort of half Italy, while the Lago Maggiore possesses scarcely one villa of importance, besides those on the Borromean Islands. Yet the Lago Maggiore is

[1] [Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. x. §§ 14, 15, where Ruskin, with some personal reminiscences, discusses the "weariable" quality of the imagination.]

[2] [Ruskin had seen the Lake of Geneva both in his tour of 1833 and in that of 1835.]

Looking to Lago Maggiore from Vogogna.
1846.

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far better adapted for producing and sustaining a pleasurable impression, than that of Como.

216. The first thing, then, which the architect has to do in hill country is to bring his employer down from heroics to common sense; to teach him that, although it might be very well for a man like Pliny,[1] whose whole spirit and life was wrapt up in that of Nature, to set himself down under the splash of a cascade 400 feet high, such escapades are not becoming in English gentlemen; and that it is necessary, for his own satisfaction, as well as that of others, that he should keep in the most quiet and least pretending corners of the landscape which he has chosen.

217. Having got his employer well under control, he has two points to consider. First, where he will spoil least; and, secondly, where he will gain most.

Now he may spoil a landscape in two ways: either by destroying an association connected with it, or a beauty inherent in it. With the first barbarism we have nothing to do; for it is one which would not be permitted on a large scale; and even if it were, could not be perpetrated by any man of the slightest education. No one, having any pretensions to be called a human being, would build himself a house on the meadow of the Rütli, or by the farm of La Haye Sainte, or on the lonely isle on Loch Katrine.[2] Of the injustice of the

[1] [The reference is to the "Villa Pliniana," which stands at the foot of a high cliff, swept by a fine cascade, above seven miles south of Nesso. Ruskin wrote some lines on the supposed associations of the spot in his poetical *Tour on the Continent* (1833): see Vol. II. The villa is not, however, on the site of that built by Pliny; it is called after him from an intermittent spring which is asserted to be the one minutely described by him (*Epist.* v. 7). It is the Villa Lenno which is supposed to be on the site of Pliny's villa.]

[2] [Ruskin saw the Rütli on his Continental tour in 1835, and the romance of the spot where the three confederates took the oath of freedom haunted him ever afterwards; see, *e.g.*, the description of the spot in *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. ix. § 16. The field of Waterloo was among his earliest recollections. He had been taken, when five years old, to Paris and Brussels, and describes in *Præterita* (i. ch. v. § 118; ch. vi. § 119) their "slow walk over the field. The defacing mound was not then built—it was only nine years since the fight; and each bank and hollow of the ground was still a true exponent of the courses of charge or recoil." He went there again in 1833. His poems of the period abound in references to the scene, and he wrote a dramatic sketch on the battle: see Vol. II. The "heroic enchantment" of "The Lady of the Lake," as he calls it in *Præterita* (i. ch. iv. § 72), was also upon him from his earliest years.]

second barbarism we have spoken already; and it is the object of this paper to show how it may be avoided, as well as to develop the principles by which we may be guided in the second question; that of ascertaining how much permanent pleasure will be received from the contemplation of a given scene.

218. It is very fortunate that the result of these several investigations will generally be found the same. The residence which in the end is found altogether delightful, will be found to have been placed where it has committed no injury; and therefore the best way of consulting our own convenience in the end is, to consult the feelings of the spectator in the beginning.* Now, the first grand rule for the choice of situation is, never to build a villa where the ground is not richly productive. It is not enough that it should be capable of producing a crop of scanty oats or turnips in a fine season; it must be rich and luxuriant, and glowing with vegetative power of one kind or another.† For the very chiefest‡ part of the character of the edifice of pleasure is, and must be, its perfect ease, its appearance of felicitous repose. This it can never have where the nature and expression of the land near it reminds us of the necessity of labour, and where the earth is niggardly of all that constitutes its beauty and our pleasure; this it can only have, where the presence of man seems the natural consequence of

* For instance, one proprietor terrifies the landscape all round him, within a range of three miles, by the conspicuous position of his habitation; and is punished by finding that, from whatever quarter the wind may blow, it sends in some of his plate-glass. Another spoils a pretty bit of crag by building below it, and has two or three tons of stone dropped through his roof, the first frosty night. Another occupies the turfy slope of some soft lake promontory, and has his cook washed away by the first flood. We do not remember ever having seen a dwelling-house destroying the effect of a landscape, of which, considered merely as a habitation, we should wish to be the possessor.

† We are not thinking of the effect upon the human frame of the air which is favourable to vegetation. Chemically considered, the bracing breeze of the more sterile soil is the most conducive to health, and is practically so, when the frame is not perpetually exposed to it; but the keenness which checks the growth of the plant is, in all probability, trying, to say the least, to the constitution of a resident.

‡ We hope the English language may long retain this corrupt but energetic superlative.

an ample provision for his enjoyment, not the continuous struggle of suffering existence with a rude heaven and rugged soil. There is nobility in such a struggle, but not when it is maintained by the inhabitant of the villa, in whom it is unnatural, and therefore injurious in its effect. The narrow cottage on the desolate moor, or the stalwart hospice on the crest of the Alps, each leaves an ennobling impression of energy and endurance; but the possessor of the villa should call, not upon our admiration, but upon our sympathy; and his function is to deepen the impression of the beauty and the fulness of creation, not to exhibit the majesty of man; to show, in the intercourse of earth and her children, not how her severity may be mocked by their heroism, but how her bounty may be honoured in their enjoyment.

219. This position, being once granted, will save us a great deal of trouble; for it will put out of our way, as totally unfit for villa residence, nine-tenths of all mountain scenery; beginning with such bleak and stormy bits of hill-side as that which was metamorphosed into something like a forest by the author of "Waverley";[1] laying an equal veto on all the severe landscapes of such districts of minor mountains as the Scotch Highlands and North Wales; and finishing by setting aside all the higher sublimity of Alp and Apennine. What, then, has it left us? The gentle slope of the lake shore, and the spreading parts of the quiet valley, in almost all scenery; and the shores of the Cumberland lakes in our own, distinguished as they are by a richness of soil, which, though generally manifested only in an exquisite softness of pasture and roundness of undulation, is sufficiently evident to place them out of the sweeping range of this veto.

220. Now, as we have only to do with Britain at present,

[1] [When Scott purchased Abbotsford in 1811, the greater part of it consisted of waste land, covered with nothing better than the native heath. There was one strip of firs, so long and so narrow that Scott likened it to a black hair-comb. He at once began to plant the hillside, and already in 1825 a visitor described the general appearance of Tweedside, for some miles, as "quite altered by the graceful ranges of his woodland" (see Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chs. xxiii., lxii.). Ruskin visited Abbotsford in 1838, and was bitterly disappointed with it, as appears from a letter to Loudon, referred to in a note on *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 92, where his later impressions to the same effect are also recorded.]

we shall direct particular attention to the Cumberland lakes, as they are the only mountain district which, taken generally, is adapted for the villa residence, and as every piece of scenery, which in other districts is so adapted, resembles them in character and tone.

We noticed, in speaking of the Westmoreland cottage, the feeling of humility with which we are impressed during a mountain ramble.[1] Now, it is nearly impossible for a villa of large size, however placed, not to disturb and interrupt this necessary and beautiful impression, particularly where the scenery is on a very small scale. This disadvantage may be obviated in some degree, as we shall see, by simplicity of architecture; but another, dependent on a question of proportion, is inevitable.

221. When an object, in which magnitude is a desirable attribute, leaves an impression, on a practised eye, of less magnitude than it really possesses, we should place objects beside it, of whose magnitude we can satisfy ourselves, of larger size than that which we are accustomed to; for, by finding these large objects in precisely the proportion to the grand object, to which we *are* accustomed, while we know their actual size to be one to which we are *not* accustomed, we become aware of the true magnitude of the principal feature. But where the object leaves a true impression of its size on the practised eye, we shall do harm by rendering minor objects either larger or smaller than they usually are. Where the object leaves an impression of greater magnitude than it really possesses, we must render the minor objects smaller than they usually are, to prevent our being undeceived.

222. Now, a mountain of 15,000 feet high always looks lower than it really is; therefore the larger the buildings near it are rendered, the better. Thus, in speaking of the Swiss cottage, it was observed that a building of the size of St. Peter's in its place, would exhibit the size of the mountains more truly and strikingly.[2] A mountain 7000 feet high strikes its impression with great truth; we are deceived on neither

[1] [See above, § 50.]

[2] [See above, § 42.]

side; therefore the building near it should be of the average size; and thus the villas of the Lago di Como, being among hills from 6000 to 8000 feet high, are well proportioned, being neither colossal nor diminutive: but a mountain 3000 feet high always looks higher than it really is;* therefore the buildings near it should be smaller than the average. And this is what is meant by the proportion of objects; namely, rendering them of such relative size as shall produce the greatest possible impression of those attributes which are most desirable in both. It is not the true, but the desirable impression which is to be conveyed; and it must not be in one, but in both: the building must not be overwhelmed by the mass of the mountain, nor the precipice mocked by the elevation of the cottage. (Proportion of colour is a question of quite a different nature, dependent merely on admixture and combination.)

* This position, as well as the two preceding, is important, and in need of confirmation. It has often been observed, that, when the eye is altogether unpractised in estimating elevation, it believes every point to be lower than it really is; but this does not militate against the proposition, for it is also well known, that the higher the point, the greater the deception. But when the eye is thoroughly practised in mountain measurement, although the judgment, arguing from technical knowledge, gives a true result, the impression on the feelings is always at variance with it, except in hills of the middle height. We are perpetually astonished, in our own country, by the sublime impression left by such hills as Skiddaw, or Cader Idris, or Ben Venue; perpetually vexed, in Switzerland, by finding that, setting aside circumstances of form and colour, the abstract impression of elevation is (except in some moments of peculiar effect, worth a king's ransom) inferior to the truth. We were standing the other day [1] on the slope of the Brevent, above the Prieuré of Chamouni, with a companion, well practised in climbing Highland hills, but a stranger among the Alps. Pointing out a rock above the Glacier des Bossons, we requested an opinion of its height. "I should think," was the reply, "I could climb it in two steps; but I am too well used to hills to be taken in in that way; it is at least 40 feet." The real height was 470 feet. This deception is attributable to several causes (independently of the clearness of the medium through which the object is seen), which it would be out of place to discuss here, but the chief of which is the natural tendency of the feelings always to believe objects subtending the same angle to be of the same height. We say the feelings, not the eye; for the practised eye never betrays its possessor, though the due and corresponding mental impression is not received.

[1] ["The other day" was in 1835. The companion was his father, or his cousin, Mary Richardson. The three walked some way up the Brevent on July 10.]

223. For these reasons, buildings of a very large size are decidedly destructive of effect among the English lakes: first, because apparent altitudes are much diminished by them; and, secondly, because, whatever position they may be placed in, instead of combining with scenery, they occupy and overwhelm it; for all scenery is divided into pieces, each of which has a near bit of beauty, a promontory of lichened crag, or a smooth swarded knoll, or something of the kind, to begin with. Wherever the large villa comes, it takes up one of these beginnings of landscape altogether; and the parts of crag or wood, which ought to combine with it, become subservient to it, and lost in its general effect; that is, ordinarily, in a general effect of ugliness. This should never be the case: however intrinsically beautiful the edifice may be, it should assist, but not supersede; join, but not eclipse; appear, but not intrude.

224. The general rule by which we are to determine the size is, to select the largest mass which will not overwhelm any object of fine form, within two hundred yards of it; and if it does not do this, we may be quite sure it is not too large for the distant features: for it is one of Nature's most beautiful adaptations, that she is never out of proportion with herself; that is, the minor details of scenery of the first class bear exactly the proportion to the same species of detail in scenery of the second class, that the large features of the first bear to the large features of the second. Every mineralogist knows that the quartz of the St. Gothard is as much larger in its crystal than the quartz of Snowdon, as the peak of the one mountain overtops the peak of the other; and that the crystals of the Andes are larger than either.* Every artist knows that the boulders of an Alpine foreground, and the leaps of an Alpine stream, are as much larger than the boulders, and as much bolder than the leaps, of a

* This is rather a bold assertion; and we should be sorry to maintain the fact as universal; but the crystals of *almost* all the rarer minerals are larger in the larger mountain; and that altogether independently of the period of elevation, which, in the case of Mont Blanc, is later than that of our own Mendips.

Cumberland foreground and torrent, as the Jungfrau is higher than Skiddaw. Therefore, if we take care of the near effect in any country, we need never be afraid of the distant.

225. For these reasons, the cottage villa, rather than the mansion, is to be preferred among our hills: it has been preferred in many instances, and in too many, with an unfortunate result; for the cottage villa is precisely that which affords the greatest scope for practical absurdity. Symmetry, proportion, and some degree of simplicity, are usually kept in view in the large building; but, in the smaller, the architect considers himself licensed to try all sorts of experiments, and jumbles together pieces of imitation, taken at random from his note-book, as carelessly as a bad chemist mixing elements, from which he may by accident obtain something new, though the chances are ten to one that he obtains something useless. The chemist, however, is more innocent than the architect; for the one throws his trash out of the window, if the compound fail; while the other always thinks his conceit too good to be lost. The great one cause of all the errors in this branch of architecture is, the principle of imitation, at once the most baneful and the most unintellectual, yet perhaps the most natural, that the human mind can encourage or act upon.*

* In § 166 we noticed the kind of error most common in amateur designs, and we traced that error to its great first cause, the assumption of the humour, instead of the true character, for a guide; but we did not sufficiently specify the mode in which the first cause operated, by prompting to imitation. By imitation we do not mean accurate copying, neither do we mean working under the influence of the feelings by which we may suppose the originators of a given model to have been actuated; but we mean the intermediate step of endeavouring to combine old materials in a novel manner. True copying may be disdained by architects, but it should not be disdained by nations; for when the feelings of the time in which certain styles had their origin have passed away, any examples of the same style will invariably be failures, unless they be copies. It is utter absurdity to talk of building Greek edifices now; no man ever will, or ever can, who does not believe in the Greek mythology; and, precisely by so much as he diverges from the technicality of strict copyism, he will err. But we ought to have pieces of Greek architecture, as we have reprints of the most valuable records, and it is better to build a new Parthenon than to set up the old one. Let the dust and the desolation of the Acropolis be undisturbed for ever; let them be left to be the school of our moral feelings, not of our mechanical perceptions; the line and rule of the prying carpenter should not come into the quiet and holy places of the earth.

Let it once be thoroughly rooted out, and the cottage villa will become a beautiful and interesting element of our landscape.

226. So much for size. The question of position need not detain us long, as the principles advanced in § 104 are true generally, with one exception. Beautiful and calm the situation must always be, but, in England, not conspicuous. In Italy, the dwelling of the descendants of those whose former

Elsewhere, we may build marble models for the education of the national mind and eye; but it is useless to think of adapting the architecture of the Greek to the purposes of the Frank; it never has been done, and never will be. We delight, indeed, in observing the rise of such a building as La Madeleine: beautiful, because accurately copied; useful, as teaching the eye of every passer-by. But we must not think of its purpose; it is wholly unadapted for Christian worship; and were it as bad Greek as our National Gallery, it would be equally unfit.

The mistake of our architects in general is, that they fancy they are speaking good English by speaking bad Greek. We wish, therefore, that copying were more in vogue than it is. But imitation, the endeavour to be Gothic, or Tyrolese, or Venetian, without the slightest grain of Gothic or Venetian feeling; the futile effort to splash a building into age, or daub it into dignity, to zigzag it into sanctity, or slit it into ferocity, when its shell is neither ancient nor dignified, and its spirit neither priestly nor baronial,—this is the degrading vice of the age; fostered, as if man's reason were but a step between the brains of a kitten and a monkey, in the mixed love of despicable excitement and miserable mimicry.

If the English have no imagination, they should not scorn to be commonplace; or rather they should remember that poverty cannot be disguised by beggarly borrowing, that it may be ennobled by calm independence. Our national architecture never will improve until our population are generally convinced that in this art, as in all others, they cannot seem what they cannot be. The scarlet coat or the turned-down collar, which the obsequious portrait-painter puts on the shoulders and off the necks of his savage or insane customers, never can make the 'prentice look military, or the idiot poetical; and the architectural appurtenances of Norman embrasure or Veronaic balcony must be equally ineffective, until they can turn shopkeepers into barons, and schoolgirls into Juliets. Let the national mind be elevated in its character, and it will naturally become pure in its conceptions; let it be simple in its desires, and it will be beautiful in its ideas; let it be modest in feeling, and it will not be insolent in stone. For architect and for employer, there can be but one rule; to be natural in all that they do, and to look for the beauty of the material creation as they would for that of the human form, not in the chanceful and changing disposition of artificial decoration, but in the manifestation of the pure and animating spirit which keeps it from the coldness of the grave.[1]

[1] [In this footnote, the main principles of Ruskin's doctrines on architecture are foreshadowed; see *The Seven Lamps* and *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, passim.]

life has bestowed on every scene the greater part of the majesty which it possesses, ought to have a dignity inherent in it, which would be shamed by shrinking back from the sight of men, and majesty enough to prevent such non-retirement from becoming intrusive; but the spirit of the English landscape is simple, and pastoral and mild, devoid, also, of high associations (for in the Highlands and Wales almost every spot which has the pride of memory is unfit for villa residence); and, therefore, all conspicuous appearance of its more wealthy inhabitants becomes ostentation, not dignity; impudence, not condescension. Their dwellings ought to be just evident, and no more, as forming part of the gentle animation and present prosperity which is the beauty of cultivated ground. And this partial concealment may be effected without any sacrifice of the prospect which the proprietor will insist upon commanding from his windows, and with great accession to his permanent enjoyment.

227. For, first, the only prospect which is really desirable or delightful, is that from the window of the breakfast-room. This is rather a bold position, but it will appear evident on a little consideration. It is pleasant enough to have a pretty little bit visible from the bedrooms; but, after all, it only makes gentlemen cut themselves in shaving, and ladies never think of anything beneath the sun when they are dressing. Then, in the dining-room, windows are absolutely useless, because dinner is always uncomfortable by daylight, and the weight of furniture effect which adapts the room for the gastronomic rites, renders it detestable as a sitting-room. In the library, people should have something else to do, than looking out of the windows; in the drawing-room, the uncomfortable stillness of the quarter of an hour before dinner, may, indeed, be alleviated by having something to converse about at the windows: but it is very shameful to spoil a prospect of any kind, by looking at it when we are not ourselves in a state of corporal comfort and mental good-humour, which nobody can be after the labour of the day, and before he has been fed. But the breakfast-room, where we meet the first light of the dewy day, the first breath of the morning air, the first glance

of gentle eyes; to which we descend in the very spring and elasticity of mental renovation and bodily energy, in the gathering up of our spirit for the new day, in the flush of our awakening from the darkness and the mystery of faint and inactive dreaming, in the resurrection from our daily grave, in the first tremulous sensation of the beauty of our being, in the most glorious perception of the lightning of our life; there, indeed, our expatiation of spirit, when it meets the pulse of outward sound and joy, the voice of bird and breeze and billow, *does* demand some power of liberty, some space for its going forth into the morning, some freedom of intercourse with the lovely and limitless energy of creature and creation.

228. The breakfast-room must have a prospect, and an extensive one; the hot roll and hyson are indiscussable except under such sweet circumstances.[1] But he must be an awkward architect who cannot afford an opening to one window without throwing the whole mass of the building open to public view; particularly as, in the second place, the essence of a good window view is the breaking out of the distant features in little well-composed *morceaux*, not the general glare of a mass of one tone. Have we a line of lake? the silver water must glance out here and there among the trunks of near trees, just enough to show where it flows; then break into an open swell of water, just where it is widest, or where the shore is prettiest. Have we mountains? their peaks must appear over foliage, or through it, the highest and boldest catching the eye conspicuously,[2] yet not seen from base to summit, as if we wanted to measure them. Such a prospect as this is always compatible with as much concealment as we choose. In all these pieces of management, the architect's

[1] [The MS. adds here: ("People sometimes make an effort with the papers, but we approve not of such subterfuge; morning politics spoil the temper for the whole day.") In these days of Indian and Ceylon teas, some readers may have no memory for the hyson, or green tea, of China.]

[2] [Just as the Old Man of Coniston is seen from the whole front of Brantwood. Ruskin in this passage might seem to be describing the home which he chose for himself in his later years. At Denmark Hill, the home where his principal books were written, he valued the view from his bedroom window, giving "command of the morning clouds, inestimable for its aid in all healthy thought"; the breakfast-room "opened on the lawn and farther field" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. viii. § 150).]

chief enemy is the vanity of his employer, who will always want to see more than he ought to see, and than he will have pleasure in seeing, without reflecting how the spectators pay for his pecping.

229. So much, then, for position. We have now only to settle the questions of form and colour, and we shall then have closed the most tiresome investigation which we shall be called upon to enter into; inasmuch as the principles which we may arrive at in considering the architecture of defence,[1] though we hope they may be useful in the abstract, will demand no application to native landscape, in which, happily, no defence is now required; and those relating to sacred edifices will, we also hope, be susceptible of more interest than can possibly be excited by the most degraded branch of the whole art of architecture, one hardly worthy of being included under the name—that, namely, with which we have lately been occupied whose ostensible object is the mere provision of shelter and comfort for the despicable shell within whose darkness and corruption that purity of perception to which all high art is addressed is, during its immaturity, confined.[2]

230. There are two modes in which any mental or material effect may be increased—by contrast, or by assimilation. Supposing that we have a certain number of features or existences under a given influence; then, by subjecting another feature to the same influence, we increase the universality, and therefore the effect, of that influence; but by introducing another feature, *not* under the same influence, we render the subjection of the other features more palpable, and therefore more effective. For example, let the influence be one of shade (Fig. 24), to which a certain number of objects are subjected in *a* and *b*. To *a* we add another feature, subjected to the same influence, and we increase the general impression of shade; to *b* we add the same feature, *not* subjected to this influence, and we have deepened the effect of shade.

[1] [Another reference to the sequel, intended but not written; see above, p. xliv.]

[2] [Instead of the words "despicable shell . . . confined," the MS. reads briefly "body with which we have lately been occupied."]

Now, the principles by which we are to be guided in the selection of one or other of these means are of great importance, and must be developed before we can conclude the investigation of villa architecture.

231. The impression produced by a given effect or influence depends upon its degree and its duration. Degree always means the proportionate energy exerted. Duration is either into time, or into space, or into both. The duration of colour is in space alone, forming what is commonly called extent. The duration of sound is in space and time; the space being in the size of the waves of air, which give depth to the tone. The duration of mental emotion is in time alone. Now in all influences, as is the degree, so is the impression; as is the duration, so is the effect of the impression; that is, its permanent operation upon the feelings, or the violence with which it takes possession of our own faculties and senses, as opposed to the abstract impression of its existence, without such operation on our own essence.

Fig. 24

For example, the natural tendency of darkness or shade is to induce fear or melancholy. Now, as the degree of the shade, so is the abstract impression of the existence of shade; but as the duration of shade, so is the fear or melancholy excited by it.

Consequently, when we wish to increase the abstract impression of the power of any influence over objects with which we have no connexion, we must increase degree; but, when we wish the impression to produce a permanent effect upon ourselves, we must increase duration.

Now, degree is always increased by contrast, and duration by assimilation. A few instances of this will be sufficient.

232. Blue is called a cold colour, because it induces a feeling of coolness to the eye, and is much used by nature in her cold effects.

Supposing that we have painted a storm scene, in desolate country, with a single miserable cottage somewhere in front; that we have made the atmosphere and the distance cold and blue, and wish to heighten the comfortless impression. There is an old rag hanging out of the window: shall it be red or blue? If it be red, the piece of warm colour will contrast strongly with the atmosphere; will render its blueness and chilliness immensely more apparent; will increase the *degree* of both, and, therefore, the abstract impression of the existence of cold. But, if it be blue, it will bring the iciness of the distance up into the foreground; will fill the whole visible space with comfortless cold; will take away every relief from the desolation; will increase the *duration* of the influence, and, consequently, will extend its operation into the mind and feelings of the spectator, who will shiver as he looks.

Now, if we are making a *picture*, we shall not hesitate a moment: in goes the red; for the artist, while he wishes to render the actual impression of the presence of cold in the landscape as strong as possible, does not wish that chilliness to pass over into, or affect, the spectator, but endeavours to make the combination of colour as delightful to his eye and feelings as possible.* But, if we are painting a *scene* for theatrical representation, where deception is aimed at, we shall be as decided in our proceeding on the opposite principle: in goes the blue; for we wish the idea of cold to pass over into the spectator, and make him so uncomfortable as to permit his fancy to place him distinctly in the place we desire, in the actual scene.

233. Again, Shakspeare has been blamed by some few critical asses for the raillery of Mercutio, and the humour of the nurse, in "Romeo and Juliet;" for the fool in "Lear;" for the porter in "Macbeth;" the grave-diggers in "Hamlet," etc.; because, it is said, these bits interrupt the tragic feeling. No such thing; they enhance it to an incalculable extent; they deepen its *degree*, though they diminish its *duration*.

* This difference of principle is one leading distinction between the artist, properly so called, and the scene, diorama, or panorama painter.

And what is the result? that the impression of the agony of the individuals brought before us is far stronger than it could otherwise have been, and our sympathies are more forcibly awakened; while, had the contrast been wanting, the impression of pain would have come over into ourselves; our selfish feeling, instead of our sympathy, would have been awakened; the conception of the grief of others diminished; and the tragedy would have made us very uncomfortable, but never have melted us to tears or excited us to indignation. When he, whose merry and satirical laugh rung in our ears the moment before, faints before us, with "a plague o' both your houses, they have made worms' meat of me,"[1] the acuteness of our feeling is excessive: but, had we not heard the laugh before, there would have been a dull weight of melancholy impression, which would have been painful, not affecting.

234. Hence, we see the grand importance of the choice of our means of enhancing effect, and we derive the simple rule for that choice, namely, that, when we wish to increase abstract impression, or to call upon the sympathy of the spectator, we are to use contrast;[2] but, when we wish to extend the operation of the impression, or to awaken the selfish feelings, we are to use assimilation.

This rule, however, becomes complicated, where the feature of contrast is not altogether passive; that is, where we wish to give a conception of any qualities inherent in that feature, as well as in what it relieves; and, besides, it is not always easy to know whether it will be best to increase the abstract idea, or its operation. In most cases, energy, the degree of influence, is beauty; and, in many, the duration of influence is monotony. In others, duration is sublimity, and energy painful: in a few, energy and duration are attainable and delightful together.

235. It is impossible to give rules for judgment in every case; but the following points must always be observed:— First, when we use contrast, it must be natural and likely

[1] [Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act iii. Sc. i.]
[2] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. i., pref. to 2nd ed., § 34.]

to occur. Thus the contrast in tragedy is the natural consequence of the character of human existence; it is what we see and feel every day of our lives. When a contrast is unnatural, it destroys the effect it should enhance.

Canning called on a French refugee in 1794. The conversation naturally turned on the execution of the Queen, then a recent event. Overcome by his feelings, the Parisian threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming, in an agony of tears, "La bonne reine! la pauvre reine!" Presently he sprang up, exclaiming, "Cependant, Monsieur, il faut vous faire voir mon petit chien danser." This contrast, though natural in a Parisian, was unnatural in the nature of things, and therefore injurious.

236. Secondly. When the general influence, instead of being external, is an attribute or energy of the thing itself, so as to bestow on it a permanent character, the contrast which is obtained by the absence of that character is injurious, and becomes what is called an interruption of the unity. Thus, the raw and colourless tone of the Swiss cottage, noticed at page 86, is an injurious contrast to the richness of the landscape, which is an inherent and necessary energy in surrounding objects. So, the character of Italian landscape is curvilinear; therefore, the outline of the buildings entering into its composition must be arranged on curvilinear principles, as investigated at page 113.

237. Thirdly. But, if the pervading character can be obtained in the single object by different means, the contrast will be delightful. Thus, the elevation of character which the hill districts of Italy possess by the magnificence of their forms, is transmitted to the villa by its dignity of detail and simplicity of outline; and the rectangular interruption to the curve of picturesque blue country, partaking of the nature of that which it interrupts, is a contrast giving relief and interest, while any Elizabethan acute angles, on the contrary, would have been a contrast obtained by the absence of the pervading energy of the universal curvilinear character, and therefore improper.

238. Fourthly. When the general energy, instead of

pervading simultaneously the multitude of objects, as with one spirit, is independently possessed and manifested by every individual object, the result is repetition, not unity; and contrast is not merely agreeable, but necessary. Thus, in Fig. 25 a number of objects, forming the line of beauty, is pervaded by one simple energy; but in Fig. 26 that energy is separately

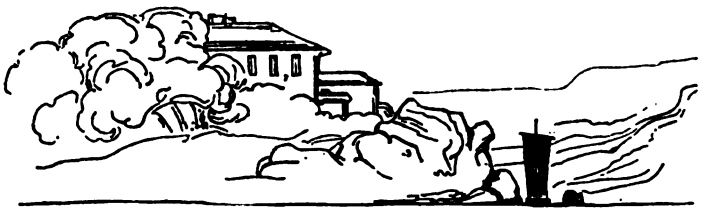

Fig. 25

manifested in each, and the result is painful monotony. Parallel right lines, without grouping, are always liable to this objection; and, therefore, a distant view of a flat country is never beautiful unless its horizontals are lost in richness of vegetation, as in Lombardy; or broken with masses of forest, or with distant hills. If none of these interruptions take place, there is immediate monotony, and no introduction can be

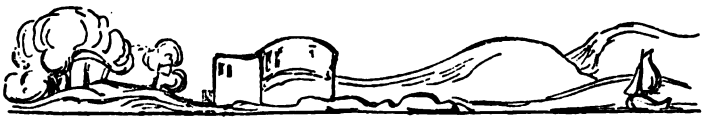

Fig. 26

more delightful than such a tower in the distance as Strasburg, or, indeed, than any architectural combination of verticals. Peterborough is a beautiful instance of such an adaptation. It is always, then, to be remembered that repetition is not assimilation.

239. Fifthly. When any attribute is necessarily beautiful, that is, beautiful in every place and circumstance, we need hardly say that the contrast consisting in its absence is painful.

It is only when beauty is local or accidental that opposition may be employed.

Sixthly. The *edge* of all contrasts, so to speak, should be as soft as is consistent with decisive effect. We mean, that a gradual change is better than instantaneous transfiguration; for, though always less effective, it is more agreeable. But this must be left very much to the judgment.

Seventhly. We must be very careful in ascertaining whether any given contrast is obtained by freedom from external, or absence of internal, energy, for it is often a difficult point to decide. Thus, the peace of the Alpine valley might, at first, seem to be a contrast caused by the want of the character of strength and sublimity manifested in the hills; but it is really caused by the freedom from the general and external influence of violence and desolation.

240. These, then, are principles applicable to all arts, without a single exception, and of particular importance in painting and architecture.[1] It will sometimes be found that one rule comes in the way of another; in which case, the most important is, of course, to be obeyed; but, in general, they will afford us an easy means of arriving at certain results, when, before, our conjectures must have been vague and unsatisfactory.

We may now proceed to determine the most proper *form* for the mountain villa of England.

241. We must first observe the prevailing lines of the near hills: if they are vertical, there will most assuredly be monotony, for the vertical lines of crag are never grouped, and accordingly, by our fourth rule, the prevailing lines of our edifice must be horizontal. In Fig. 27, which is a village halfway up the Lake of Thun,[2] the tendency of the hills is vertical; this tendency is repeated by the buildings, and the composition becomes thoroughly bad; but at p. 83, Fig. 12, we have the same vertical tendency in the hills, while the grand lines of the

[1] [Such principles are discussed in Letter iii., "On Colour and Composition," in *The Elements of Drawing*.]

[2] [The sketch appears to be a reminiscence of Spiez.]

buildings are horizontal, and the composition is good. But, if the prevailing lines of the near hills be curved (and they will be either curved or vertical), we must not interrupt their character, for the energy is then pervading, not individual; and, therefore, our edifice must be rectangular.

In both cases, therefore, the grand outline of the villa is

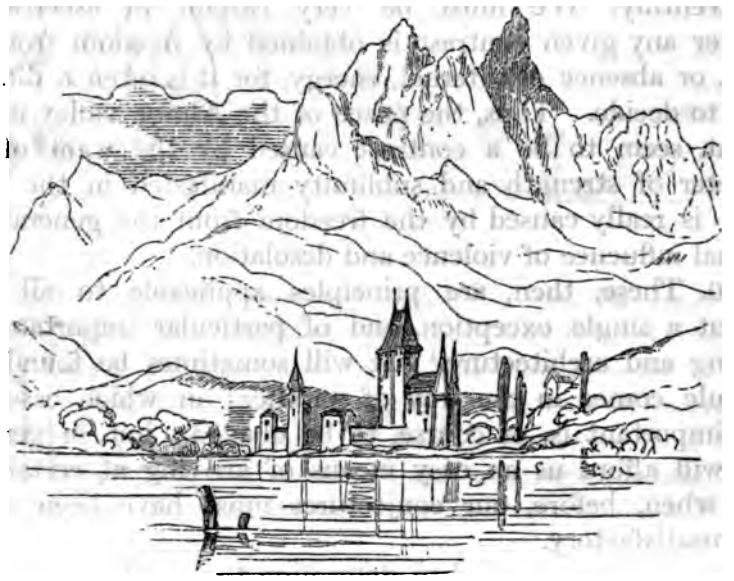

Fig. 27

[VILLAGE ON THE LAKE OF THUN]

the same; but in one we have it set off by contrast, in the other by assimilation; and we must work out in the architecture of each edifice the principle on which we have begun. Commencing with that in which we are to work by contrast: the vertical crags must be the result of violence, and the influence of destruction, of distortion, of torture, to speak strongly, must be evident in their every line. We free the building from this influence, and give it repose, gracefulness, and ease; and we have a contrast of feeling as well as of line, by which the desirable attributes are rendered evident in both

objects, while the *duration* of neither energy being allowed, there can be no disagreeable effect upon the spectator, who will not shrink from the terror of the crags, nor feel a want of excitement in the gentleness of the building.

242. Secondly. Solitude is powerful and evident in its effect on the distant hills; therefore the effect of the villa should be joyous and life-like (not flippant, however, but serene); and, by rendering it so, we shall enhance the sublimity of the distance, as we showed in speaking of the Westmoreland cottage;[1] and, therefore, we may introduce a number of windows with good effect, provided that they are kept in horizontal lines, and do not disturb the repose which we have shown to be necessary.

These three points of contrast will be quite enough: there is no other external influence from which we can free the building, and the pervading energy must be communicated to it, or it will not harmonise with our feelings; therefore, before proceeding, we had better determine how this contrast is to be carried out in detail.

243. Our lines are to be horizontal; then the roof must be as flat as possible. We need not think of snow, because, however much we may slope the roof, it will not slip off from the material, which, here, is the only proper one; and the roof of the cottage is always very flat, which it would not be if there were any inconvenience attending such a form. But, for the sake of the second contrast, we are to have gracefulness and ease, as well as horizontality. Then we must break the line of the roof into different elevations, yet not making the difference great, or we shall have visible verticals. And this must not be done at random.

244. Take a flat line of beauty, *a d*, Fig. 28, for the length of the edifice. Strike *a b* horizontally from *a*, *c d* from *d*; let fall the verticals, make *c f* equal *m n*, the maximum; and draw *h f*. The curve should be so far continued as that *h f* shall be to *c d* as *c d* to *a b*. Then we are sure of a beautifully proportioned form. Much variety may be introduced by using

[1] [See above, § 48.]

Enthusiasm has no business with Turkey carpets or easy-chairs; and the very preparation of comfort for the body, which the existence of the villa supposes, is inconsistent with the supposition of any excitement of mind: and this is another reason for keeping the domestic building in richly productive country. Nature has set aside her sublime bits for us to feel and think in; she has pointed out her productive bits for us to sleep and eat in; and, if we sleep and eat amongst the sublimity, we are brutal; if we poetise amongst the cultivation, we are absurd. There are the time and place for each state of existence, and we should not jumble that which Nature has separated. She has addressed herself, in one part, wholly to the mind; there is nothing for us to eat but bilberries, nothing to rest upon but rock, and we have no business to concoct picnics, and bring cheese, and ale, and sandwiches, in baskets, to gratify our beastly[1] natures, where Nature never intended us to eat (if she had, we needn't have brought the baskets). In the other part, she has provided for our necessities; and we are very absurd, if we make ourselves fantastic, instead of comfortable. Therefore, all that we ought to do in the hill villa is, to adapt it for the habitation of a man of the highest faculties of perception and feeling; but only for the habitation of his hours of common sense, not of enthusiasm; it must be his dwelling as a man, not as a spirit; as a thing liable to decay, not as an eternal energy; as a perishable, not as an immortal.

249. Keeping, then, in view these distinctions of form between the two villas, the remaining considerations relate equally to both.

We have several times alluded to the extreme richness and variety of hill foreground, as an internal energy to which there must be no contrast.[2] Rawness of colour is to be especially avoided, but so, also, is poverty of effect. It will, therefore, add much to the beauty of the building, if in any conspicuous and harsh angle, or shadowy moulding, we introduce a wreath

[1] [An instance of Ruskin getting his effect by the strictly accurate use of a word; cf. *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xxv., and below, note on p. 435.]

[2] [See above, §§ 42, 139.]

of carved leaf-work,—in stone, of course. This sounds startling and expensive; but we are not thinking of expense: what ought to be, not what can be afforded, is the question. Besides, when all expense in shamming castles, building pinnacles, and all other fantasticisms has been shown to be injurious, that which otherwise would have been wasted in plaster battlements, to do harm, may surely be devoted to stone leafage, to do good. Now, if there be too much, or too conspicuous, ornament, it will destroy simplicity and humility, and everything which we have been endeavouring to get; therefore, the architect must be careful, and had better have immediate recourse to that natural beauty with which he is now endeavouring to assimilate.

250. When Nature determines on decorating a piece of projecting rock, she begins with the bold projecting surface, to which the eye is naturally drawn by its form, and (observe how closely she works by the principles which were before investigated) she finishes this with lichens and mingled colours, to a degree of delicacy, which makes us feel that we never can look close enough;[1] but she puts in not a single mass of form to attract the eye, more than the grand outline renders necessary. But, where the rock joins the ground, where the shadow falls, and the eye is not attracted, she puts in bold forms of ornament, large leaves and grass, bunches of moss and heather, strong in their projection, and deep in their colour. Therefore, the architect must act on precisely the same principle: his outward surfaces he may leave the wind and weather to finish in their own way; but he cannot allow Nature to put grass and weeds into the shadows; *ergo*, he must do it himself; and, whenever the eye loses itself in shade, wherever there is a dark and sharp corner, there, if he can, he should introduce a wreath of flower-work. The carving will be preserved from the weather by this very propriety of situation: it would have mouldered away, had it been exposed to the full drift of the rain, but will remain safe in the crevices where it is required; and, also, it will not injure the general effect, but will lie concealed until we

[1] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. ix. § 6.]

approach, and then rise up, as it were, out of the darkness, to its duty; bestowing on the dwellings that finish of effect which is manifested around them, and gratifying the natural requirements of the mind for the same richness in the execution of the designs of men, which it has found on a near approach lavished so abundantly, in a distant view subdued so beautifully into the large effect of the designs of Nature.

251. Of the ornament itself, it is to be observed that it is not to be what is properly called architectural *decoration* (that which is "decorous," becoming, or suitable to), namely, the combination of minor forms, which repeat the lines, and partake of the essence of the grand design, and carry out its meaning and life into its every member; but it is to be true sculpture; the presenting of a pure ideality of form to the eye, which may give perfect conception, without the assistance of colour: it is to be the stone image of vegetation, not botanically accurate, indeed, but sufficiently near to permit us to be sure of the intended flower or leaf.[1] Not a single line of any other kind of ornament should be admitted, and there should be more leafage than flower-work, as it is the more easy in its flow and outline. Deep relief need not be attempted, but the edges of the leafage should be clearly and delicately defined. The cabbage, the vine, and the ivy are the best and most beautiful leaves: oak is a little too stiff, otherwise good. Particular attention ought to be paid to the ease of the stems and tendrils; such care will always be repaid. And it is to be especially observed, that the carving is not to be arranged in garlands or knots, or any other formalities, as in Gothic work; but the stalks are to rise out of the stone, as if they were rooted in it, and to fling themselves down where they are wanted, disappearing again in light sprays, as if they were still growing.

252. All this will require care in designing; but, as we have said before, we can always do without decoration; but, if we have it, it *must* be well done. It is not of the slightest

[1] [Ruskin's first statement of a principle which he was constantly to enforce. See, *e.g.*, *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 14, and *The Two Paths*.]

Woodwork and Vine: Abbeville.

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use to economise; every farthing improperly saved does a shilling's worth of damage; and that is getting a bargain the wrong way. When one branch or group balances another, they *must* be different in composition. The same group may be introduced several times in different parts, but not when there is correspondence, or the effect will be unnatural; and it can hardly be too often repeated, that the *ornament* must be kept out of the general effect, must be invisible to all but the near observer, and, even to him, must not become a necessary part of the design, but must be sparingly and cautiously applied, so as to appear to have been thrown in by chance here and there, as Nature would have thrown in a bunch of herbage, affording adornment without concealment, and relief without interruption.

253. So much for form. The question of colour has already been discussed at some length, in speaking of the cottage;[1] but it is to be noticed, that the villa, from the nature of its situation, gets the higher hills back into a distance which is three or four times more blue than any piece of scenery entering into combination with the cottage; so that more warmth of colour is allowable in the building, as well as greater cheerfulness of effect. It should not look like stone, as the cottage should, but should tell as a building on the mind as well as the eye. White, therefore, is frequently allowable in small quantities, particularly on the border of a large and softly shored lake, like Windermere and the foot of Loch Lomond; but cream-colour, and putty-colour, and the other varieties of plaster-colour are inexcusable. If more warmth is required by the situation than the sun will give on white, the building should be darkened at once. A warm rich grey is always beautiful in any place and under any circumstance; and, in fact, unless the proprietor likes to be kept damp like a travelling cod-fish, by trees about his house and close to it (which, if it be white, he must have, to prevent glare), such a grey is the only colour which will be beautiful, or even innocent.

[1] [See above, §§ 42, 49, 119, 236.]

The difficulty is to obtain it; and this naturally leads to the question of material.

254. If the colour is to be white, we can have no ornament, for the shadows would make it far too conspicuous, and we should get only tawdriness. The simple forms may be executed in anything that will stand wet; and the roof, in all cases, should be of the coarse slate of the country, as rudely put on as possible. They must be kept clear of moss and conspicuous vegetation, or there will be an improper appearance of decay; but the more lichenous the better, and the rougher the slate the sooner it is coloured. If the colour is to be grey, we may use the grey primitive limestone, which is not ragged on the edges, without preparing the blocks too smoothly; or the more compact and pale-coloured slate, which is frequently done in Westmoreland; and execute the ornaments in any very coarse dark marble. Greenstone is an excellent rock, and has a fine surface, but it is unmanageable. The greyer granites may often be used with good effect, as well as the coarse porphyries, when the grey is to be particularly warm. An outward surface of a loose block may be often turned to good account in turning an angle; as the colours which it has contracted by its natural exposure will remain on it without inducing damp. It is always to be remembered, that he who prefers neatness to beauty, and who would have sharp angles and clean surfaces, in preference to curved outlines and lichenous colour, has no business to live among hills.

255. Such, then, are the principal points to be kept in view in the edifice itself. Of the mode of uniting it with the near features of foliage and ground, it would be utterly useless to speak: it is a question of infinite variety, and involving the whole theory of composition, so that it would take up volumes to develop principles sufficient to guide us to the result which the feeling of the practised eye would arrive at in a moment. The inequalities of the ground, the character and colour of those inequalities, the nature of the air, the exposure, and the consequent fall of the light, the quantity

and form of near and distant foliage, all have their effect on the design, and should have their influence on the designer, inducing, as they do, a perfect change of circumstance in every locality. Only one general rule can be given, and that we repeat. The house must NOT be a noun substantive, it must not stand by itself, it must be part and parcel of a proportioned whole: it must not even be seen all at once; and he who sees one end should feel that, from the given data, he can arrive at no conclusion respecting the other, yet be impressed with a feeling of a universal energy, pervading with its beauty of unanimity all life and all inanimation, all forms of stillness or motion, all presence of silence or of sound.

256. Thus, then, we have reviewed the most interesting examples of existing villa architecture, and we have applied the principles derived from those examples to the landscape of our own country. Throughout, we have endeavoured to direct attention to the spirit, rather than to the letter, of all law, and to exhibit the beauty of that principle which is embodied in the line with which we have headed this concluding paper;[1] of being satisfied with national and natural forms, and not endeavouring to introduce the imaginations, or imitate the customs, of foreign nations, or of former times. All imitation has its origin in vanity, and vanity is the bane of architecture. And, as we take leave of them, we would, once for all, remind our English sons of Sempronius, "qui villas attollunt marmore novas,"[2] *novas* in the full sense of the word,—and who are

[1] [The papers, as already explained (Introduction, p. xliv.), came to an end sooner than the author had intended. From references in the completed chapters, it appears that he would have passed from the villa to the castle and the fortress (see §§ 37, 58, 131, 161); and then to the city, discussing various styles and their appropriate ornament (§ 124), and giving particular attention to street effects (§§ 80, 183, 193).]

[2] [The reference is to Juvenal, xiv. 95 :—

"totam hanc turbavit filius amens,
Dum meliore novas attollit marmore villas."

A certain Cretonius had a craze for building, and put up numerous villas. "Thus grandly housed," continues the poet, "Cretonius spent his cash and wrecked his fortunes. Yet still the amount of the residue was far from small; but all of this was madly squandered by the son in raising up new villas of still finer stone." Ruskin quoted freely from memory, and put Sempronius instead of Cretonius.]

setting all English feeling and all natural principles at defiance, that it is only the *bourgeois gentilhomme* who will wear his dressing-gown upside down, "parceque toutes les personnes de qualité portent les fleurs en en-bas."[1]

OXFORD, *October*, 1838.

[1] [Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, Act ii. Sc. viii., apparently quoted from memory, as when M. Jourdain remarks that the tailor has put the flowers "en en-bas," the latter rejoins, "Oui vraiment. Toutes les personnes," etc., without any "parceque."]

II

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LOUDON'S "MAGAZINE OF NATURAL HISTORY" (1834, 1836) AND OTHER NOTES ON NATURAL SCIENCE

Drawn by J. Ruskin. Allen & Co. Sc.

Woodwork and Vine: Abbeville.

the torrents descending from the mountains of the Valais, is fouled with mud, or white with the calcareous matter which it holds in solution. Having deposited this in the Lake Leman [1] (thereby gradually forming an immense delta), it issues from the lake perfectly pure, and flows through the streets of Geneva so transparent, that the bottom can be seen twenty feet below the surface, yet so blue, that you might imagine it to be a solution of indigo.[2] In like manner, the Rhine, after purifying itself in the Lake of Constance, flows forth, coloured of a clear green; and this, under all circumstances, and in all weathers. It is sometimes said that this arises from the torrents which supply these rivers generally flowing from the glaciers, the green and blue colour of which may have given rise to this opinion; but the colour of the ice is purely optical, as the fragments detached from the mass appear white. Perhaps some correspondent can afford me some [3] information on the subject.[4] J. R.

[1] [The editor of the *Magazine* here added the following note (from *Childe Harold*, iii. 68): "This lake, however, if the poet have spoken truly, is not very feculent:—

"Lake Leman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue."

—Byron.]

[2] [In 1835 Ruskin was again at Geneva, and in his metrical account of the tour in that year returns to the subject here discussed; see in Vol. II., "A Tour through France to Chamouni," Canto i. 48, 49. In his prose diary of the same tour he says, under date July 2:—

"New bridge built over the beautiful blue Rhone. The colour of this river appears to me to vary with the season. When I was here in September [1833] it was of an indigo-blue colour, especially when you looked upon it with your back to the sun. I was afterwards much surprised to hear it called by many people 'sea green.' Now, it appears to me of a much paler blue than it did later in the season. It is, certainly, a steady blue tinge in the water, for all the stones at the bottom look blue through it. How other rivers would look if they were equally clear, we cannot tell; even this water does not look very blue where it is shallow. But the Rhine is green, not blue, and therefore there must be some cause which tinges clean water in the one case emerald green, in the other indigo blue."

For a later description by Ruskin of the colour of the Rhone at Geneva—"unearthly, aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue," see *Præterita*, ii. ch. v. § 90.]

[3] [The word "some" was by error omitted in the reprint in *On the Old Road*.]

[4] [To J. R.'s enquiries were appended "Remarks, in Contribution to an Answer, by the Rev. W. B. Clarke, A.M., F.G.S." Mr. Clarke's contribution amounted, however, to no more than a re-statement of the question: the colour of the Rhone at

II

In the number of the *Magazine* in which the foregoing paper appeared was an article by "E. L." (p. 455), on the perforation of a leaden pipe by rats, upon which, in a subsequent number (vol. vii., November, p. 592), J. R. contributed the following note (reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, i. § 56 *n*; 1899, ii. § 269 *n*):—

E. S. has been, surely, too inattentive to proportions: there is an inconsistency in the dimensions of "a leaden pipe about $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in external diameter, with a bore of about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter; thus leaving a solid circumference of metal varying from $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in thickness."—J. R., *September* 1884.

Geneva "arising from some unknown property of matter derived from the parent snows and ice of the mountains." With regard to the general question raised by Ruskin, the cause of the differences of colour in natural waters was given with perfect exactness by Sir H. Davy in the anonymous work on Flyfishing (*Salmonia* . . . by an Angler, J. Murray, Albemarle Street, 1828, pp. 262–268). Practically the same explanation was given by J. Aitken (*Proc. R.S.E.*, vol. ii., 1882, p. 472), in ignorance of Davy's work on the subject. The explanation is as follows: the facts having been ascertained: (I.) Water, when pure, is a blue liquid, but the colouration is faint, so that unless a considerable column of water be observed it escapes attention. (II.) Similarly, ice is a blue solid. (III.) The colour of pure sea-water is not appreciably different from the colour of pure water. (IV.) When looking into deep water the eye receives light partly by rays directly reflected from the free surface and partly by rays reflected from particles suspended in the water. In order to eliminate the former it is convenient to look through a tube dipping below the free surface. In this case the luminosity depends wholly on the number and colour of the suspended particles. If these are few and white the water appears a deep blue; if they are numerous, so that the light reaching the eye comes on the whole from a less depth, more light is received, but the blue colour is not so strongly marked. In the extreme case when the water is appreciably turbid, of course no colour is seen, for only the surface layers are operative. If the particles are not white but red, then for a given number of particles the luminosity is less (owing to imperfect reflexion from the red particles), and the colour is more or less green. The slightest stain of organic matter coming from dead vegetation, etc., which is usually brown or yellow, acts in such a way as to turn the colour to green. In this case also the luminosity is less because of the greater absorption of light. Of course to enable one to see the colour there must be a sufficient number of particles to reflect the light out of the water; and if these are also coloured a further variation in tint occurs.

It has been pointed out by R. T. (*Nature*, March 16, 1899, p. 461), that no appreciable part of the colour seen on looking into sea-water is to be referred to the phenomenon of "scattering of light" to which the colour of the sky is due. The same writer gives the following formula for the preparation of a liquid having the same colour and transparency as Mediterranean water. To imitate the colour of Mediterranean water, as seen through a column 730 cm. long, a tube is used, furnished with glass ends, and 18 cm. long. This tube is filled with the following solution. Water, 500 cc.; soluble prussian blue, ·001 grm.; saturated lime water just precipitated by sodium bicarbonate, 5 cc. As both sea-water and the above solution are either not dichroic, or if so possess a similar and equal dichroism, the colour of longer columns of sea-water may be imitated by adding more prussian blue, or by lengthening the prussian blue column. The turbidity which is represented by the precipitated lime water may similarly be increased or diminished by altering the proportions of that ingredient.]

III

FACTS AND CONSIDERATIONS ON THE STRATA OF MONT BLANC, AND ON SOME INSTANCES OF TWISTED STRATA OBSERVABLE IN SWITZERLAND[1]

THE granite ranges of Mont Blanc are as interesting to the geologist as they are to the painter. The granite is dark red, often enclosing veins of quartz, crystallized and compact, and

Fig. 29

likewise well-formed crystals of schorl. The average elevation of its range of peaks, which extends from Mont Blanc to the Tête Noire, is about 12,000 English feet above the level of

[1] [From Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. vii. (December, 1834), pp. 644–645. Reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. § 561; 1899, ii. § 270; where, in both eds., the word "splintery" was misprinted "spiratory." Ruskin was at Chamouni in the previous year (1833): see among the Poems (Vol. II. of this edition) the "Tour on Continent" of that year. His interest in geology had already been excited (see above, p. xxv.); and on his return home, it formed, with poetry, drawing,

the sea. [The highest culminating point is 15,744 feet.][1] The Aiguille de Servoz (Fig. 29), and that of Dru (Fig. 30), are excellent examples of the pyramidal and splintery formation which these granite ranges in general assume. They rise out of immense fields of snow; but, being themselves too steep for snow to rest upon, form red, bare, and inaccessible peaks, which even the chamois scarcely dares to climb. Their bases

Fig. 30

appear sometimes abutted (if I may so speak) by mica slate, which forms the south-east side of the Valley of Chamonix, whose flanks, if intersected, might appear as in Fig. 31, *a*, granite, forming on the one side (B) the Mont Blanc, on the other (C) the Mont Breven; *b*, mica slate resting on the base

and the study of architecture, part of "the quadrilateral plan of my fortifiable dispositions." "My fifteenth birthday (February 9, 1834), being left to choice, I asked for Saussure's *Voyages dans les Alpes*, and thenceforward began progressive work, carrying on my mineralogical dictionary by the help of Jameson's three-volume Mineralogy (an entirely clear and serviceable book); comparing his descriptions with the minerals in the British Museum" (*Præterita*, i. ch. vii. §§ 139, 140).]

[1] [Insertion by the editor of the *Magazine* in the original text. The height as now accepted is 15,782 feet.]

of Mont Blanc, and which contains amianthus and quartz, in which capillary crystals of titanium occur; *c*, calcareous rock; *d*, alluvium, forming the Valley of Chamonix. I should have mentioned that the granite appears to contain a small quantity of gold, as that metal is found among the granite débris and siliceous sand of the river Arve [Bakewell, i. 875];[1] and I have two or three specimens in which chlorite (both compact and in minute crystals) occupies the place of mica.

Fig. 31

J. R.

March 1834.

[With this paper were printed some "Remarks thereon" by the Rev. W. B. Clarke (pp. 645–647). Mr. Clarke referred to J. R.'s sketches as giving "a good idea of the pyramidal form of the aiguilles," as "illustrative, and, therefore, though not novel, worth preserving." "The chlorite granite," he remarked, "of which J. R. has spoken, comes from the Col de Géant; the red granite from the Aiguille de Blaitière." These remarks were followed by a further contribution from J. R. (p. 648: reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. § 562; 1899, ii. § 271]:—

"TWISTED STRATA.—The contortions of the limestone at the fall of the Nant d'Arpenaz, on the road from Geneva to Chamonix, are somewhat remarkable. The rock is a hard dark brown limestone, forming part of a range of secondary cliffs, which rise from 500 feet to 1000 feet above the defile which they border. The base itself is about 800 feet high. The strata bend very regularly except [at *e* and *f*][2] where they appear to have been fractured.

[1] ["Travels, comprising observations made during a residence in the Tarentaise, and various parts of the Grecian and Pennine Alps, and in Switzerland and Auvergne, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822." By R. Bakewell, Esq., 2 vols., Longmans, 1823.]

[2] [This contribution also was followed by Remarks from the Rev. W. B. Clarke, and the following editorial note was added: "J. R. sent with this communication a small neat copy of a sketch carefully taken on the spot; but as this did not exhibit the stratification so distinctly as one which the Rev. W. B. Clarke has since supplied, we have only engraved the latter; into which we have endeavoured to introduce the letters *e* and *f*, in the points in which J. R. had, in his own sketch, exhibited them."]

IV

TO WHAT PROPERTIES IN NATURE IS IT OWING THAT THE STONES IN BUILDINGS, FORMED ORIGINALLY OF THE FRAILEST MATERIALS, GRADUALLY BECOME INDURATED BY EXPOSURE TO THE ATMOSPHERE AND BY AGE, AND STAND THE WEAR AND TEAR OF TIME AND WEATHER EVERY BIT AS WELL, IN SOME INSTANCES MUCH BETTER, THAN THE HARDEST AND MOST COMPACT LIMESTONES AND GRANITE?[1]

1. In addition to the fact mentioned by Mr. Hunter[2] relative to the induration of soft sandstone, I would adduce an excellent example of the same effect in the cathedral of Basle, in Switzerland. The cathedral is wholly built of a soft coarse-grained sandstone, of so deep a red as to resemble long-burned brick. The numerous and delicate ornaments and fine tracery on the exterior are in a state of excellent preservation, and present none of the mouldering appearance so common in old cathedrals that are built of stone which, when quarried, was much harder than this sandstone. The pavement in the interior is composed of the same material; and, as almost every slab is a tomb, it is charged with the arms, names, and often statues in low relief, of those who lie below, delicately sculptured in the soft material. Yet, though these sculptures have been

[1] [From Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. ix. No. 65 (September, 1836), pp. 488–490. Reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. §§ 563, 564; 1899, ii. §§ 272, 273. In the *Magazine* and in *On the Old Road*, "moraine" in § 2 was misprinted "morvine."]

[2] [The question here discussed had been propounded in a preceding number of the *Magazine* (vol. ix. pp. 379–380) by Mr. W. Perceval Hunter. He had mentioned as a case in point the excellent preservation of Bodiam Castle, in Sussex, built in 1386. Mr. Hunter invited travelled correspondents to give further information. Ruskin was ready to do so, for on his second Continental tour, in the preceding year, geological observation had been one of his chief concerns. He describes the preparations for the tour in *Præterita* (i. ch. viii. § 176): "I shaded in cobalt a 'cyanometer' to measure the blue of the sky with; bought a ruled note-book for geological observations, and a large quarto for architectural sketches, with square rule and foot-rule ingeniously fastened outside."]

worn for ages by the feet of multitudes, they are very little injured; they still stand out in bold and distinct relief: not an illegible letter, not an untraceable ornament is to be found; and it is said, and I believe with truth, that they have now grown so hard as not to be in the least degree further worn by the continual tread of thousands; and that the longer the stone is exposed to the air, the harder it becomes. The cathedral was built in 1019.[1]

2. The causes of the different effects of air on stone must be numerous, and the investigation of them excessively difficult. With regard, first, to rocks *en masse*, if their structure be crystalline, or their composition argillaceous, the effect of the air will, I think, ordinarily, be found injurious. Thus, in granite, which has a kind of parallelogrammatic cleavage, water introduces itself into the fissures, and the result, in a sharp frost, will be a disintegration of the rocks *en masse;* and, if the felspar be predominant in the composition of the granite, it will be subject to a rapid decomposition. The moraine of some of the Chamouni and Allée Blanche glaciers is composed of a white granite, being chiefly composed of quartz and felspar, with a little chlorite. The sand and gravel at the edge of these glaciers appears far more the result of decomposition than attrition. All finely foliated rocks, slates, etc., are liable to injury from frost or wet weather. The road of the Simplon, on the Italian side, is in some parts dangerous in, or after, wet weather, on account of the rocks of slate continually falling from the overhanging mountains above; this, however, is mere disintegration, not decomposition. Not so with the breccias of Central Switzerland. The rock of Righi[2] is composed of

[1] [It was, however, mostly rebuilt after the great earthquake in 1356, and no existing portions are older than 1185. The interior was "restored" in 1853–56, and the exterior 1880–90. Basle was reached by Ruskin and his parents from Soleure on July 31, 1835, and left for Stein on August 2 or 3. On August 1 his diary has this entry:—

"Very fine city; interesting cathedral of old red sandstone, very durable and curious, if it be true that the older it is, the harder it grows. The sculpture on the tombstones on the floor of the church is hardly worn in the least, though very old, and constantly trod by hundreds."]

[2] [Ruskin went up the Rigi on August 19, and, after sleeping at the Kulm, saw the sunrise and returned to Lucerne the next day (Diary of 1835).]

pebbles of different kinds, joined by a red argillaceous gluten. When this rock has not been exposed to the air, it is very hard: you may almost as easily break the pebbles as detach them from their matrix; but, when exposed for a few years to wind and weather, the matrix becomes soft, and the pebbles may be easily detached. I was struck with the difference between this rock and a breccia at Epinal,[1] in France, where the matrix was a red sandstone, like that of the cathedral at Basle. Here, though the rock had every appearance of having been long exposed to the air, it was as hard as iron; and it was utterly impossible to detach any of the pebbles from the bed: it was difficult even to break the rock at all. I cannot positively state that the gluten in these sandstones is calcareous, but I suppose it to have been so. Compact calcareous rock, as far as I remember, appears to be subject to no injury from the weather. Many churches in Italy, and almost the whole cities of Venice and Genoa, are built of very fine marble; and the perfection of the delicate carvings, however aged, is most remarkable. I remember a church, near Pavia, coated with the finest and most expensive marbles; a range of beautifully sculptured medallions running round its base, though old, were as distinct and fine in their execution as if they had just come out of the sculptor's studio. If, therefore, the gluten of the sandstone be either calcareous or siliceous, it will naturally produce the effect above alluded to, though it is certainly singular that the stone should be soft when first quarried.

8. Sandstone is a rock in which you seldom see many cracks or fissures in the strata: they are generally continuous and solid. Now, there may be a certain degree of density in the mass, which could not be increased without producing, as in granite, fissures running through it: the particles may be

[1] [Epinal, which is situated between Nancy and Vesoul, was a stage visited on the journey from Paris to Switzerland in 1835. In his diary of that year, under date "Plombières, June 24," Ruskin notes:—

"Above the village of Epinal are some remarkable rocks of very thinly stratified sandstone which is exceedingly coarse grained and of a dirty red. Through the mass of this stone are dispersed large quartz pebbles, which may be easier broken than detached from their matrix," etc. etc.]

supposed to be held in a certain degree of tension, and there may be a tendency to what the French call *assaissement*[1] (I do not know the English term), which is, nevertheless, resisted by the stone *en masse;* and a quantity of water may likewise be held, not in a state of chemical combination, but in one of close mixture with the rock. On being broken or quarried, the *assaissement* may take place, the particles of stone may draw closer together, the attraction become stronger; and, on the exposure to the air, the water, however intimately combined, will, in a process of years, be driven off, occasioning the consolidation of the calcareous, and the near approach of the siliceous, particles, and a consequent gradual induration of the whole body of the stone. I offer this supposition with all diffidence; there may be many other causes, which cannot be developed until proper experiments have been made. It would be interesting to ascertain the relative hardness of different specimens of sandstone, taken from different depths in a bed, the surface of which was exposed to the air, as of specimens exposed to the air for different lengths of time.

J. R.

HERNE HILL, *July* 25, 1836.

[1] [So in the *Magazine* and in *On the Old Road* (1885 and 1899), but the word does not exist. Perhaps the author wrote with the long *ss*, and the word should be *affaissement* (subsidence), which in this context might be translated "shrinkage."]

V

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAUSES WHICH OCCASION THE VARIATION OF TEMPERATURE BETWEEN SPRING AND RIVER WATER—By J. R.[1]

1. The difference in temperature between river and spring water, which gives rise to the query of your correspondent Indigena (p. 491),[2] may be the result of many causes, the principal of which is, however, without doubt, the interior heat of the earth. It is a well-known fact, that this heat increases in a considerable ratio as we descend, making a difference of several degrees between the temperature of the earth at its surface and at depths of 500 or 600 feet; raising, of course, the temperature of all springs which have their source at even moderate depths, and entirely securing them from the effects of frost, which, it is well known, cannot penetrate the earth to a greater depth than 3 or 4 feet.

2. Many instances might be given of the strong effect of this interior heat. The glaciers of the Alps, for instance, frequently cover an extent of three or four square leagues, with a mass of ice 400, 500, or even 600 feet deep; thus entirely preventing the access of exterior heat to the soil; yet the radiation of heat from the ground itself is so powerful as to dissolve the ice very rapidly, and to occasion streams of no

[1] [From Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. ix. No. 66 (October 1836), pp. 533–536. Reprinted in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. §§ 565–570; 1899, ii. §§ 274–279.]

[2] [*i.e.* p. 491 of the *Magazine*. The query was as follows:—

An Enquiry for the Cause of the Difference in Temperature of River Water and Spring Water, both in Summer and Winter.—In the summer time the river water is much warmer than that from a spring; during the severe frosts of winter it is colder; and when the stream is covered over with ice, the spring, that is, well or pump, water is unaffected by frost. Does this difference proceed from the exposure of the surface of the river water, in summer, to the sun's direct influence, and, in winter, to that of frost; while the well water, being covered, is protected from their power? Or is there in river water, from the earthy particles it contains, a greater susceptibility of heat and cold?—*Indigena. April* 19, 1836 (No. 65, September 1836, p. 491).]

inconsiderable size beneath the ice, whose temperature, in summer, is, I believe, as far as can be ascertained, not many degrees below that of streams exposed to the air; and the radiation of heat from the water of these streams forms vaults under the ice, which are frequently 40 feet or 50 feet above the water; and which are formed, as a glance will show, not by the force of the stream, which would only tear itself a broken cave sufficient for its passage, but by the heat which radiates from it, and gives the arch its immense height, and beautifully regular form.

3. These streams continue to flow in winter as well as in summer, although in less quantity; and it is this process which chiefly prevents the glacier from increasing in size; for the melting at the surface is, in comparison, very inconsiderable, even in summer, the wind being cold, the sun having little power, and slight frosts being frequent during the night. It is also this melting beneath the ice (subglacial, suppose we call it) which loosens the ice from the ground, and occasions, or rather permits, the perpetual downward movement, with which

> "The glacier's cold and restless mass
> Moves onward day by day."[1]

4. But more forcible and striking evidence is afforded by experiments made in mines of great depth. Between 60 feet and 80 feet down, the temperature of the earth is, I believe, the same at all times and in all places; and below this depth it gradually increases. Near Bex, in the Valais,[2] there is a perpendicular shaft 677 feet deep, or about 732 feet English, with water at the bottom, the temperature of which was ascertained by Saussure. He does not tell us whether he used Reaumur's or the centesimal thermometer; but the result of his experiment was this:—In a lateral gallery, connected with the main shaft,

[1] [*Manfred*, Act i. Sc. i. In describing the influence which Byron had over him at this time, Ruskin notices as "a thing wholly new and precious to me . . . his measured and living *truth*. . . . Byron, saying that 'the glacier's cold and restless mass moved onward day by day,' said plainly what he saw and knew,—no more" (*Præterita*, i. ch. viii. §§ 172, 173).]

[2] [Ruskin passed by Bex, on the road from Martigny to Vevay, on July 24, 1835, and "waited to see the salt mines," of which the diary of that year gives an account.]

but deserted, and, therefore, unaffected by breath or the heat of lamps, at 321 feet 10 inches below the surface, the temperature of the water and the air was exactly the same, 11½°; or, if the centesimal thermometer was used, 52¼ Fahr.; if Reaumur's, 57½ Fahr.

5. In another gallery, 564 feet below the surface, the water and air had likewise the same temperature, 12½°, either 54½ or 60½ Fahr. The water at the bottom, 677 feet, was 14°, 57½ or 68½ Fahr. The ratio in which the heat increases, therefore, increased as we descend; since a difference of 118 feet, between the depth of the bottom of the shaft and the lowest gallery, makes a greater difference in temperature than the difference of 243 feet between the lowest and upper gallery. This heat is the more striking, when it is considered that the water is impregnated with salt; indeed, Saussure appears inclined to consider it accidental, perhaps occasioned by the combustion of pyrites, or other causes in the interior of the mountain (*Voyages dans les Alpes*, tom. iv. c. 50).[1] All experiments of this kind, indeed, are liable to error, from the frequent occurrence of warm springs, and other accidental causes of increase in temperature. The water at the bottom of deep lakes is always found several degrees colder than the atmosphere, even when the water at the surface is warmer: but this may be accounted for by the difference in the specific gravity of water at different temperatures; and, as the heat of the sun and atmosphere in summer is greater than the mean heat of the earth at moderate depths, the water at the bottom, even if it becomes of the same heat with the earth, must be colder than that at the surface, which, from its exposure to the sun, becomes frequently warmer than the air. The same causes affect the temperature of the sea; and the greater saturation of the water below with salt renders it yet more susceptible of cold. Undercurrents from the poles, and the sinking of the water of low temperature, which results from the melting of the icebergs which float into warmer latitudes,

[1] ["Voyages dans les Alpes précédés d'un essai sur l'histoire naturelle des Environs de Genève," par Horace-Bénedict de Saussure. 4 vols. Neuchâtel: 1779–1796.]

contribute still farther to lower the temperature of the deep sea. If, then, the temperature of the sea at great depths is found not many degrees lower than that at the surface, it would be a striking proof of the effect produced by the heat of the earth; but I am not aware of the results of the experiments which have been made on this subject.

6. We must, then, rest satisfied with the well-ascertained fact, that the temperature of the earth, even at depths of a few feet, never descends, in temperate latitudes, to the freezing point; and that at the depth of 60 feet it is always the same; in winter much higher, in summer considerably lower, than that of the atmosphere. Spring water, then, which has its source at a considerable depth, will, when it first rises, be of this mean temperature; while, after it has flowed for some distance, it becomes of the temperature of the atmosphere, or, in summer, even warmer, owing to the action of the sun, both directly and reflected or radiated from its bottom. Besides this equable temperature in the water itself, spring or well water is usually covered; and, even if exposed, if the well is very deep, the water will not freeze, or at least very slightly; for frost does not act with its full power, except where there is a free circulation of air. In open ponds, wherever bushes hang over the water, the ice is weak. Indigena's supposition, that there are earthy particles in river water, which render it more susceptible of cold than spring water, cannot be true; for then the relative temperatures would be the same in winter and in summer, which is not the case; and, besides, there are frequently more earthy particles in mineral springs, or even common land springs, than in clear river water, provided it has not been fouled by extraneous matter; for it has a tendency to deposit the earthy particles which it holds in suspension.

7. It is evident, also, that the supposition of Mr. Carr (vol. v. p. 395)[1] relative to anchor frosts, that the stones at

[1] [The subject of anchor-ice (*i.e.* ice formed at the bottom of lakes and rivers) had been opened for discussion by T. G., at p. 91 of vol. v. of the *Magazine*. Mr. Carr's explanation at p. 395 was that masses of ice frozen to stones and gravel at the bottom of streams were due to "the stones acquiring a degree of cold far below the freezing point, and the water in contact with them freezing."]

the bottom acquire a greater degree of cold, or, to speak more correctly, lose more heat, than the water, is erroneous. J. G. has given the reasons at p. 770;[1] and the glaciers of Switzerland afford us an example. When a stone is deposited on a glacier of any considerable size, but not larger than 1 foot or 18 inches in diameter, it becomes penetrated with the heat of the sun, melts the ice below it, and sinks into the glacier. But this effect does not cease, as might be supposed, when the stone sinks beneath the water which it has formed; on the contrary, it continues to absorb heat from the rays of the sun, to keep the water above it liquid by its radiation, and to sink deeper into the body of the glacier, until it gets down beyond the reach of the sun's rays, when the water of the well which it has formed is no longer kept liquid, and the stone is buried in the ice. In summer, however, the water is kept liquid; and circular wells, formed in this manner, are of frequent occurrence on the glaciers, sometimes, in the morning, covered by a thin crust of ice.

Thus, the stones at the bottom of streams must tend to raise, rather than lower, this temperature. Is it possible that, in the agitation of a stream at its bottom, if violent, momentary and minute vacua may be formed, tending to increase the intensity of the cold?

HERNE HILL, *September* 2, 1836.]

[1] [J. G. should be T. G. This correspondent, in his further contribution at p. 770 of the *Magazine*, wrote in reply to Mr. Carr: "Stones impart warmth to the water they are in in bright weather, as the rays of the sun do not impart much of their warmth in passing through the transparent medium; but on coming in contact with any opaque bodies the heat is absorbed or reflected, as the case may be; and in this way transparent media, such as air and water, acquire a warmth by contact which they would not otherwise possess. Thus if an anchor frost is followed by a bright day, the rays of the sun impart so much warmth to the stones at the bottom of the river as is sufficient to liberate the ice from them; and on such days thousands of pieces of the ice may be seen floating down the streams." T. G.'s explanation of anchor frosts was that crystals of ice are brought into contact with rocks and stones, which become convenient nuclei for ice-formation, in the same way that crystallisation commences in a solution of salt or sugar. This was also the explanation of Arago (*Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, 1833), but no theory has yet been given which will account for all the phenomena. "It must be admitted," says Sir A. Geikie, "that the mode of formation of ground ice is still, to say the least, imperfectly understood" (*Text Book of Geology*, 1885, p. 387, and *Geological Magazine*, Decade II. vol. iii. 1876, p. 459. See also M. Engelhardt in *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute*, 1866, p. 425). For some later observations by Ruskin on the formation of ice generally, see *Deucalion*, "Bruma Artifex."]

VI

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF METEOROLOGICAL SCIENCE[1]

1. THE comparison and estimation of the relative advantages of separate departments of science is a task which is always partially executed, because it is never entered upon with an unbiassed mind; for, since it is only the accurate knowledge of a science which can enable us to present its beauty, or estimate its utility, the branches of knowledge with which we

[1] [From the *Transactions of the Meteorological Society*, vol. i. pp. 56-59 (London, 1839). Art. II. is "Remarks on the Present State of Meteorological Science, by John Ruskin, Esq., of Christ Church College (*sic*), Oxford." The Society was instituted in 1823, but appears to have published no previous transactions. Reprinted in *The Monthly Meteorological Magazine*, vol. v., April 1870, p. 36. Also in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. i. §§ 571–574; 1899, ii. §§ 280–283. The numbering of the paragraphs is inserted in this edition. In a paper read by Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., President, on January 19, 1881, upon "The History of English Meteorological Societies," some extracts from Ruskin's "Remarks" were again given. Mr. Symons called attention to their interest as being "written nearly half a century since," and as showing "the view of meteorology taken, not by *a* Ruskin, but by *the* Ruskin" (*Quarterly Journal*, April 1838, pp. 71–72). In letters from Ruskin to his father there are references to an earlier paper, written in 1836–37. On Dec. 26, 1836, he says, "I am preparing a superb paper for the Meteorological which will no doubt be put in the *Transactions*;" and on Jan. 10, 1837, after recording the failure of some meteorological forecasts, he says:—

> "The society would be much better employed, instead of listening to anticipations which never will be realised, and prophecies which the weather takes good care not to fulfil, in ascertaining the causes and effects of phenomena which have actually taken place, or in perusing such scientific and interesting communications as one which I sent in to Mr. White, and which Richard [? Fall] says will frighten them out of their meteorological wits, containing six close-written folio pages, and having, at its conclusion, a sting in its tail, the very agreeable announcement that it only commences the subject" (*The Life of John Ruskin*, by W. G. Collingwood, 1900, p. 50).

It appears from the Minutes of the Meteorological Society of London, that a paper was read by Ruskin on February 14, 1837, "On the formation and colour of such Clouds as are caused by the agency of Mountains." Except the statement that this paper contained the results of observations made in Switzerland, no record of it has been found among the archives of the Society (see *Quarterly Journal of the Meteorological Society*, April 1881, p. 76). Ruskin does not appear to have made any other contribution to meteorology till 1884, when he delivered the two lectures at the "London Institution" on *The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century* (George Allen, 1884).]

are most familiar will always appear the most important. The endeavour, therefore, to judge of the relative *beauty or interest* of the sciences is utterly hopeless. Let the astronomer boast of the magnificence of his speculations,—the mathematician of the immutability of his facts,—the chemist of the infinity of his combinations, and we will admit that they all have equal ground for their enthusiasm. But the highest standard of estimation is that of utility. The far greater proportion of mankind, the uninformed, who are unable to perceive the beauty of the sciences whose benefits they experience, are the true, the just, the only judges of their relative importance. It is they who feel what impartial men of learning know, that the mass of general knowledge is a perfect and beautiful body, among whose members there should be no schism, and whose prosperity must always be greatest when none are partially pursued, and none unduly rejected.

2. We do not, therefore, advance any proud and unjustifiable claims to the superiority of that branch of science, for the furtherance of which this society has been formed, over all others; but we zealously come forward to deprecate the apathy with which it has long been regarded, to dissipate the prejudices which that apathy alone could have engendered, and to vindicate its claims to an honourable and equal position among the proud thrones of its sister sciences. We do not bring meteorology forward as a pursuit adapted for the occupation of tedious leisure, or the amusement of a careless hour. Such qualifications are no inducements to its pursuit by men of science and learning, and to these alone do we now address ourselves. Neither do we advance it on the ground of its interest or beauty, though it is a science possessing both in no ordinary degree. As to its beauty, it may be remarked that it is not calculated to harden the mind which it strengthens, and bind it down to the measurement of magnitudes, and estimation of quantities, destroying all higher feelings, all finer sensibilities: it is not to be learned among the gaseous exhalations of the deathful laboratory; it has no dwelling in the cold caves of the dark earth; it is not to be followed up among the

charnel houses of creation. But it is a science of the pure air, and of the bright heaven; its thoughts are amidst the loveliness of creation; it leads the mind, as well as the eye, to the morning mist, and the noon-day glory, and the twilight-cloud, —to the purple peace of the mountain heaven,—to the cloudy repose of the green valley; now expatiating in the silence of stormless æther,—now on the rushing of the wings of the wind.[1] It is indeed a knowledge which must be felt to be, in its very essence, full of the soul of the beautiful. For its interest, it is universal; unabated in every place, and in all time. He, whose kingdom is the heaven, can never meet with an uninteresting space,—can never exhaust the phenomena of an hour; he is in a realm of perpetual change,—of eternal motion,—of infinite mystery. Light and darkness, and cold and heat, are to him as friends of familiar countenance, but of infinite variety of conversation; and while the geologist yearns for the mountain, the botanist for the field, and the mathematician for the study, the meteorologist, like a spirit of a higher order than any, rejoices in the kingdoms of the air.

8. But, as we before said, it is neither for its interest, nor for its beauty, that we recommend the study of meteorology. It involves questions of the highest practical importance, and the solution of which will be productive of most substantial benefit to those classes who can least comprehend the speculations from which these advantages are derived. Times and seasons, and climates, calms and tempests, clouds and winds, whose alternations appear to the inexperienced mind the confused consequences of irregular, indefinite, and accidental causes, arrange themselves before the meteorologist in beautiful succession of undisturbed order, in direct derivation from definite causes; it is for him to trace the path of the tempest round the globe,—to point out the place whence it arose,—to foretell the time of its decline,—to follow the hours around the earth, as she "spins beneath her pyramid of night,"[2]—to feel the

[1] [See Psalms, xviii. 10; civ. 3.]

[2] [Shelley, *Prometheus*, Act iv: "(*The Earth*). I spin beneath my pyramid of night."]

pulses of ocean,—to pursue the course of its currents and its changes,—to measure the power, direction, and duration of mysterious and invisible influences, and to assign constant and regular periods to the seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, which we know shall not cease, till the universe be no more. It may be thought we are exaggerating the effects of a science which is yet in its infancy. But it must be remembered that we are not speaking of its attained, but of its attainable power: it is the young Hercules for the fostering of whose strength the Meteorological Society has been formed.

4. There is one point, it must now be observed, in which the science of meteorology differs from all others. A Galileo, or a Newton, by the unassisted workings of his solitary mind, may discover the secrets of the heavens, and form a new system of astronomy. A Davy in his lonely meditations on the crags of Cornwall,[1] or in his solitary laboratory, might discover the most sublime mysteries of nature, and trace out the most intricate combinations of her elements. But the meteorologist is impotent if alone; his observations are useless; for they are made upon a point, while the speculations to be derived from them must be on space. It is of no avail that he changes his position, ignorant of what is passing behind him and before; he desires to estimate the movements of space, and can only observe the dancing of atoms; he would calculate the currents of the atmosphere of the world, while he only knows the direction of a breeze. It is perhaps for this reason that the cause of meteorology has hitherto been so slightly supported; no progress can be made by the enthusiasm of an individual; no effort can be produced by the most gigantic efforts of a solitary intellect, and the co-operation demanded was difficult to obtain, because it was necessary that the individuals should think, observe, and act simultaneously, though separated from each other by distances on the greatness of which depended the utility of the observations.

[1] [Sir Humphry Davy (1778–1829) was a Cornishman, born at Penzance. He took much interest in the Geological Society of Cornwall, established in 1813, and wrote a memoir on the geology of the county, which is published in its *Transactions*.]

5. The Meteorological Society, therefore, has been formed, not for a city, nor for a kingdom, but for the world. It wishes to be the central point, the moving power of a vast machine, and it feels that unless it can be this, it must be powerless; if it cannot do all, it can do nothing. It desires to have at its command, at stated periods, perfect systems of methodical and simultaneous observations; it wishes its influence and its power to be omnipotent over the globe, so that it may be able to know, at any given instant, the state of the atmosphere at every point on its surface. Let it not be supposed that this is a chimerical imagination,—the vain dream of a few philosophical enthusiasts. It is co-operation which we now come forward to request, in full confidence, that if our efforts are met with a zeal worthy of the cause, our associates will be astonished, *individually*, by the result of their labours in a body. Let none be discouraged because they are alone, or far distant from their associates. What was formerly weakness will now have become strength. Let the pastor of the Alps observe the variations of his mountain winds; let the voyagers send us notes of their changes on the surface of the sea; let the solitary dweller in the American prairie observe the passages of the storms, and the variations of the climate; and each, who alone would have been powerless, will find himself a part of one mighty Mind,—a ray of light entering into one vast Eye,—a member of a multitudinous Power, contributing to the knowledge, and aiding the efforts, which will be capable of solving the most deeply hidden problems of Nature, penetrating into the most occult causes, and reducing to principle and order the vast multitude of beautiful and wonderful phenomena, by which the wisdom and benevolence of the Supreme Deity regulates the course of the times and the seasons, robes the globe with verdure and fruitfulness, and adapts it to minister to the wants, and contribute to the felicity, of the innumerable tribes of animated existence.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

VII

A LANDSLIP NEAR GIAGNANO[1]

"THE Secretary read a letter from J. Ruskin, Esq., of Christ Church, dated Naples, February 7, 1841, and addressed to Dr. Buckland,[2] giving a description of a recent landslip near that place, which had occasioned a great loss of life: it occurred at the village of Giagnano, near Castel-a-mare, on the 22nd of January last. The village is situated on the slope of a conical hill of limestone, not less than 1400 feet in height, and composed of thin beds similar to those which form the greater part of the range of Sorrento. The hill in question is nearly isolated, though forming part of the range, the slope of its sides uniform, and inclined at not less than 40°. Assisted by projecting ledges of the beds of rock, a soil has accumulated on this slope three or four feet in depth, rendering it quite smooth and uniform. The higher parts are covered in many places with brushwood, the lower with vines trellised over old mulberry trees. There are slight evidences of recent aqueous action on the sides of the hill, a few gullies descending towards the east side of the village. After two days of heavy rain, on the evening of January 22, a torrent of water burst down

[1] [From *The Proceedings of the Ashmolean Society*, May 10, 1841. Reprinted in *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. pp. 302, 303. Ruskin, whose health had broken down at Oxford, spent the winter of 1840–41 in Italy with his parents, and from January 9 to March 17 was staying in Naples and its neighbourhood. For his first impressions of the volcanic region of Italy, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii.]

[2] [Dr. William Buckland, Reader in the University of Oxford of Mineralogy and of Geology successively, at this time Canon of Christ Church, afterwards Dean of Westminster. Ruskin, as an undergraduate, worked at geology under him, and enjoyed his hospitality. See *Præterita*, i. ch. xi.; *Arrows of the Chace*, 1880, vol. i. p. 270. Ruskin's diary for 1841, January 31 (Naples), records a walk outside and back through the town :—

> "giving me a hopeless number of subjects, one of the distant city, a crowd of domes, with Capri mixed up with them most singularly, . . . return through the town, a most noble gate and narrow streets of rich shadow. . . . I must sketch, but I have to go and get the landslip for Buckland."]

on the village to the west of these gullies, and the soil accumulated on the side of the hill gave way in a wedge-shaped mass, the highest point being about 600 feet above the houses, and slid down, leaving the rocks perfectly bare. It buried the nearest group of cottages, and remained heaped up in longitudinal layers above them, whilst the water ran in torrents over the edge towards the plain, sweeping away many more houses in its course. To the westward of this point another slip took place of smaller dimensions than the first, but coming on a more crowded part of the village, overwhelmed it completely, occasioning the loss of 116 lives."

III

FURTHER CONTRIBUTIONS TO LOUDON'S "ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE"

(1838, 1839)

WITH A PAPER FROM LOUDON'S EDITION OF REPTON'S "LANDSCAPE GARDENING"

(1840)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—Particulars of the first publication of the papers in this section are given at the beginning of each one. None of them has hitherto been reprinted in this country; the paper on the Scott Monument, etc., No. IV., below, was included in the American edition of *The Poetry of Architecture*. No MS. of these papers has been discovered. For introductory notes on them, see above, pp. xxxviii., xlvi.]

I

NOTES ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PERSPECTIVE

A. *Remarks on the Convergence of Perpendiculars.*[1]

1.[2] If Candidus had reflected a little more attentively on the cause of the apparent convergence of retiring lines, he would not have been so witty at Mr. Parsey's expense, and would not have committed the absurdity of supposing that perpendiculars were not subject to the same laws as horizontal or inclined lines.

First. Let Fig. 32 be a space of flat pavement, the chequering lines of which are at right angles to each other; one series

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. No. 48 (February 1838), pp. 94–96. A reference was made at the beginning of the paper to "vol. iv. p. 518," where an article appeared "On Parsey's natural Convergence of Perpendiculars, By Candidus." This was a criticism of the following work:—

"Perspective Rectified; or the Principles and Application Demonstrated. In this treatise the present systems of delineation are compared, with a new method for producing Correct Perspective Drawings without the use of vanishing points." By Arthur Parsey, Professor of Miniature Painting and Perspective. Illustrated with sixteen plates. London, Longmans, 1836.

(A second edition of the work was published in 1840, under the title "The Science of Vision; or Natural Perspective!") The author's principal contention had reference to the convergence of perpendiculars. If you are standing, he argued, opposite a tall tower, the top is farther from your eye than the bottom is, and therefore appears smaller. The tower should, he contended, be so drawn; that is, with its vertical lines converging towards a vanishing point overhead. The matter had occasionally been referred to in the *Magazine*, when the article by "Candidus" appeared. This writer denied that "perpendicular lines converge like horizontal ones"; his "wit" consisted in repeated invitations to Mr. Parsey to "rectify" himself. The article by "Candidus" called forth, in the February number, a reply from Parsey (vol. v. p. 91), and a communication from an architect, William Wilmer Pocock (pp. 92–94), as well as the one given above from Ruskin. His argument is, it will be seen, that the geometric aberration is in practice rightly disregarded, owing to the field of vision in a picture being limited. These papers, and that which follows on the Proper Size of Pictures, should be compared with the author's introduction to *The Elements of Perspective*; and *cf.* also *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. i. § 17 *n.*]

[2] [The paragraphs are here numbered for uniformity and convenience of reference. The references to figures are altered in accordance with the numbering, which is consecutive through this volume.]

going to the point of sight *a*; consequently, the others are all at right angles to the line of vision *a b*. These, therefore, do not retire from the spectator, and will not appear to converge. But the eye is incapable of receiving at once rays of light which enter it converging at a greater angle than 60°. The parallel lines, therefore, *d c*, *d' c'*, etc., each subtend an angle of 60°, and the eye cannot see farther along them, on either side, without turning. Now, the moment the eye is turned, the lines retire from it, and consequently, appear to converge.

Now, let *a b* be considered a base line; then the lines *b c*, *b' c'*, etc., are perpendiculars; but they are subject to the same laws as they were before; and consequently, as long as they subtend an angle less than 60° they will not converge; but the moment the eye has to turn and look up, convergence will commence. So much for theory. Now, Candidus asks why perpendiculars never appear, in fact, to converge. Let him consider that we seldom contemplate any building at a less distance than 40 yards. Before its perpendicular lines, therefore, will converge, they must be 200 feet high; if we stand within 20 yards, more than 100 feet, etc. And, to satisfy himself that perpendiculars which subtend a greater angle than 60° do, in fact, appear to converge; let him go to the bottom of the monument, stand 12 yards from its base, and look up; and then let him talk about the non-convergence of perpendiculars, if he can.

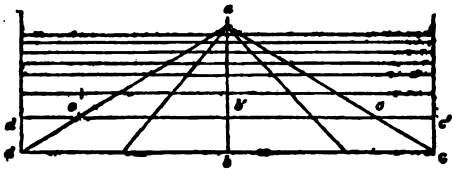

Fig. 32

Hence, it appears that perpendiculars do not, in general, appear to converge, because they are always at right angles to the direction in which the spectator is looking; and they never can be represented as converging, because no picture may subtend a greater angle than 60°, either in breadth or height. Take, for instance, the annexed rude perspective outline of a cathedral nave (Fig. 33).

The height is 100 feet, the distance between the columns

20 feet; consequently, the angular elevation of the roof, between the two nearest columns, is greater than 60°. The head would be turned upwards in looking at it; and it consequently cannot be represented in the drawing, whose upper limit, therefore, must cut off the roof between the second and third column.

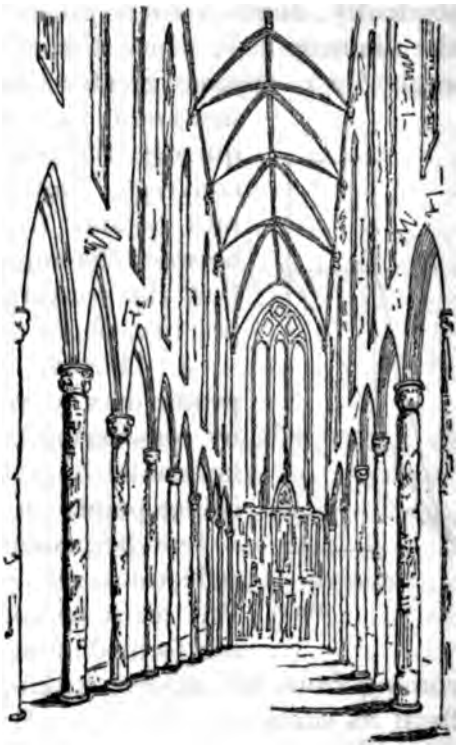

Fig. 33

2. Secondly. Let it not be supposed that I mean to say that perpendiculars, being right lines, are to be represented by lines which are first parallel, and then converging. Let us go back to Fig. 32. Here, as the line *d c* subtends an angle of 60°, our distance from its central point *b* (supposing *d c* to be 100) is 90 feet, or yards, or anything. But our distance from *c* or *d* is the length of the line, or 100. Now, a near line or space, in whatever direction distance is measured, must always appear greater than one more remote. Therefore, the space *b b'*, from which we are distant 90 feet, appears greater than the space *c c'*, from which we are distant 100 feet. Therefore, the parallel lines *b c*, *b' c'*, etc., appear to converge. Similarly, perpendiculars appear to converge; but their apparent convergence is so excessively small, that it escapes the eye, until they subtend a greater angle than 60°; and, for all practical purposes, may be considered as parallel, particularly as their convergence is infinitely small, when they are distant from the eye, as in the case of the distant lines of Fig. 32.

But, that Candidus may be more perfectly convinced of the truth of this reasoning, applied to perpendiculars, let *d e f g* in Fig. 34 be a vertical column: let the eye of the spectator be at *a*. Now, it is evident that the diameter of the column *e d* is at a greater distance from *a* than the diameter *c b;* consequently, angle *b a c* is greater than angle *d a e:* therefore the diameter *c b*, which the eye measures by means of the angle *b a c*, appears greater than the diameter *e d*, which is measured by the angle *d a e;* and consequently, the perpendiculars *g e*, *f d*, appear to converge. But, if *a* be removed to any moderate distance from the column, the difference between the angles will be so excessively small, that the convergence is unperceived, and, in practice, ought to be unexpressed.

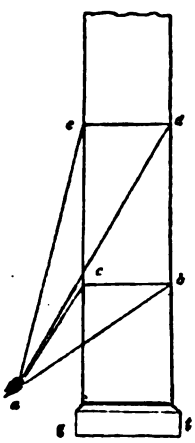

Fig. 34

3. Thirdly. I have hitherto referred perpendiculars to vertical vanishing points; but, by considering them as the representatives of horizontal lines, they may be referred to vanishing points on the horizon. Let Fig. 35 be a few perpendicular posts in water. Their reflections are, of course, also perpendicular. But let it be considered how these reflections are formed: they are formed by rays of light coming from the object, striking on the water, and reflected from its surface to the eye. But, in order that the rays may meet the eye, the point on the water from which they are reflected must be directly between the object and the eye; and the whole line of points, therefore, must be between the object and the eye. Therefore, all the actual lines of reflection on the surface of the water are lines *diverging* from the spectator to the base of the reflected object. But those lines appear parallel and perpendicular; whence, it is evident that *all perpendiculars are the representatives of lines on a horizontal surface, diverging from the spectator as a centre.* As a farther example of this, let us return to Fig. 32. Here, the portion of the line *d' c'*, which is equal to *d c*, is *o o;* therefore, the

distance $d' c'$ is greater than $d c$; therefore, the perpendiculars $d d'$, $c c'$, are the representatives of horizontal divergent lines.

Now, since the lines represented by perpendiculars diverge *from* the spectator, they meet at the spectator; that is, in a point beneath, in his feet. Therefore, perpendiculars which are below the horizon converge to a point beneath his feet; and perpendiculars above the horizon, to a point above his head. These two points, therefore, are points of sight on a vertical horizon, to which all perpendiculars must converge. They correspond to the horizontal point of sight to which horizontal lines converge; and the distance between the spectator and the base of the perpendicular corresponds to the perpendicular distance between his eye and the commencement of the horizontal line. From all this, it appears that perpendiculars only appear to converge under peculiar circumstances, which can never be represented in a drawing.

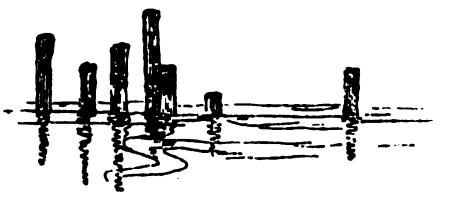

Fig. 35

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *Nov.* 17, 1837.

B. *Candidus on Mr. Parsey's Principles, etc.*[1]

4. Candidus is indignant at being accused of disputing Parsey's principles theoretically, and complains that he has been misunderstood. He has just cause of complaint, if he

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. No. 50 (April 1838), pp. 191–192. To the preceding notes by Kata Phusin, "Candidus" had replied in the March number of the *Magazine* (pp. 140–141). Kata Phusin's attack was "a mere feint"; for, while he and other of "Mr. Parsey's seconds," "pretend to come to his aid, to support his cause and fight under his banners, it is Mr. Parsey himself whom they have completely upset. It is true they both make some show of opposition to me; yet more, it would seem, for the sake of letting it be seen that they can prove by demonstration the principle about which Mr. Parsey makes so much to be perfectly correct, than with any intention of refuting me; since they voluntarily admit all that I contend for; namely, that the practical application of such principle would be preposterous and absurd." The April number of the *Magazine* contained, in relation to this matter, (1) a paper signed "Q.," summing up the controversy in the form of question and answer, and (2) this rejoinder from Ruskin.]

did *not* mean to say that perpendiculars appeared non-convergent to the eye. I believe him to be suffering under a calamity, to which men of talent are peculiarly exposed, that of not knowing exactly what he did, or does, mean. If he first "denies the convergence of vertical lines," and then tells me that "all he meant was, that it was not perceptible," he should not be surprised at my replying to what he *said*, before he told me what he *meant:* and his meaning is no meaning, even now, for the convergence of verticals is as much perceptible as that of any other lines. He ought to mean, and, I believe, does, if he could find it out, that, where such convergence can be represented, it is imperceptible, and where it is perceptible, cannot be represented. And, if Candidus is anything of a draughtsman, he ought to know that the theory is *not* unimportant because impracticable. None can be daring or dexterous in practice who are not thoroughly acquainted with the most speculative principles of theory; and I believe I could give him several problems, which all his knowledge of perspective could not solve, without the assistance of the principle which he spurns. Here let the subject rest, since it seems we all agree now that we understand each other; and it has occupied several pages of this Magazine already, having itself nothing to do with architecture. Parsey will not turn the world upside down, as Candidus dreads; every true artist being about as well aware of what is right, as that revolutionising gentleman. And now let Candidus allow (unless he requires to be put in mind of Corydon's warning,

"*Quamvis tu Candidus esses*
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori"),[1]

that he expressed himself obscurely; and Kata Phusin will beg to be permitted to advance *his* name, as an apology for his eagerness in the support of a theory which, he is willing to allow, is not so much *kata technēn*, as it is KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *March* 5 [1838].

[1] [Virgil, *Eclogues*, ii. 16, 17.]

C. *Parsey's Natural Convergence of Perpendiculars.*[1]

5. I am much gratified by the gentle and courteous disposition which Mr. Parsey manifests in his reply to the remarks of Mr. Pocock and myself. Had we all such antagonists to contend with, we should be in no danger of forgetting the object of enquiry, in the desire of showing our own powers of sarcasm, as is too frequently the case in such discussions. I am well aware, also, of the disagreeable character of a dispute, in which one party is opposed by another with arguments which, long ago, and at an early period of his investigation, occurred to, and were answered in, his own mind. But Mr. Parsey must excuse me for bringing forward such arguments, inasmuch as the public will never be satisfied until they have all been answered: he must farther excuse me for doubting, as all disputants do, that they can all be answered. Mr. Pocock and I should certainly consider Mr. Parsey's fear of injury from our remarks as very complimentary, but it is altogether ungrounded. No mind whose opinion is worth anything is biassed by the mere assertion of individuals; but its spirit of enquiry is stimulated, and it immediately commences an investigation of the subject which Mr. Parsey, confident as he is of the truth of his practice (of his principles none can doubt the truth), ought not to dread, which, if he did dread, he could not, as the institutor of a new practice in drawing, avoid. However, as he invites us to "fair and courteous discussion," let me hope that he will find neither Mr. Pocock nor me more desirous of proving ourselves right than of arriving at the truth.

6. We all agree in principle: the disputed point is, whether vertical convergence should be represented in a drawing. Now, Mr. Parsey says that I err in affirming convergence is trifling when the object only subtends an angle of elevation of 60°: I do so, on calculating the convergence trigonometrically. I find

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. No. 52 (June 1838), pp. 282–283. Mr. Parsey had not been content to let the matter rest where it had been placed by "Q." and Kata Phusin in the April number. Mr. Parsey replied in the May number (pp. 228–230). He complained that the criticisms of Kata Phusin and others were "calculated to arrest inquiry and do me an injury." The tenor of his remarks in reply can be sufficiently gathered from Ruskin's rejoinder, above, and from the notes subjoined.]

Mr. Parsey's conclusion quite right, but I do not understand his diagram, owing to the misprinting of the letters:[1] and he has not given us the mode by which he arrived at his conclusion. Perhaps the annexed demonstration is clearer. Let *b c d e* (Fig. 36) be the front of any building, 100 feet wide, and 176 feet above the level of the eye. Let the eye of the spectator be at *a*. Let *a b*, *a c*, be each 100 feet; consequently angle *c a b* = 60°, and angles *b a e*, *c a d*, also equal 60°. Therefore *e a* = 200 feet, and *d a* = 200 feet. And as *e d* = 100 feet, angle *e a d* = about 29°, that is, less than half of angle *c a b*. And therefore the apparent length of *e d* is rather less than half that of *c b*. It is evident, then, that I was wrong in affirming that this convergence was not to be represented, because it was *nearly imperceptible*. There is another reason for its non-representation, which Mr. Pocock has slightly noticed, but which Mr. Parsey evidently had *not* noticed. It appears strange that this immense convergence should not show itself by cutting angles with parallel perpendicular lines which are close to us. Does it do so? Let Mr. Parsey look out of *his* window, and I will look out of mine. It is within 3 feet of me, and beyond it, at a distance of about fifty yards, rises one of the most noble buildings in Oxford, to a height of about 72 feet.[2] Its perpendicular lines, therefore, though not quite so convergent as those of the diagram, must be considerably so. Yet the perpendicular lines of the window frame fall *precisely*

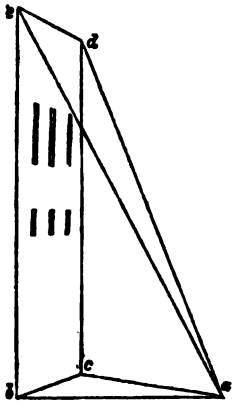

Fig. 36

[1] [Mr. Parsey's conclusion (p. 230 of the *Magazine*) was that at which Ruskin arrives ten lines lower down—namely, that the convergence of perpendiculars is considerable; the apparent length of the line *e d* in Fig. 36 being rather less than half that of *c b*. In Parsey's diagram, for which Ruskin substitutes Fig. 36, the letter *a* was omitted.]

[2] [Ruskin's rooms were in Peckwater quadrangle, and the building in question is the library of Christ Church. See *Præterita* (i. ch. xi. § 218): "I looked out upon the view from my college windows, of Christ Church library and the smooth-gravelled square of Peckwater. . . . I felt that, though dull, it was all very grand; and that the architecture, though Renaissance, was bold, learned, well-proportioned, and variously didactic."]

on those of the distant building. I try them again and again: there is not an angle between them which a mite could measure; and the reason is evident. The argument which applies to the diagram, when *a b* is 100 feet and *a e* 200 feet, applies with exactly the same force when *a b* is 6 feet and *a e* 12 feet. There is precisely the same difference in the angle, the same in the length of the line; and the convergence of verticals, therefore, *is always the same when they subtend the same angle*, whether they be near or distant, 4 feet or 4000 feet high. The eye, therefore, puts the perpendicular lines of the picture into perspective (when the spectator stands at the point at which alone even the retiring lines can be in true perspective) exactly as much as it does those of nature; and, therefore, were the artist to represent any such convergence, he would be put altogether out by the increased convergence given by the eye.

The same is the case with regard to parallel horizontals which are put into perspective in the picture in the same way; and, indeed, in general, whenever the lines in the painting are in the same place which they are in naturally, no convergence is to be represented.

7. These considerations will free Claude and Canaletti,[1] and the professor of perspective to the Royal Academy,[2] from the charges of desperate error, which Mr. Parsey casts upon them; and we may still look at the works of our favourite masters without being annoyed by their ignorance of perspective.

With regard to what Mr. Parsey says of his spectrometer,[3]

[1] [Ruskin at one time usually wrote Canaletti, even when the reference is to Antonio Canaletto in particular, and not to him and his nephew jointly.]

[2] [J. M. W. Turner became Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy in the year 1808. For an account of his lectures in that capacity, see *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. xii. § 3 *n*, and Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, pp. 268, 269 (ed. 1877). Some of the drawings prepared by Turner for his lectures may be seen in the National Gallery, *e.g.* No. 548 in the water-colour collection. See *Catalogue of the Sketches and Drawings by Turner*, 1857–58, 2nd ed., p. 68, reprinted in *Ruskin on Pictures*, vol. i. p. 227.]

[3] [Mr. Parsey had said (p. 229 of the *Magazine*): "Let a spectrometer be made as in the diagram. Let a conic front, expanding 60°, be constructed with a square frame, attached to the base of a cone. On elevating or depressing the head, the frame or plane of the picture will always contain the objects to be represented, and what is really seen; the frame will always be truly perpendicular to the vision. Compare then the perpendiculars to the horizon with the visual perpendiculars, and trifling as well as considerable convergence will manifest itself to the eye."]

he must put it aside in applying it to the eye. All perpendiculars, near or distant, correspond *exactly* with each other, and are parallel, apparently as well as actually parallel; that is, as far as regularly convergent lines can be parallel. They all meet in the same vanishing points, which are, as I have shown by means of reflections in water, one exactly above the spectator's head, and one below his feet.

I have only to add that, in allowing the angle of 60° to be measured wholly *above* the line of the eye, I have taken a license which Claude sometimes avails himself of, but, I think, Canaletti never. The eye is always to be supposed looking straight forward, and, therefore, can only embrace an angle of 30° above the line of sight, and an equal angle below. I have always found that, in sketching alps, or other precipices, I never made a satisfactory drawing, if the upward angle were more than 30°. However, in architecture, an upward angle of 60° is sometimes allowable. I neglected to say that, if Mr. Parsey will fix his eye at a given point, looking at a landscape through a pane of glass, and will trace on it with a diamond edge lines corresponding to those of the landscape, he will find all his retiring lines convergent, all his verticals vertical and parallel. This is a true test of perspective.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *May* 1, 1838.

D. *Parsey's Convergence of Perpendiculars.*[1]

8. Before proceeding in the investigation with Mr. Parsey (for which pertinacity I offer no other apology than is implied in my belief that, if Mr. Parsey's theory be correct,

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v., No. 57 (November 1838), pp. 526–528. The discussions raised by Mr. Parsey's book continued to occupy much space in the *Magazine*. The July number contained a report (pp. 331–333) of a lecture delivered by Mr. Parsey, at request, before the Manchester Architectural Society on March 7, 1838. "It is said, on all sides," he remarked, "that my theory is correct; but that it would be absurd to put it into practice. The admission of the truth of my principles at once does away with any absurdity in adopting them; for it would be tantamount to insanity to argue, that practice may be justly pursued on false principles." Mr. Parsey's lecture appears from the report to have been very favourably received. In the September number (pp. 425–426) he replied to Kata Phusin's

his most lengthy and tiresome antagonists will not be among the first, but the third-rate, talent of the country; and that, if not correct, it will be left by those whose opposition would overwhelm it at once, to the less influential discussion of such as Kata Phusin), I must submit a few observations to Mr. Chappell Smith. In p. 427, line 8 [1] from the bottom, I would enquire the full signification of the pronoun "we." If it be an assumption of the editorial "We"; and, if thus, the proposition which it is employed to advance refers only to the intentions of artists towards Mr. Smith in particular, and to his own practice; it appears to me that the fact of which that proposition informs us, though very interesting, is of little importance: but, if the "we" is to be extended to the whole race of mankind, I beg to submit that, in my opinion, Mr. Smith is in error. I will answer for the intentions of the artists of the present day, which are, invariably, that their pictures should be viewed from a given point, and at a given distance; and I will further answer for the practice, not only of the connoisseurs, but of the general public, of all time, which is, has been, and must be, to view every picture from a given point, and at a given distance; that distance being the altitude of an equilateral triangle, of which the greatest

last article (C., above). "What sound reasons," he asked, "can be advanced against the representation of natural convergence? I feel satisfied that Claude and Canaletti, and every other eminent artist, would have practised it, if they had perceived and defined the natural laws." Mr. Parsey referred in a tone of some elation to his favourable reception at Manchester: "I not only feel a confidence," he said in conclusion, "in the practicability of my theory, but I am borne out in that confidence by the first talent of the country. I certainly can excuse Kata Phusin for doubting, if all his and other objections can be answered; it is a pithy subject; and between habits and impressions, confirmed by undisturbed maxims, and the delusions of the uncultivated eye, continual qualms will attend the investigation. The solution of this problem may be justly viewed in a national light; and, that its benefits might be enjoyed by the present as well as a future generation, nothing would be more in my way, than to meet the first talent of the day in 'fair discussion,' to set at rest every doubt on the subject, and to establish a perfect science of vision and linear perspective." Mr. Parsey's paper was followed (pp. 426–430) by one from Mr. Chappell Smith, who supported Parsey, and criticised Kata Phusin. To these two papers Ruskin replied in the November number.]

[1] [The passage in question was this: "The theory of the present system requires that we should look at a picture from a given point and at a given distance; but it was never intended that we should, and we never do, view a picture in that position; and convenience requires that we should adopt some system, in delineating original objects in a picture, which shall, at any distance, convey the nearest approximation to the true image to the mind."]

dimension of the picture is the base. I will prove this a little farther on, in replying to Mr. Parsey.

9. And, secondly, I would enquire of Mr. Smith (in relation to his search after a theory of approximation), whether it be charitable to the general public, because some persons do not stand in the right place, to give connoisseurs no right place to stand in; and whether he actually believes that the public will prefer a system which presents them with an "approximation" to the true image, where they cannot see it, to that which presents them with the true image, where they can see it. Even supposing that they did prefer universal error to local truth, the approximation system is a mere chimera; for, supposing the proper position of the observer to be 10 feet from the picture, every concession to the eyes of those who stand 15 feet from it is a double infliction upon the eyes of those who stand 5 feet. The rule given by the Jesuit[1] for ascertaining the ratio of apparent diminution is perfectly correct; and enough has been written on all sides to show that this apparent convergence and diminution is immense. I will show, however, by Mr. Smith's own figure, that neither ought to be represented.

10. And now for Mr. Parsey. He says, in p. 425, line 22, "If there be any reason,"[2] etc. Certainly there is; but I mean to say that horizontals which are at right angles to the direction in which the spectator is looking* (or, for shortness, parallel horizontals) are no more to be represented as convergent than verticals. After this, we agree perfectly down to "the delusion of the pane of glass:" and here comes the tug of war.[3] There is no delusion in the case, for every picture

* When I use this expression, I mean actually: no line is so apparently.

[1] [Quoted by Mr. Chappell Smith from "The Practice of Perspective; or an easy method of representing natural objects according to the rules of art . . . written in French by a Jesuit of Paris. Translated by E. Chambers." The book went through several English editions (4th ed., 1765). The Jesuit was J. Dubreuil. For Mr. Smith's application of the rule referred to, see note to p. 230, below. The rule will be found at p. 127 of the edition of 1765.]

[2] ["If there be any reason for converging *horizontals*, there is the same for *perpendiculars*."]

[3] ["If Kata Phusin will read p. 45 of *Perspective Rectified*, he will see the delusion of the vertical pane of glass explained; showing that its position being parallel to the objects seen through it, the tracing on it will produce parallel perpendicular lines, whether the pane be horizontally direct or oblique to the vision" (p. 425 of the *Magazine*).]

is to be considered as a vertical pane of glass; through which we behold what is represented on the canvas. Is not the picture always supposed to be as "parallel to the objects seen through it" as the glass? Besides, the lines traced on the glass, being exactly correspondent with the lines of nature, being traced above them, as it were, must also correspond with the image on the retina, that is, must occupy the space of glass through which the pencil of rays[1] coming from the object to the eye is passing. Now, as these lines must correspond with the image on the retina, and we know that image to be one of convergent lines, the perpendiculars traced on the glass are apparently convergent lines, and are convergent to exactly the same degree as the lines of the object over which they have been traced; and, therefore, all the perpendiculars in the picture, drawn parallel and vertical, do appear to converge to exactly the same degree as those actual lines which they represent, provided they subtend the same angle, which if they do not, they cannot represent a building of the same height, and which, in all good pictures they do.

Mr. Parsey seems to think that the lines being parallel, whether the pane be horizontally direct, etc., is an answer to this argument; whereas it only farther proves that, if we were compelled to look sidewise at all pictures (as we often are in cases of front lights), the verticals should still be drawn non-convergent; though they then represent lines of immense apparent convergence, for they converge as much themselves.

And, if Mr. Parsey still considers the pane of glass delusive, let me ask him one question. We will suppose he has traced his picture through glass, over the natural lines. He will find he has a perfect perspective drawing, every retiring line duly convergent. Now, what business have we to change the direction of the verticals in laying this on paper, and to let the horizontals alone? If the retiring lines are to be altered too, what extra convergence is to be given? With regard to the reflections in water, that is merely a proof of apparent

[1] ["Pencil:" the term in optics for all the rays of light which diverge from, or converge to, a given point.]

convergence, or of the fact that, if we were to represent verticals on plane *horizontal* surfaces, it must be done by lines converging *to* the spectator. Mr. Parsey's extraordinary diagram of a Turkish hatchet[1] certainly upsets his theory, that "objects present to the sight natural appearances." With it, however, I have nothing to do, farther than remarking that every draughtsman, properly so-called, would represent a cylinder by parallel lines, inasmuch as (as Mr. Parsey justly concludes) "all perpendiculars appear to converge on the principle of the cylinder," and, therefore, the cylinder on the principle of all perpendiculars.

11. But the great bone of contention, in all these cases, seems to be, that the sticklers for represented convergence suppose that the perpendiculars in the picture *do not* subtend the same angle which the natural lines they represent do. I shall therefore endeavour to prove, first, that, when the observer stands in the right place, they do; secondly, that [it] is necessary for, and natural to, every observer to put himself into the right place, and that every observer does so; and, thirdly, that the error which would be an approximation to truth, in *one* wrong place, would be rather more than an approximation to absurdity, in *another* wrong place.

Now, for the first point, I can only refer again to the argument at the bottom of p. 282,[2] which Mr. Parsey passes over without notice. He acknowledges, however, that the lines of his window-frame run into perspective, and in precisely the same degree as the distant verticals on which they fall; and in what do the verticals of a picture differ from those of a window-frame? They are subject to the same laws, and, of course, converge equally: the prejudice lies with Mr. Parsey, whose eye is evidently not practised enough to allow him to believe that the near parallel lines of a picture have an apparent convergence exactly as great as the distant lines they represent:

[1] [This refers to the ill-drawn diagram (Fig. 161 in the *Magazine*) mentioned again below, § 14. It was to represent a large semi-cylinder. The converging lines of the cylinder with a longer perpendicular in the axis of vision are not unlike a Turkish hatchet.]

[2] [Of the *Magazine*; § 6 of this edition.]

yet this is the case. And, if Mr. Parsey thinks that the verticals in a picture do not often subtend the same angle as those they represent, I can assure him that, in any picture of Canaletti's, he may take the angles trigonometrically, and give the elevation of the buildings to within a foot. I suppose he knows that this ought to be the case in every good picture; and, if it were not, the fault could not be remedied by introducing convergent perpendiculars, any more than La Fontaine is said to have mended one of his lines, which was rather too short, by making the next rather too long.[1]

12. Secondly. I say that every spectator naturally takes the true distance. This distance may be, as I said, the altitude of the equilateral, etc.: but it must not be less. In most pictures, the full sweep of the eye is not taken: the side of the equilateral is allowed in the generality; in high pictures, a good deal more. Now, it is impossible to see the handling of any picture at a greater distance than this: for observing dispositions of colour, we often retire; but the colour has nothing to do with the perspective, and the moment we wish to see the drawing, we approach. In the exhibition room of the Society of Water Colours, the screens are so placed, that the spectator cannot get out of his distance. Paintings, it is true, are often hung above the height of the eye; but only when it cannot be helped, as in exhibition rooms, or when they are mere furniture pictures; and even then, their elevation only increases the apparent convergence of their verticals, and, therefore, would render any actual convergence still more palpably absurd. In the case of vignettes, which are seen at a greater distance, they are only parts of pictures, and allowance is made by the artist.

13. But, thirdly, the approximation system is most absurd, inasmuch as the convergence of verticals is *always wrong, where the rest of the perspective is right;* and where it is right, the rest of the perspective *must* be wrong. Taking Mr.

[1] [La Fontaine was often criticised for his irregular mixture of lines of different lengths; but the regulation of his metrical irregularities has been demonstrated by Théodore de Banville and others.]

Smith's figure,[1] he represents the height s x by the height s *x*. Now s *x* is the height of which an impression is received by the retina, from the line s x: but what impression will the retina receive from the represented line s *x*? If the eye be in the right place, it will receive the impression of a line which will be to s *x* nearly as s *x*: s x; but, if it be a little nearer than it ought to be, it will receive an impression which is less than s *x* in a greater ratio than that of s *x* to s x; whereas if we represent s x, the eye in the right place receives impression s *x*, which is the true one, which shows that the allowance which Mr. Pocock affirms is made by some draughtsmen (but which, I am sure, is made by no artist), of diminishing altitude, is not only unnecessary, but improper.

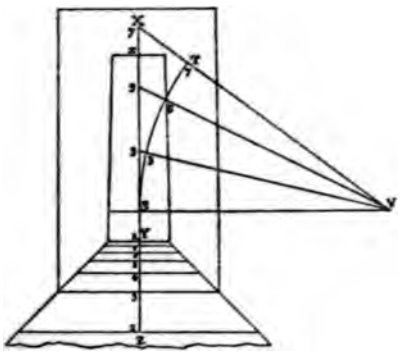

Fig. 37

14. Finally, Mr. Parsey feels confident that something or other would have happened, had Canaletti perceived the natural

[1] [As this figure is necessary to explain the text it is given, with Mr. Chappell Smith's explanation: "This disagreement between theory and observation was partly perceived by the Jesuit in his system of perspective (see above, note to p. 226); and he endeavoured to rectify the error, as far as regards human figures, by a rule which is equally applicable to figures of all denominations. The rule is, 'to find in what proportion equal figures grow less to the eye, when placed directly over one another.' For instance, in the diagram (Fig. 37), where s is the point of sight and centre of picture, and v the point of distance, 80 feet, y x is the representation on a plane of a standard 70 feet high, which standard, from s to x, is divided into equal portions of 20 feet each: but experience shows us that the upper portions would appear considerably less to the spectator stationed at z; yet the representation does not, as it ought, convey to us the sensible idea of a diminution. The rule which the Jesuit lays down for finding the diminution is, to draw lines from the equal portions of s x to the eye, or point of distance, v, and, with the compasses at v, and at distance v s, draw the arc s r; then the divisions of the arc, caused by the lines drawn from the equal portions of s x to the eye, will give the proportionate diminution of the corresponding portions, according to their perpendicular altitude from the point of sight. Consequently, the length of the arc s r is the proportionate extent of the surface of the retina affected by the rays flowing from s x, and is therefore the apparent length of the line s x; and which ought to be the length of the line drawn on the perspective plane, in order to give an exact idea of the object; which the line s x would fail to do, unless, in viewing the plane, the distance and the height of the eye exactly correspond to the points of sight and distance of the plane."]

laws, etc. I rather think, from the peculiar air of the figure in Fig. 161,[1] that Mr. Parsey has very little idea of the constant and intense observation of natural laws with which the life of an artist is occupied; very few draughtsmen (as people call themselves when they have learned to draw straight lines with a rule) have. However, the question is one not to be decided by authority, and so I shall not insist on the point. Mr. Parsey, however, boasts that he is borne out in his confidence by the first talent of the country. Now, I know, as well as he does, that he only includes in this expression men who are good mathematicians, but who know no more about drawing than their compasses. The testimony of one practical man would be worth any fifty of them: and, if Mr. Parsey will request the testimony of J. M. W. Turner to the correctness of his principles, and obtain that testimony, I have done.* KATA PHUSIN.

September 5 [1838].

* Speaking of Mr. Peter Nicholson's instrument (which, of course, is useful when great accuracy is required), I would point out to Mr. Parsey an instrument for perspective drawing with which he may, perhaps, be unacquainted; he will find its brasen voice bear witness against him—Gavard's Diagraphe.[2]

[1] [In *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. p. 426; the diagram by Mr. Parsey (*cf.* note on p. 228, above) included a man in a tail-coat standing at attention; the figure is wooden to the last degree.]

[2] [Referring to the following passage in Mr. Parsey's paper (p. 426 of the *Magazine*): "My working methods are extremely simple, and not, as conceived, more complicated than the old system. The slightest convergence is readily produced vertically, as well as horizontally. Mr. Nicholson invented the centrolinead to overcome the practical difficulty of converging to inaccessible horizontal vanishing points. . . . I have pleasure in stating that able draughtsmen at Manchester were delighted in finding the practical utility of that invention, which before did only half its purpose." The *diagraphe*, an instrument first devised by Cigoli, an Italian painter and architect of the sixteenth century, was perfected in 1830 by J. D. C. Gavard, a French engineer and publisher. He issued an account of it in 1835. It consists of a carriage for a pencil governed by a system of cords and pulleys working at right angles to one another, and set in motion by the movement of a pointer, which is passed by the operator around the apparent outlines of his subject. The operator is careful to keep his eye at a fixed point of view. The pencil describes on the paper the exact motions of the pointer, and thus reproduces precisely the apparent contours of the subject. The *centrolinead*, invented by Peter Nicholson in 1814, is an instrument for drawing lines to inaccessible vanishing points in perspective (see ch. xxiv. of W. F. Stanley's *Mathematical Drawing Instruments*).]

E. *Mr. Chappell Smith on Parsey's Convergence of Perpendiculars*, etc.[1]

15. In answer to Mr. Chappell Smith's observations, I may remark, first, that I never noticed the implied position of Mr. Pocock, or I should have disputed it long ago. The objection based on the minute size of engravings, even were it valid, would only prove that, in designs of such dimensions, certain allowances were to be made in fixing the vanishing points for our habits of contemplation, but it is *not* valid, and I intend the sentence at page 229, referring to vignettes, to anticipate it. Mr. Chappell Smith *must* have observed that, when an engraving less than 6 inches in the greatest diameter is terminated by decided edges, it has a strange, cutting, and harsh effect on the eye, which is totally unfelt as soon as we come to engravings more than 6 inches in diameter. He must

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. No. 59 (January, 1839), pp. 709–710. To Kata Phusin's last paper, Mr. Chappell Smith replied in the January number. In the course of this reply he said: "Mr. Pocock had admitted [pp. 92–94 of the *Magazine*] the convergence of both perpendicular and horizontal lines, but denied that it ought to be represented; he also asserted that, if Parsey's system were adopted, we should be under the 'particular inconvenience,' in viewing a picture, of holding an eye steadfastly and steadily in one precise position, or else all the parts would be out of drawing; implying thereby that the system which Mr. Parsey wished to be superseded was free from that 'inconvenience.' Now, as Kata Phusin agreed in what Mr. Pocock admitted, I concluded that he agreed also in what Mr. Pocock asserted." Mr. Smith went on to criticise Kata Phusin's doctrine of the one right place from which to view every picture. He instanced "Le Keux's architectural gems, about 4 inches in length.* Now, according to Kata Phusin's mode of finding the right place to stand in, the distance should be the length of the altitude of an equilateral triangle, the base of which must be equal to the greatest length of the picture. This altitude will be about 3 inches; therefore, the right place for the picture to be viewed will be about 3 inches from the centre of the eyeball. Can anything be more unnatural and absurd?" "All pictures," said Mr. Chappell Smith in conclusion, "hung with the horizontal vanishing line above the height of the eye, Kata Phusin admits, convey an erroneous impression of local truth. If, then, Kata Phusin hang a picture to meet the eye of a person 6 feet high, he will inflict error on a person 5 feet high. This is a greater difficulty than any in the approximation system."

To this paper the editor appended the following note:—

"The present Number of *The Architectural Magazine* being the last, in order, if possible, to close the controversy between Mr. Smith and Kata Phusin, we sent the letter of Mr. Smith to Kata Phusin, from whom we received the following reply"—*i.e.* this, the fifth, paper of Ruskin on the subject.]

* [The reference is probably to John Britton's *Dictionary of Architecture*, which had just been published with numerous engravings—several of them small in scale—by John Le Keux. He was the father of John Henry Le Keux, for whom see preface to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*.]

also have observed that, in most small engravings, this disadvantage is obviated by losing the edge altogether, and turning them into the light and lovely shapelessness of the vignette.[1] This is done entirely to indicate to the eye that it is not a picture, but part of one, which it contemplates, and, therefore, that it is to choose a much greater distance of position than in the ordinary case. All the small engravings from J. M. W. Turner are executed from water-colour drawings of the *same size*, and on this principle.* Le Keux's gems I do not know, but I am perfectly certain that (4 inches being their greatest dimension) they cut the eye if they are terminated by right lines, for this general reason, that the right line termination of the picture is always representative of the natural limit of the cone of rays proceeding to the eyeball, and encloses exactly so much of the scene as would be naturally visible without turning the eye; now the eye always receives rays converging at 60°, therefore, unless the sides of the picture subtend the same angle, the terminations will hurt the eye, will cut distinctly upon the retina; and, therefore, no picture ought to be seen at a greater distance than that of the point where it subtends this angle.

With regard to engravings of six or seven inches in diameter, if they are well executed they cannot be seen farther off than 8 inches, and the artist always makes an allowance for this slight excess of distance. With larger pictures, the fact of the correct distance being the natural one may be verified every day by observation.

16. The distinction which Mr. Smith institutes between the "artist" and mathematical artist is wholly ungrounded. No artist can design any drawing, except under the supposition of a fixed point for the spectator's eye. A perspective drawing, made on such a principle, will not hurt the eye, even when out of its proper place; but a drawing made on the supposition of the eye being anywhere will hurt it everywhere.

* See Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*.

[1] [Ruskin returned to this subject in a note in another of Loudon's publications; see the next paper, § 11.]

I am glad that Mr. Smith has admitted, even for the sake of argument, that the perpendiculars in the picture subtend the same angle, etc., for, if he once convince himself clearly of this fact, every difficulty will vanish on a little consideration.

As for the 5 feet and 6 feet objection, I have yet to learn that Mr. Parsey's system will enable the spectator to place his eye at any *height* he pleases (Mr. Parsey supposes a fixed horizontal), as well as in the old system; and the elevation of different persons must, of course, always affect their idea of the picture in his system, as well as in the old one. This "greater difficulty than any in the approximation system" exists in the approximation system itself. Finally, Mr. Chappell Smith assumes, in concluding, that an approximation *can* be obtained, which I distinctly deny. Mr. Parsey's system differs from the old one, not in allowing the eye to be in any place, but in putting it into the wrong place. For his system, as well as all systems, *must* suppose a fixed spectator; and when the spectator happens to be in the right place, or in any wrong place except the particular wrong place to which he has been appointed, it subjects him to the perception of error so flagrant and so striking, that I close the present discussion in most perfect confidence that Mr. Parsey's principles will in a short time require no contradiction or dispute, but will have received their tacit condemnation in the steady refusal of artists to admit their truth, and of the public to tolerate their practice.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *November* 12, 1838.

II

[ON THE PROPER SHAPES OF PICTURES AND ENGRAVINGS[1]]

1. It has often been a subject of astonishment to casual speculators that the multitudinous objects of an extensive landscape should be painted with accuracy so extreme, and finish so exquisite, as our everyday experience would seem to prove, upon the small space afforded by the retina of the eye. The truth is, however, that, strictly speaking, only one *point* can be clearly and distinctly seen by the fixed eye, at a given moment; and all other points included in the vision, are indistinct exactly in proportion to their distance from this central point; and when this distance has increased till the line connecting the two points subtends thirty degrees, the receding point becomes invisible. This distance of thirty degrees, therefore, may be considered as the limit of sight.

Now, if the attention be fixed exclusively on the central point, the surrounding points, being indistinct directly as their distance, will, near the limit, be barely visible; consequently

[1] [From "The Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture of the late Humphry Repton, Esq., being his entire works on these subjects. A new edition with an historical and scientific introduction, a systematic analysis, a biographical notice, notes and a copious alphabetical index, by J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., etc. London, 1840." Repton (1752–1818) was the first to adopt the title of "landscape gardener," in which capacity he was largely employed in laying out the grounds of country-seats and town gardens (such as Russell Square in London). At p. 32 of Loudon's edition of Repton's principal book some explanations are given by the editor of the form in which Mr. Repton's drawings are presented. "We have given these landscapes," he says, "in the form of vignettes, in preference to including them in parallelograms, bounded by definite lines, for the following reasons, kindly furnished to us by a distinguished writer, who takes the signature of *Kataphusin*, in *The Architectural Magazine*; in the fifth volume of which work he has treated on the subject, in a somewhat different manner." Ruskin's contribution follows, as a footnote continued on pp. 32–38, being signed "*Kataphusin*. Oxford, February 1839." The paper had no title in the *Magazine*; that given above is here supplied by the editors. The essay is, as will be seen, a development in some sort of inquiries which the discussion upon "The Convergence of Perpendiculars" had opened up.]

the limit will not be a harsh line, but, on the contrary, will be soft and unfelt by the eye.

But this is a mode of vision very rarely employed by the eye in contemplating landscape. We prefer receiving *all* the visual rays partially, to *receiving* one perfectly; and, instead of confining the attention to the central point, distribute it,* as nearly as may be, over the whole field of vision. Partial distribution is usually and instinctively effected; perfect distribution only occasionally, when we wish to become aware of a general effect. The more general the distribution, the more severe the limit; and when the distribution is perfect, the limit is a circle, whose diameter subtends sixty degrees, whose centre is opposite the eye, and whose area is a section of the cone of rays by which the landscape is made sensible to the eye.

2. Every picture may be considered as a section of this cone, by a plane perpendicular to the horizon, and, therefore, to the central ray of the cone. Then the question is, should the intersecting plane include more than the area of the cone at the point of intersection, or exactly its area, or less than its area?

If it include more than its area, we shall not be able to see the edge of the picture, if we stand in the proper point for seeing the rest of it. All the artist's labour on the edge will, therefore, be lost on those who know where to stand; and its effect on those who do not, will be to make them stand in a wrong place.

If it include exactly the area, the edge of the picture becomes a substitute for the natural limit of sight, and everything takes its true position.

If it include less than its area, we feel that we could see, and should naturally see, more than the artist has given us; the edge of the picture becomes a cutting, interfering, distinct

* This operation is partly optical, partly mental. Optical, inasmuch as a slight change takes place in the form of the eyeball; mental, because ideas which the optic nerve was not before permitted to convey to the brain, are now permitted to take their full effect.

termination, just as the edge of a window is, when the spectator is kept twelve feet back into the room. We wish to get the edge out of our way, and to see what is behind it: and the ease, beauty, and propriety of the painting is entirely disguised or destroyed.

According to this reasoning, then, our pictures should all be circular, and of such a size that the distance of the eye from their centre should equal their diameter.

But we see that all artists, as a general principle, make their pictures parallelograms of varied proportion. This is a proof that such a form is desirable, and something very near a proof that it is proper.

3. We have, therefore, to investigate three questions:—
I. What are the causes which render such a form desirable?
II. What are the principles on which such a form is admissible?
III. What are the limitations under which such a form is to be given?

(I.) What are the causes which render such a form desirable?

In the first place, a circle, though in itself agreeable to the eye, is the most monotonous of all figures; there is no change in it—no commencement or termination—no point upon which the eye can rest with decision; the consequence of which is that an assemblage of circles is most fatiguing and wearisome to the eye; and has, in relation to groups of other figures, very much the effect of a countenance utterly without character, and conversation altogether destitute of meaning, compared with marked features and vivid expression. Now, as it is generally very desirable to group pictures, the circle would, on this account, be a most disagreeable form: while the parallelogram admits of variety of form as well as of size, according to the proportion of the sides, enters into simple and symmetrical groups, harmonises with the right lines of walls and roof, and saves a great deal of space.

These, however, are only the upholsterer's reasons for preferring the parallelogram. The artist's are of far more weight. The first great inconvenience is that the line of sight,

to the Monks of La Rabida.[1] The figures were seated at a table, which was between them and the spectator, their legs being seen below it. The light fell on the table, down the yellow sleeve of a secondary figure, catching, as it past, on the countenance of Columbus. This countenance and the falling light were the leading ideas; everything diminished in distinctness as it receded, and the legs below the table, were vague conceptions of legs, sketched in grey.

Occasionally, and, indeed, in most good etchings or wood-cuts, the attention is still more perfectly confined; and there, as the principal feature cannot be so perfectly finished as in a drawing, the surrounding objects are indefinite exactly in proportion, ending frequently in mere spirited shade. And this is the reason that what most people would call a *sketchy* wood-cut, is far more agreeable to a good eye than the most laboured details, because, in fact, that which is most sketchy is most natural, and has more of the properties of a finished picture.

6. Hence we see that the attention, in all good paintings and engravings, is distributed in a very limited degree, and chiefly concentrated upon one leading feature. Recurring, therefore, to our first principles, we find that when such concentration takes place, the limit of vision is faint, and undefined. All objects near the limit are so excessively indistinct, that a line cutting slightly upon them will not be felt. Accordingly, the artist generally cuts off an extremely small portion of the curve of his ellipse, A B, Fig. 38, and including the whole of the other axis, encloses his whole figure between the right lines of a rectangle, whose proportion of sides, of course, indicates pretty nearly the length of the original axes, and, therefore, the whole form of the ellipse. He

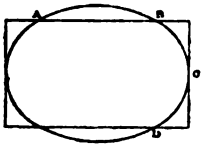

Fig. 38

[1] [No. 64 in the R.A. Exhibition of 1835, "Christopher Columbus explaining the project of his intended voyage, for the discovery of the New World, in the Convent of La Rabida." "Columbus" pictures were in favour at this period, being inspired by Rogers' poem on the subject. Wilkie's picture is now in Captain Holford's collection at Dorchester House. For another reference to Wilkie, see above, *The Poetry of Architecture*, § 5.]

cuts off part of either axis, which he chooses, but very seldom curtails both. Of the included angles, B C, C D, etc., we shall speak presently.

Now we have gone through the whole of this argument merely to prove what some might be inclined to dispute,—that the edge, or frame, of the picture, though rectangular, is, *bonâ fide*, the representative of the natural limit of sight; it is not an arbitrary enclosure of a certain number of touches, or a certain quantity of colour, within four straight lines; nor is it to be extended or diminished as the artist wishes to include more or fewer objects; it is as clearly representative of a fixed natural line as any part of the design itself, and its size and form are, therefore, regulated by laws of perspective as distinct and as inviolable.

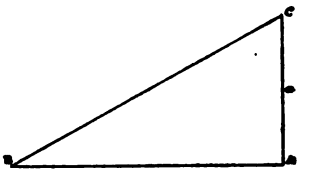

Fig. 39

7. (III.) We have, therefore, to consider, lastly, what are the limitations under which this form is to be given.

1st. Let the height of the picture be a fixed line $= a$, in Fig. 39. Draw A B, at right angles, to a. With centre C, distance $2a$, describe circle, cutting A B in B: . < A C B = 60. A B is the *utmost* length of the picture which can be admitted; and $A B = \sqrt{B C^2 - a^2} = \sqrt{(2a)^2 - a^2} = a\sqrt{3}$. And such a length of picture as this is very rarely admissible; two-thirds of it are about the best average distance.

Hence it appears, that all such paintings as Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrimage[1] are panoramas, not pictures. In the Royal Academy, two years ago, there was a very sweet bit by Landseer—Highland drovers crossing a bridge;[2] and if the picture had been confined to the breadth of the bridge itself, and a white Shetland pony looking over into the water, which was the chief light, all had been well; instead of this,

[1] [Now No. 1163 in the National Gallery (where also are some sketches for the finished picture). The picture is painted on panel, 1 foot ½ inch high by 3 feet ½ inch long. It was exhibited in 1807, and engraved 1813. For further particulars, see E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, vol. ii. p. 285.]

[2] [No. 160 in the exhibition of 1837.]

we had a parallelogram of about seven feet by one, with a whole procession of figures, extending from one end to the other, the bridge in the centre, and the picture was altogether ruined.

2nd. The corners of the picture, as we have seen, are out of the ellipse, and, therefore, beyond the limit of sight. Accordingly, they might be vague and subdued in colour, and totally without objects; but as this would draw too much attention to them, the artist continues his proximate colour into them, generally, however, keeping his brush in circular sweeps, indicating the form of the ellipse. Copley Fielding's management of the angles of a breezy sea-piece is, perhaps, the best instance that can be given.

8. Lastly. The true distance at which the eye ought to be placed is the length of the minor axis of the ellipse; but as this minor axis is usually a little diminished, the best standard is the vertical of the equilateral Δ whose side is the major axis, or the greatest dimension of the picture. In those drawings where the composition is good, and the attention very much confined, this distance may even be exceeded.

But if, in *any* picture, it be very much exceeded, the right lines of the edge cease to be the limit of sight; they come distinctly and positively within the sphere of vision; they cut painfully upon the eye, and we feel exactly that harsh and violent impression on the eye, which, in a piece of music (for the main principles in all fine arts are essentially the same), would be caused on the ear, by the sounds suddenly and decisively ceasing in the midst of a burst of melody, instead of being guided scientifically to its close. Nothing can be more utterly destructive of all the good qualities of a picture—nothing can be more fatal to its composition, more murderous of its repose, more unjust to the artist, or more painful to the spectator—than such reduction of its just limits.

9. Now, in the drawing itself, there is no chance of the distance of the eye being too great; but, in engravings, diminished in a great degree from the originals, it is not unfrequently the case; and, therefore, it is most important that all engravers

should be thoroughly aware of this principle, which we shall proceed to develop as shortly as possible.

When an engraving is six or eight inches in its greatest dimension, the details are generally so delicate as to compel the eye to approach within its true distance; but as a very slight alteration in position is of great consequence, and will throw the limit within the vision, it is a general rule that those pictures are best adapted for engraving which have most light on the edges, so that the termination may not be harsh. And this is *one* of the innumerable beauties of engravings from J. M. W. Turner;[1] namely, that the dreamy brilliancy of light which envelops them extends to their extreme limits, and their edge hardly ever cuts harshly on the paper. Martin, on the contrary, whose chief sublimity consists in lamp-black, never made a design yet which the eye could endure, if reduced to a small size.[2]

10. But when, as is not unfrequently the case, it is desirable to reduce the design within still smaller limits, the eye will not be able or willing to assume a correct distance. No one ever approaches his eye within four inches of the paper; and yet, if the engraving be only four inches in diameter, this is the utmost allowable distance. Consequently, if an engraving of this size be terminated by a decided edge, this edge will cut sharply and painfully on the sight, and will make the whole drawing look as if it were pasted on the paper, or cut out of it; there will be a sense of confinement, and regularity, and parallelism, totally destructive of the good qualities of the

[1] [The vignettes after Turner in Rogers' *Italy* (1830) had from Ruskin's early years been a constant study with him. "On my thirteenth birthday, 8th February, 1832, my father's partner, Mr. Henry Telford, gave me Rogers' *Italy*, and determined the main tenour of my life. . . . I had no sooner cast eyes on the Rogers vignettes than I took them for my only masters, and set myself to imitate them as far as I possibly could by fine pen shading" (*Præterita*, i. ch. iv. § 87). Still earlier had been Ruskin's "feasting" on an engraving of Turner's "Vesuvius" in *Friendship's Offering* for 1830 (see Ruskin's *Notes on his Drawings by Turner*, No. 24.]

[2] [John Martin (1789–1854), landscape and historical painter, worked on a very large scale; his principal pictures were separately exhibited; he engraved many of them himself, and thereby secured in his day widespread popularity. His was one of the then established reputations which the young Ruskin attacked: see *Modern Painters*, vol. i., pref. to 2nd ed., § 29, and the *Notes on Prout and Hunt*, § 39 *n.* A large picture by Martin, "The Destruction of Pompeii," was bought for the National Gallery in 1869, but was afterwards sent to the provinces.]

design; and, instead of being delighted by the beauty of its studied lines, we shall be tormented by an omnipresence of right angles and straight edges. And that this is actually the case any one may convince himself by five minutes' careful observation. This evil ought to be avoided with the greatest care; it is of no slight influence, for the best and most delicate engraving would be utterly spoiled by the error. Now there is only one mode by which such a result is avoidable, and it has been long employed in obedience to the natural instinct, which is as true as any scientific principle, the introduction, namely, of the vignette, by whose indeterminate edge the eye is made to feel that it is a part of a picture, not a perfect one, which it is contemplating. All harshness is thus avoided; and we feel as if we might see more if we chose, beyond the dreamy and undecided limit, but have no desire to move the eye from its indicated place of rest. The vignette, strictly speaking, is the representation of that part of a large picture which the eye would regard with particular interest; and, as in this case, those bits of painting which are distinguished by colour, or brilliancy, or shade, would, of necessity, draw the eye more away from the central point, in one place than in another, we are at liberty to give any form we choose to the fragment, and introduce that graceful variety which enables the artist to give the ethereal spirit and the changeful character by which a good vignette is distinguished.

11. As examples of the power thus attained, we cannot too frequently recommend close and constant study of vignettes from J. M. W. Turner. These most exquisite morceaux are finished in water-colour, by the artist, on the scale of the engraving (so that the proportions of the light and shade are exactly the same in the copy), and are so thoroughly inimitable, that the most pure and perfectly intellectual mind may test its advancement in knowledge and taste by the new beauties which, on every such advancement, will burst out upon it in these designs.[1]

[1] [The origina. drawings for Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*, now in the National Gallery, were never exhibited by Turner. In the case of the *Italy*, the skies were often put in entirely by the engravers (doubtless under Turner's close superintendence): they do

But the point, to which we wish to direct particular attention, is this, that *no* engraving less than six inches in the greatest dimension, can, in any case, be included within defined limits; and even when they are six or seven inches across, they will hurt the eye if very dark. So that, in reducing pictures to a less size, if they fall within these limits, they must be thrown into vignettes. We should wish to see the authority of this rule more distinctly owned among engravers than it now is; for, in consequence of its violation, many exquisite engravings are utterly useless, as far as regards any pleasing effect on mind or eye. We hope, however, that if the attention of the master engravers be once directed to it, their own sense and feeling will show them that it is no speculative and useless limitation, but an authoritative rule, whose practice is as necessary as its principles are correct.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *February* 1839.

III

PLANTING CHURCHYARDS[1]

I LIKE your paper on churchyards[2] very much; but I wonder you have not noticed the weeping willow among your list of trees. In the churchyard which I think the most unaffected

not exist on many of the drawings. The drawings for the *Poems* were more elaborately finished.]

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. v. No. 58 (December 1838), p. 624.]

[2] [An article by the Conductor of *The Architectural Magazine*,—J. C. Loudon, F.L.S., H.S., Z.S., etc.,—in the number for August 1838 (pp. 345–360). To Kata Phusin's note, the Conductor replied as follows :—

"Our reason for excluding the weeping willow is, that the idea of it is generally associated with that of moist soil, or of water, neither of which is suitable for churchyards; to this may be added, that it is a short-lived tree; and all churchyard trees, we think, ought to be durable. There is a beautiful species of evergreen called Thùja pendula, figured in our *Arboretum*, vol. iv. p. 2461, and of which there is a specimen in the Arboretum at Kew, which, when once propagated by nurserymen, will form an admirable tree for churchyards. Its longevity is as great as that of the yew : it does not seem to grow higher than 18 or 20 feet; and the filiform spray descends from the points of the branches to the ground, almost perpendicularly."]

and beautiful in Britain, that of Peterborough Cathedral, which, in everything but situation and abstract beauty of sculpture, exceeds Père la Chaise, the pale green of the weeping willow is exquisitely used among the darker tints.[1]

KATA PHUSIN.

[1] [Ruskin had been sketching at Peterborough in the summer of 1837. He considered that Peterborough could boast also "the noblest west front in England" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xvi. § 8). See also below, *Letters to a College Friend*, vii. § 1.]

IV

WHETHER WORKS OF ART MAY, WITH PROPRIETY, BE COMBINED WITH THE SUBLIMITY OF NATURE; AND WHAT WOULD BE THE MOST APPROPRIATE SITUATION FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN EDINBURGH? BY KATA PHUSIN[1]

1. THE question which has been brought before the readers of *The Architectural Magazine* by W. is one of peculiar and excessive interest; one in which no individual has any right to advance an opinion, properly so called, the mere result of his own private habits of feeling; but which should be subjected, as far as possible, to a fixed and undoubted criterion,

[1] [From *The Architectural Magazine*, vol. i. No. 59 (January, 1839), pp. 625–636. Kata Phusin's communication was printed as the first article in the number. Its origin was as follows:—

While the articles on "The Poetry of Architecture" were running in the *Magazine*, an anonymous writer, signing himself "W.," contributed an article to the *Magazine* (published November, 1838, pp. 499–502), commenting on the proposals of the committee for the Scott Monument at Edinburgh. "W." (who explained that he had been led to take the matter up by reading the articles on "The Poetry of Architecture) said: "The committee resolved to adopt a certain design, *leaving the question as to the site quite open*; in consequence of this resolution, the sub-committee find themselves, I believe, as much at a loss to decide on the site as they were on the design, and with this difficulty, that they must find a site *suitable to a particular design*. I confess I was astonished that it did not form a *sine quâ non* with the committee, that the choice of a design and a site should be simultaneous; that, in fact, the one should be appropriate to the other. On this subject the writer of 'The Poetry of Architecture' in your *Magazine* very justly remarks: 'We have always considered those circumstances as most remarkable proofs of the perfect dependence of architecture on its situation, and of the utter impossibility of judging of the beauty of a building in the abstract.'"

"W." also quoted correspondence of his own, published in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of April 2 and 5, 1838, in which he advocated the placing of the monument near the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, as a site both conspicuous from the approaches to the town, and appropriate as the scene of the trysting-place of Jeanie Deans, "immediately over Mushat's Cairn, near to the termination of that beautiful walk so much praised by Sir Walter, looking down on the ancient palace of Scotia's kings." To this the editor of the *Courant* replied that "There is a manifest incongruity in placing works of art amid the bold scenery of nature. Nelson's Pillar on the Calton Hill is a living monument of this enormity. A warning, certainly, but not an example. The finish of art does not harmonise with the rude outlining of nature;

deduced from demonstrable principles and indisputable laws. Therefore, as we have been referred to, we shall endeavour, in as short a space as possible, to bring to bear upon the question those principles whose truth is either distinctly demonstrable, or generally allowed.

The question resolves into two branches. First, whether works of art may, with propriety, be combined with the sublimity of nature. This is a point which is discussable by every one. And, secondly, what will be the most appropriate locality for the monument to Scott at Edinburgh. And this we think may be assumed to be a question interesting to, and discussable by, one third of the educated population of Great Britain: as that porportion is, in all probability, acquainted with the ups and downs of "Auld Reekie."

2. For the first branch of the question, we have to confess ourselves altogether unable to conjecture what the editor of the *Courant* means by the phrase "works of art," in the paragraph at page 500.[1] Its full signification embraces all the larger creations of the architect, but it cannot be meant to convey such a meaning here, or the proposition is purer nonsense than we ever encountered in print. Yet, in the very next sentence, our editor calls Nelson's Pillar a work of art, which is certainly a very original idea of his; one which might give rise to curious conjectures relative to the acceptation of the word "art" in Scotland, which here would seem to be a condensed expression for "l'art de se faire ridicule." However,

and it is only in streets and elegant squares, where all the objects are in the same keeping, that architectural ornaments or statues can be seen with advantage; everything else is tasteless confusion," etc.

To "W.'s" article the Conductor of the *Magazine* appended the following note: "We will not run the risk of prejudicing any of our readers at present by any observations of our own; but rather by the favour of Kata Phusin to let our readers have his opinion on the subject, which we certainly think of considerable importance. Are we to conclude, from the editor of the *Courant's* remarks, that the placing of the obelisk described in the next article (the monument to Sir John Malcolm of Whitaw), on the summit of a mountain, far from any other architectural object, is in bad taste? On the contrary, will the effect not be greatly heightened by the contrast between the work of art and the natural scenery by which it is surrounded?" Ruskin must have responded to Loudon's invitation forthwith, the essay given above being dated October 20, 1838.]

[1] [*i.e.* in his note on W.'s letter at p. 500 of the *Magazine*. The passage is given in the preceding footnote.]

as far as we can judge from the general force of the paragraph, he seems to mean only those works of art which are intended to convey a certain lesson, or impression, to the mind, which impression can only be consequent upon the full examination of their details, and which is therefore always wanting when they are contemplated from a distance; so that they become meaningless in a piece of general effect.* All monuments come under this class of works of art, and to them alone, as being in the present case the chief objects of investigation, our remarks shall be confined.

3. Monuments are referable to two distinct classes: those which are intended to recall the memory of life, properly called monuments; and those which are intended to induce veneration of death, properly called shrines or sepulchres. To the first we intrust the glory, to the second the ashes, of the dead. The monument and the shrine are sometimes combined, but almost invariably, with bad effect; for the very simple reason, that the honour of the monument rejoices; the honour of the sepulchre mourns. When the two feelings come together, they neutralise each other, and, therefore, should neither be expressed. Their unity, however, is, when thus unexpressed, exquisitely beautiful. In the floor of the church of St. Jean and Paul at Venice, there is a flat square slab of marble, on which is the word "Titianus." This is at once the monument and the shrine; and the pilgrims of all nations who pass by feel that both are efficient, when their hearts burn within them as they turn to avoid treading on the stone.[1]

4. But, whenever art is introduced in either the shrine or

* For instance, the obelisk on the top of Whitaw, mentioned at p. 502, [of the *Magasine*], is seen all the way to Carlisle; and, as nobody but the initiated can be aware of its signification, it looks like an insane lamp-post in search of the picturesque.

[1] [Ruskin had been in Venice for a week in October 1835. His memory was here at fault. Titian was buried not in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, but in the Frari. The grandiose monument which now compels attention was erected in 1853. Beside it, on the right, may still be seen the marble slab—with the verses

"Qui giace il gran Tiziano de' Vecelli,
Emulata de' Zeusi e degli Apelli—"

which for centuries was the only memorial on his grave.]

the monument, they should be left separate. For, again, the place of his repose is often selected by the individual himself, or by those who loved him, under the influence of feelings altogether unconnected with the rushing glory of his past existence. The grave must always have a home feeling about its peace; it should have little connexion with the various turbulence which has passed by for ever; it should be the dwelling-place and the bourne of the affections, rather than of the intellect, of the living; for the thought and reason cannot cling to the dust, though the weak presence of involuntary passion folds its wings for ever where its object went down into darkness. That presence is always to a certain degree meaningless; that is, it is a mere clinging of the human soul to the wrecks of its delight, without any definite indication of purpose or reflection: or, if the lingering near the ashes be an act ennobled by the higher thoughts of religion, those thoughts are common to all mourners. Claimed by all the dead, they need not be expressed, for they are not exclusively our own; and, therefore, we find that these affections most commonly manifest themselves merely by lavishing decoration upon the piece of architecture which protects the grave from profanation; and the sepulchre assumes a general form of beauty, in whose rich decoration we perceive veneration for the dead, but nothing more,—no variety of expression or feeling. Priest and layman lie with their lifted hands in semblance of the same repose; and the gorgeous canopies above, while they address the universal feelings, tell no tale to the intellect. But the case is different with the monument; there we are addressing the intellectual powers, the memory and imagination; everything should have a peculiar forcible meaning, and architecture alone is thoroughly insipid, even in combination often absurd. The situation of the memorial has now become part and parcel of its expressive power, and we can no longer allow it to be determined by the affections: it must be judged of by a higher and more certain criterion. That criterion we shall endeavour to arrive at, observing, *en passant*, that the proceeding of the committee, in requiring architects to furnish them

with a design without knowing the situation, is about as unreasonable as requiring them to determine two unknown quantities from one equation. If they want the "ready made" style, they had better go to the first stonemason's and select a superfine marble slab, with "Affliction sore long time he bore, Physicians was in vain," etc., ready cut thereon.[1] We could hardly have imagined that any body of men could have possessed so extraordinarily minute a sum total of sense.

5. But to the point. The effect of all works of art is twofold; on the mind and on the eye. First, we have to determine how the situation is to be chosen, with relation to the effect on the mind. The respect which we entertain for any individual depends in a greater degree upon our sympathy with the pervading energy of his character, than upon our admiration of the mode in which that energy manifests itself. That is, the fixed degree of intellectual power being granted, the degree of respect which we pay to its particular manifestation depends upon our sympathy with the cause which directed that manifestation. Thus, every one will grant that it is a noble thing to win successive battles; yet no one ever admired Napoleon, who was not ambitious. So, again, the more we love our country, the more we admire Leonidas. This, which is our natural and involuntary mode of estimating excellence, is partly just and partly unjust. It is just, because we look to the motive rather than to the action; it is unjust, because we admire only those motives from which we feel that we ourselves act, or desire to act: yet, just or unjust, it is the mode which we always employ; and, therefore, when we wish to excite admiration of any given character, it is not enough to point to his actions or his writings, we must indicate as far as possible the nature of the ruling spirit which induced the deed, or pervaded the meditation. Now, this can never be done directly; neither inscription nor

[1] ["Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till death gave ease, as God was please,
To ease me of my pain."

Miserable doggerel once much in favour in country churchyards (see A. J. C. Hare's *Epitaphs for Country Churchyards*, 1856, p. iii.)].

allegory is sufficient to inform the feelings of that which would most affect them; the latter, indeed, is a dangerous and doubtful expedient in all cases: but it can frequently be done indirectly, by pointing to the great first cause, to the nursing mother, so to speak, of the ruling spirit whose presence we would indicate; and by directing the attention of the spectator to those objects which were its guides and modifiers, which became to it the objects of one or both of the universal and only moving influences of life, hope or love; which excited and fostered within it that feeling which is the essence and glory of all noble minds, indefinable except in the words of one who felt it above many:—

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow,
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow."[1]

6. Now, it is almost always in the power of the monument to indicate this first cause by its situation; for that cause must have been something in human, or in inanimate, nature.* We can therefore always select a spot where that part of human or inanimate nature is most peculiarly manifested, and we should always do this in preference to selecting any scenes of celebrated passages in the individual's life; for those scenes are in themselves the best monuments, and are injured by every addition.

Let us observe a few examples.

7. The monument to the Swiss who fell at Paris, defending the king, in 1790, is *not* in the halls of the Tuileries, which they fortified with their bodies; but it is in the very heart of the land in which their faithfulness was taught and cherished, and whose children they best approved themselves in death: it is cut out in their native crags, in the midst of their beloved mountains; the pure streams whose echo sounded in their ears

* If in divine nature, it is not a distinctive cause; it occasioned not the peculiarity of the individual's character, but an approximation to that general character whose attainment is perfection.

[1] [From Shelley's lines "To ——," written in 1821. For other references to Shelley, see p. 253.]

for ever flow and slumber beside and beneath it: the glance of the purple glaciers, the light of the moving lakes, the folds of the crimson clouds, encompass, with the glory which was the nurse of their young spirits, and which gleamed in the darkness of their dying eyes, the shadowy and silent monument which is at once the emblem of their fidelity and the memorial of what it cost them.[1]

Again, the chief monument to Napoleon is *not* on the crest of the Pennine Alps, nor by the tower of San Juliano, nor on the heights above which the sun rose on Austerlitz; for in all these places it must have been *alone:* but it is in the centre of the city of his dominion; in the midst of *men*, in the motion of multitudes, wherein the various and turbulent motives which guided his life are still working and moving and struggling through the mass of humanity; he stands central to the restless kingdom and capital, looking down upon the nucleus of feeling and energy, upon the focus of all light, within the vast dependent dominion.[2]

8. So, again, the tomb of Shelley, which, as I think, is his only *material* monument, is in the "slope of green access" whose inhabitants "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,"[3] and which is in the very centre of the natural light

[1] [For a further reference to the Lion of Lucerne, see below, § 12. Ruskin had been there in 1833 and 1835.]

[2] [The tower of San Giuliano is on the field of Marengo. The words from the Emperor's will may be recalled: "Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé." They are inscribed above the entrance to his tomb in the commanding Dôme des Invalides.]

[3] [*Adonais*, stanzas 49 and 50, where Shelley describes the grave of Keats in the old Protestant cemetery at Rome beneath the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The ashes of Shelley were buried in the new cemetery adjoining. Ruskin is not here describing what he had himself seen; his first visit to Rome was in 1840 (see below, p. 380). He saw Shelley's grave on December 1, and in his Diary thus describes it:—

> "To the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. I forgot my dear Shelley had been buried there, and was surprised into tears almost at the sight of his tomb, though it had been better of turf, with a stone at the head. Keats' in better taste, though Shelley is more strictly speaking laid in 'the slope of green access.'"

The monument to Shelley in the parish church of Christchurch, Hants, was not erected till 1852; that in University College, Oxford, not till 1893. More recently, a monument has been erected at Viareggio, near the spot where Shelley's body was found and burned.

Ruskin relates in *Præterita* (i. ch. x. § 210) how in the year 1836 he spent (and, as he adds, wasted) much time in studying Shelley. The tone in which he there speaks of the poet shows that his early admiration had passed away. How enthusiastic it was for a while, we see from these early prose pieces (*cf.* pp. 157, 252). In *Modern Painters*,

and loveliness which were his inspiration and his life; and he who stands beside the grey pyramid in the midst of the grave, the city, and the wilderness, looking abroad upon the unimaginable, immeasurable glory of the heaven and the earth, can alone understand or appreciate the power and the beauty of that mind which here dwelt and hence departed. We have not space to show how the same principle is developed in the noble shrines of the Scaligers at Verona; in the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo, above the Lago Maggiore;[1] and in the lonely tomb beside the mountain church of Arquà:* but we think enough has been said to show what we mean.

9. Now, from this principle we deduce the grand primary rule: whenever the conduct or the writings of any individual have been directed or inspired by feelings regarding man, let his monument be among men; whenever they have been directed or inspired by nature, let nature be intrusted with the monument.

10. Again, all monuments to individuals are, to a certain

* We wish we could remember some instance of equal fitness in Britain, but we shrink from the task of investigation; for there rise up before our imagination a monotonous multitude of immortal gentlemen, in nightshirts and bare feet, looking violently ferocious; with corresponding young ladies, looking as if they did not exactly know what to do with themselves, occupied in pushing laurel crowns as far down as they will go on the pericrania of the aforesaid gentlemen in nightshirts; and other young ladies expressing their perfect satisfaction at the whole proceeding by blowing penny trumpets in the rear.

Shelley is often quoted or referred to, for his gifts of imagination and for his noble distress at pain and injustice (vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xvii. § 28). But already the judgment here passed was reversed: "Let it not be supposed that I mean to compare the sickly dreaming of Shelley" with the "masculine and magnificent grasp of Scott" (vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. iv. § 6 *n*). The morbid taint in Shelley was painful to Ruskin, perhaps from his very sympathy with it. So, too, he found Shelley deficient in the concision of language which he admired in poetry. And thus in the chapter on "Things to be Studied," in *The Elements of Drawing* (1857), he bade his pupils "cast aside Shelley as shallow and verbose" (§ 258). To his Oxford pupils he said, at a later date (1884), "Read as much Keats as possible, and no Shelley" (see the "Lecture on Patience" (1884) in the volumes of Oxford Lectures in this edition). Yet there was an essential sympathy between Shelley and Ruskin, both in the characteristic noted above, and in their "volcanic instinct of justice"; a sympathy which finds expression in §§ 73 and 74 of the essay on "Fiction, Fair and Foul" (1880), where Ruskin traces some of the characteristics common to Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and himself.]

[1] [Ruskin was at Verona in 1835; for his drawings, at a later time, of the tombs of the Scaligers, see *Verona and its Rivers*. For Petrarch's tomb at Arquà, see above, p. 108 *n.*; the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo stands on a hill above Arona, a spot which Ruskin had visited on the tour of 1833, and to which in after years he was often to recur (see "The Rock of Arona," Plate No. 41 in vol. iv. of *Modern Painters*).]

extent, triumphant; therefore, they must not be placed where nature has no elevation of character,—except in a few rare cases. For instance, a monument to Isaac Walton would be best placed in a low green meadow, within sight of some secluded and humble village;[1] but, in general, elevation of character is required. Hence it appears that as far as the feeling of the thing is concerned, works of art should often be combined with the bold and beautiful scenery of nature. Where, for instance, we would ask of the editor of the *Courant*, would he place a monument to Virgil or to Salvator Rosa? We think his answer would be very inconsistent with his general proposition. There are, indeed, a few circumstances, by which argument on the other side might be supported. For instance, in contemplating any memorial, we are apt to feel as if it were weak and inefficient, unless we have a sense of its publicity; but this want is amply counterbalanced by a corresponding advantage: the public monument is perpetually desecrated by the familiarity of unfeeling spectators, and palls gradually upon the minds even of those who revere it, becoming less impressive with the repetition of its appeals; the secluded monument is unprofaned by careless contemplation, is sought out only by those for whom alone it was erected, and found where the mind is best prepared to listen to its language.

11. So much for the effect of monuments on the mind. We have next to determine their effect on the eye, which the editor is chiefly thinking of when he speaks of the "finish of art." He is right so far, that graceful art will not unite with ungraceful nature, nor finished art with unfinished nature, if such a thing exists; but, if the character of the art be well suited to that of the given scene, the highest richness and finish that man can bestow will harmonise most beautifully with the yet more abundant richness, the yet more exquisite finish, which nature can present. It is to be observed, however, that in such a combination the art is not to be a perfect whole; it is to be assisted by, as it is associated with,

[1] [He is buried in Winchester Cathedral, in a chapel in the south aisle, under a black marble floor-slab.]

concomitant circumstances: for, in all cases of effect, that which does not increase destroys, and that which is not useful is intrusive. Now, all allegory must be perfect in itself, or it is absurd; therefore, allegory cannot be combined with nature. This is one important and imperative rule.* Again, Nature is never mechanical in her arrangements; she never allows two members of a composition exactly to correspond: accordingly, in every piece of art which is to combine, without gradations, with landscape, (as must always be the case in monuments,) we must not allow a multitude of similar members; the design must be a dignified and simple whole. These two rules being observed, there is hardly any limit to the variety and beauty of effect which may be attained by the fit combination of art and nature.

12. For instance, we have spoken already of the monument to the Swiss, as it affects the mind; we may again adduce it as a fine address to the eye. A tall crag of grey limestone rises in a hollow, behind the town of Lucerne; it is surrounded with thick foliage of various and beautiful colour; a small stream falls gleaming through one of its fissures, and finds a way into a deep, clear, and quiet pool at its base, an everlasting mirror of the bit of bright sky above, that lightens between the dark spires of the uppermost pines. There is a deep and shadowy hollow at the base of the cliff, increased by the chisel of the sculptor; and in the darkness of its shade, cut in the living rock, lies a dying lion, with its foot on a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis, and a broken lance at its side. Now, let us imagine the same figure, placed as the editor of the *Courant* would place it, in the market-place of the town, on a square pedestal just allowing room for its tail. Query, have we not lost a little of the expression?

* It is to be observed, however, that, if the surrounding features could be made a part of the allegory, their combination might be proper; but this is impossible, if the allegorical images be false imaginations, for we cannot make truth a part of fiction: but, where the allegorical images are representations of truth, bearing a hidden signification, it is sometimes possible to make nature a part of the allegory, and then we have good effect, as in the case of the Lucerne Lion above mentioned.

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An Alpine Chapel.

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We could multiply instances of the same kind without number. The fountains of Italy, for instance, often break out among foliage and rock, in the most exquisite combinations, bearing upon their fonts lovely vestiges of ancient sculpture; and the rich roadside crosses and shrines of Germany have also noble effect;[1] but, we think, enough has been said to show that the utmost finish of art is not inappropriate among the nobler scenes of nature. Especially where pensiveness is mixed with the pride of the monument, its beauty is altogether lost by its being placed in the noise and tumult of a city.

18. But it must be allowed that, however beautiful the combination may be, when well managed, it requires far more taste and skill on the part of the designer than the mere association of architecture; and therefore, from the want of such taste and skill, there is a far greater chance of our being offended by impropriety in the detached monument than in that which is surrounded by architectural forms. And it is also to be observed, that monuments which are to form part of the sublimity as well as the beauty of a landscape, and to unite in general and large effects, require a strength of expression, a nobility of outline, and a simplicity of design, which very few architects or sculptors are capable of giving; and that, therefore, in such situations they are nine times out of ten injurious, not because there is anything necessarily improper in their position, but because there is much incongruity with the particular design.

14. So much for general principles. Now for the particular case. Edinburgh, at the first glance, appears to be a city presenting an infinite variety of aspect and association, and embarrassing rather by rivalry, than by paucity of advantage:[2] but, on closer consideration, every spot of the city and its environs appears to be affected by some degrading influence, which neutralises every effect of actual or historical interest,

[1] [In 1833 Ruskin had been up the Rhine to Strassburg; in 1835 to Salzburg, Carlsruhe, and Strassburg.]

[2] ["Of all the cities in the British Islands, Edinburgh is the one which presents most advantages for the display of a noble building; and which, on the other hand, sustains most injury in the erection of a commonplace or unworthy one."—*Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 1.]

and renders the investigation of the proper site for the monument in question about as difficult a problem as could well be proposed. Edinburgh is almost the only city we remember, which presents not a single point in which there is not something striking and even sublime; it is also the only city which presents not a single point in which there is not something degrading and disgusting. Throughout its whole extent, wherever there is life there is filth, wherever there is cleanliness there is desolation. The new town is handsome from its command of the sea; but it is as stupid as Pompeii without its reminiscences.[1] The old town is delicious in life and architecture and association, but it is one great open common sewer.[2] The rocks of the castle are noble in themselves, but they guide the eye to barracks at the top and cauliflowers at the bottom; the Calton, though commanding a glorious group of city, mountain, and ocean, is suspended over the very jaws of perpetually active chimneys; and even Arthur's Seat, though fine in form, and clean, which is saying a good deal, is a mere heap of black cinders,—Vesuvius without its vigour or its vines. Nevertheless, as the monument *is* to be at Edinburgh, we must do the best we can. The first question is, Are we to have it in the city or in the country? and, to decide this, we must determine which was Scott's ruling spirit, the love of nature or of man.

15. His descriptive pieces are universally allowed to be lively and characteristic, but not first-rate; they have been

[1] [For other passages in which Ruskin falls foul of the new town of Edinburgh, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. xvi. § 33, where he speaks of "its deathful formality of street"; *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, §§ 1, 3, where he admits its "simplicity and manliness of style"; and *Fors Clavigera* (Letter i.), where he comprehensively remarks, "I should like . . . to destroy, without rebuilding, the new town of Edinburgh, the north suburb of Geneva, and the city of New York." Ruskin did not himself see Pompeii till 1841, when he was agreeably surprised. He went there on February 12 in that year and wrote in his diary:—

> "Pompeii much finer and more affecting than I had supposed; a very large city, tiring me out before I had walked through the half of it; yet I enjoyed it excessively: the sun warm without scorching, glowing cheerfully on the white sculptures of the Street of the Tombs, and lighting up the bright azures of the mosaic fountains as merrily as if the lips that drank their waters were not mute. Exquisite occurrences of the Sorrento hills along the desolate streets.

See also below, p. 386.]

[2] ["I have never been hindered from drawing street subjects by pure human stench, but in two cities,—Edinburgh and Rome."—*Fors Clavigera*, Letter xviii.]

far excelled by many writers, for the simple reason, that Scott, while he brings his landscape clearly before the reader's eyes, puts no soul into it, when he has done so; while other poets give a meaning and a humanity to every part of nature, which is to its loveliness what the breathing spirit is to the human countenance.[1] We have not space for quotations, but any one may understand our meaning, who will compare Scott's description of the Dell of the Greta, in *Rokeby*,[2] with the speech of Beatrice, beginning, "But I remember, Two miles on this side of the fort," in Act III. Scene i. of *The Cenci*; or who will take the trouble to compare carefully any piece he chooses of Scott's proudest description, with bits relating to similar scenery in Coleridge, or Shelley, or Byron (though the latter is not so first-rate in description as in passion). Now, in his descriptions of some kinds of human nature, Scott has never been surpassed, and therefore it might at first appear that his influence of inspiration was in man. Not so; for, when such is the case, nationality has little power over the author, and he can usurp as he chooses the feelings of the inhabitants of every point of earth. Observe, for instance, how Shakspeare becomes a Venetian, or a Roman, or a Greek, or an Egyptian, and with equal facility. Not so Scott; his peculiar spirit was that of his native land; therefore, it related not to the whole essence of man, but to that part of his essence dependent on locality, and therefore, on nature.* The inspiration of Scott, therefore, was derived from nature, and fed by mankind. Accordingly, his monument must be amidst natural scenery, yet within sight of the works and life of men.

16. This point being settled saves us a great deal of trouble, for we *must* go out towards Arthur's Seat, to get anything of

* Observe, the ruling spirit may arise out of nature, and yet not limit the conception to a national character; but it never so limits the conception, unless it has arisen out of nature.

[1] [In his more mature analysis of Scott's treatment and conception of nature, Ruskin rated very differently the absence of any "pathetic fallacy" in that poet. "There is no passion in Scott which alters nature. . . . Scott takes her temper, and paints her as she is. . . . And in consequence of this unselfishness and humility, Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than that of any other poet that I know" (*Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xvi. §§ 37, 38, etc.).]

[2] [Canto II. vii.]

country near Edinburgh, and thus our speculations are considerably limited at once. The site recommended by W.[1] naturally occurs as conspicuous, but it has many disadvantages. In the first place, it is vain to hope that any new erection could exist without utterly destroying the effect of the ruins. These are only beautiful from their situation, but that situation is particularly good. Seen from the west in particular (Fig. 40), the

Fig. 40

composition is extraordinarily scientific; the group beginning with the concave sweep on the right, rising up the broken crags which form the summit and give character to the mass; then the tower, which, had it been on the highest point, would have occasioned rigidity and formality, projecting from the flank of the mound, and yet keeping its rank as a primary object, by rising higher than the summit itself; finally, the bold, broad, and broken curve, sloping down to the basalt crags that support the whole, and forming the large branch of the great ogee curve (Fig. 41), from *a* to *b*. Now, we defy the best architect

[1] [The knoll on which the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel stand.]

in the world to add anything to this bit of composition, and not to spoil it.

17. Again, W. says, first, that the monument "could be placed so as to appear quite distinct and unconnected" with the ruins; and a few lines below, he says that its effect will be "taken in connexion with the ruins." Now, though Charles Lamb says that second thoughts are *not* best, with W. they very certainly are; the effect would, without doubt, be taken in very close connexion with the ruins,—rather too close, indeed, for the comfort of either monument; both would be utterly spoiled. Nothing in the way of elevated architecture will harmonise with ruin, but ruin; evidence of present humble life, a cottage or a pigsty, for instance, built up against the old wall, is often excellent by way of contrast, but the addition or association of high architecture is total destruction.

Fig. 41

18. But suppose we were able to throw the old chapel down, would the site be fit for Scott? Not by any means. It is conspicuous, certainly, but only conspicuous to the London road, and the Leith glass-houses. It is visible, certainly, from the Calton and the Castle: but, from the first, barely distinguishable from the huge, black overwhelming cliff behind,—and, from the second, the glimpse of it is slight and unimportant, for it merely peeps out from behind the Salisbury Crags, and the bold mound on which it stands is altogether concealed; while, from St. Leonard's and the south approaches, it is quite invisible. Then for the site itself, it is a piece of perfect desolation; a lonely crag of broken basalt, covered with black débris, which have fallen from time to time from the cliffs above, and lie in massive and weedy confusion along the flanks and brow of the hill, presenting to the near spectator the porous hollows, and scoriaceous, lichenless surface, which he scarcely dares to tread on, lest he should find it yet scorching from its creative fires. This is, indeed, a scene well adapted for the grey and shattered ruins, but altogether unfit for the pale colours and proportioned form of any modern monument.

19. Lastly, supposing that even the actual site were well chosen, the huge and shapeless cliff immediately above would crush almost any mass of good proportion. The ruins themselves provoke no comparison, for they do not pretend to size, but any colossal figure or column, or any fully proportioned architectural form, would be either crushed by the cliff, or would be totally out of proportion with the mound on which it would stand.

20. These considerations are sufficient to show that the site of St. Anthony's Chapel is not a good one; but W. may prove, on the other hand, that it is difficult to find a better. Were there any such lonely dingle scenery here as that of Hawthornden, or any running water of any kind near, something might be done; but the sculptor must be bold indeed, who dares to deal with bare turf and black basalt. The only idea which strikes us as in the least degree tolerable is this; where the range of Salisbury Crags gets low and broken, towards the north, at about the point of equal elevation with St. Anthony's Chapel, let a bold and solid mass of mason-work be built out from the cliff, in *grey* stone, broken like natural rock, rising some four or five feet above the brow of the crag, and sloping down, not too steeply, into the bank below. This must be built fairly *into* the cliff to allow for disintegration. At the foot of this, let a group of figures, not more than five in number, be carved in the solid rock, in the dress of Border shepherds, with the plaid and bonnet (a good costume for the sculptor), in easy attitudes; sleeping perhaps, reclining at any rate. On the brow of this pedestal, let a colossal figure of Scott be placed, with the arms folded, looking towards the Castle.

21. The first advantage of this disposition will be, that the position of the figure will be natural; for if the fancy endow it with life, it will seem to stand on the brow of the cliff itself, looking upon the city, while the superior elevation of the pedestal will nevertheless keep it distinctly a statue.

The second advantage is, that it will be crushed by no supereminent mass, and will not be among broken ruins of fallen rocks, but upon the brow of a solid range of hill.

The greatest advantage will be the position of the figure with relation to the scenes of Scott's works. Holyrood will be on its right; St. Leonard's at its feet; the Canongate, and the site of the Heart of Midlothian, directly in front; the Castle above; and, beyond its towers, right in the apparent glance of the figure, will be the plain of Stirling and the distant peaks of the Highland Hills. The figure will not be distinctly visible from the London road, but it will be in full view from any part of the city; and there will be very few of Scott's works, from some one of the localities of which the spectator may not, with a sufficiently good glass, discern this monument.

22. But the disadvantages of the design are also manifold. First, the statue, if in marble, will be a harsh interruption to the colour of the cliffs: and, if in grey stone, must be of coarse workmanship. Secondly, whatever it is worked in must be totally exposed, and the abominable Scotch climate will amuse itself by drawing black streaks down each side of the nose. One cannot speculate here, as in Italy, where a marble Cupid might face wind and weather for years, without damage accruing to one dimple; the Edinburgh climate would undermine the constitution of a colossus. Again, the pedestal must necessarily be very high; even at the low part of the cliffs, it would be, we suppose, 40 or 50 feet; then the statue must be in proportion, say 10 or 12 feet high. Now, statues of this size are almost always awkward; and people are apt to joke upon them, to speculate upon the probable effect of a blow from their fists, or a shake of their hand, etc., and a monument should never induce feelings of this kind. In the case of the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, which is 72 feet high without the pedestal, people forget to whom it was erected, in the joke of getting into its skull, and looking out at its eye.

23. Lastly, in all monuments of this kind, there is generally some slight appearance of affectation; of an effort at theatrical effect, which, if the sculptor has thrown dignity enough into the figure to reach the effect aimed at, is not offensive; but, if

he fails, as he often will, becomes ridiculous to some minds, and painful to others. None of this forced sentiment would be apparent in a monument placed in a city; but for what reason? Because a monument so placed has no effect on the feelings at all, and therefore cannot be offensive, because it cannot be sublime. When carriages, and dust-carts, and drays, and muffin-men, and postmen, and footmen, and little boys, and nursery-maids, and milk-maids, and all the other noisy living things of a city, are perpetually rumbling and rattling, and roaring and crying, about the monument, it is utterly impossible that it should produce *any* effect upon the mind, and therefore as impossible that it should offend as that it should delight. It then becomes a mere address to the eye, and we may criticise its proportions, and its workmanship, but we can never become filled with its feeling. In the isolated case, there is an immediate impression produced of some kind or other; but, as it will vary with every individual, it must in some cases offend, even if on the average it be agreeable. The choice to be made, therefore, is between offending a few, and affecting none; between simply abiding the careless arbitration of the intellect, and daring the finer judgment of the heart. Surely, the monument which Scotland erects in her capital, to her noblest child, should appeal, not to the mechanical and cold perceptions of the brain and eye, but to a prouder and purer criterion, the keen and quick emotions of the ethereal and enlightening spirit.[1]

OXFORD, *October* 20, 1838.

[1] [The Scott monument, erected 1840–44, from the design of Kemp, and enclosing a marble statue by Steell, was ultimately placed in East Princes Street Gardens. The cost, met by subscriptions, was £15,650. Ruskin refers to it in *Fors Clavigera* (Letter xxxi.): "Sir Walter was born on the 15th August, 1771, in a house belonging to his father, at the head of the College Wynd, Edinburgh. The house was pulled down to make room for the northern front of the New College; and the wise people of Edinburgh then built, for I don't know how many thousand pounds, a small vulgar Gothic steeple on the ground, and called it the 'Scott Monument'" (see also *Fors*, Letter xcii. and end of Letter xcv.).]

IV

ESSAY ON THE RELATIVE DIGNITY OF THE STUDIES OF PAINTING AND MUSIC AND THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM THEIR PURSUIT

(1838)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—Only a few extracts from the Essay on Painting and Music have hitherto been published. In the first edition of Mr. W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin* (i. 74–76) a brief synopsis is given, with two extracts (the first parts of § 6 and § 19). Some further passages are given in a volume, published in 1894, under the title "Ruskin on Music, edited by A. M. Wakefield" (George Allen). In that volume Miss Wakefield brought together the principal passages in Ruskin's works dealing with Music, and in ch. ii. ("Music and Early Influences") she printed some extracts from this Essay. The passages included in *Ruskin on Music* are as follow: § 2, from "The power of enjoying Music" to "after the image of God"; § 4, down to "so sublime, a worship"; § 6, down to "Music be without the association"; § 8; § 10, down to "not altogether to be depended upon"; and § 17.

The passages from Ruskin's other works collected by Miss Wakefield are:—
(In ch. i. of *Ruskin on Music*, "Of the Ideal in Music") *Fors Clavigera*, letter ix. (extracts).
(In ch. ii., "Music and Early Influences") *Præterita*, i. ch x. §§ 200, 202–204 (extracts); *Letters to Dale*, i. § 6 (p. 385, below); *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. preface, § 5 (short extract).
(In ch. iii., "Music and Painting") *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. vi. §§ 9, 13 (extracts); vol. iii. ch. iv. § 23, ch. vii. § 11 (extracts); vol. iv. ch iii. § 24 and *n* (extracts), ch. xvii. § 10 (extract). *Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xxi. § 20; vol. ii. ch. vi. § 27 (extract); vol. iii. ch. iv. § 27 *n*. *The Two Paths*, §§ 44, 104, 160 (extracts). *Elements of Drawing*, §§ 154, 189, 191, 223, 240 (extracts). *Ariadne Florentina*, App. i. (extracts). *Laws of Fésole*, ch. vii. (extracts). *Seven Lamps*, ch. iv. § 25 (extract). *Aratra Pentelici*, § 12 (extract). *Mornings in Florence*, §§ 101, 102.
(In ch. iv., "Music and Education") *Fors Clavigera*, letters v., vi., ix., lxxix., lxxxi.–lxxxiii. (various passages); *Val d'Arno*, § 88 (extract); *Rock Honeycomb* (several passages from preface); *Dilecta*, § 30 (extract); *Arrows of the Chace* (extracts from letters of September 25, 1857, and July 3, 1878); *Elements of English Prosody* (a passage from, and general reference to).
(In ch. v. "Music and Morals) *Queen of the Air*, §§ 106, 107; *Sesame and Lilies*, pref. (1871) § 9, § 79. *Fors Clavigera*, letters xxiv., xxxii. (various passages); *Lectures on Art*, § 67; *Time and Tide*, §§ 20, 61; *Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. ch. iv. § 27 (extract); *Queen of the Air*, §§ 41–43; *Pleasures of England*, § 99; *Laws of Fésole*, ch. i. § 3 (extract); *Ethics of the Dust*, ch. iv. (extract).
(In ch. vi. "Of Music and 'Joanna's Care'") *Præterita*, last chapter (several passages).
The coloured plate (a page from an Antiphonaire of 1290) which formed the frontispiece of *Ruskin on Music* is, in this edition, given as an illustration to the *Pleasures of England*, where the Antiphonaire is referred to.

There are two MSS. of this Essay at Brantwood, viz. (*a*) the original draft, contained in Book No. vi. of the poetical MSS. (see the catalogue of these in Vol. II. of this edition); and (*b*) a fair copy,—perhaps that made for the young lady for whom the Essay was composed, which is closely written on twelve pages of foolscap, now bound up with the similar MS. of the *Chronicles of St. Bernard*. There are a good many differences between the draft and the fair copy. The extracts already published were from the draft, the existence of the fair copy being then, apparently, unknown. The following text is printed from the fair copy, while any material variations of the draft are given in the notes. The numbering of the paragraphs is added in this edition. The punctuation is occasionally varied from both draft and fair copy. For introductory note on this Essay, see above, p. xlvi.]

ESSAY ON THE RELATIVE DIGNITY OF THE STUDIES OF PAINTING AND MUSIC AND THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM THEIR PURSUIT[1]

1. SINCE both of these arts are rather recreations than studies, rather intended for amusement than improvement, perhaps the degree of enjoyment which they are relatively capable of conferring is the point to which we ought first to look in their comparison.

It may be said that all persons are capable of enjoying music, although in different degrees; the peasant beguiles his long winter evening with a rudely carolled ballad; the full orchestra contributes to the relief of the lassitude of the monarch,—it is a sense, a faculty implanted in all men by nature; one may possess a more delicate ear, or a finer power of appreciating melody, but all are capable of enjoying it in some degree.

Painting, on the contrary, confers enjoyment only on the few by whom it is appreciated. It is necessary to have a formed taste, or you derive little pleasure from the finest picture. The musician, therefore, who composes a fine air, confers a benefit upon all who will ever hear it; but when a painter has executed a fine picture, of the numbers who will see it many will pass with a careless eye, and an unmoved

[1] [The title of the draft was: "Essay on the Comparative Advantages of the Studies of Music and Painting."]

mind,—he confers pleasure only on a few. Thus far, music is superior to painting.[1]

2. But this very circumstance is a proof of the greater nobility of painting as an art. The power of enjoying music is, like the power of distinguishing tastes in food, a naturally implanted faculty; the power of deriving pleasure from painting is either the acquired taste of a cultivated mind, or the peculiar gift of an elevated intellect. Brutes can enjoy music; mice, in particular, are thrown into raptures by it; horses are strongly excited by the sound of trumpets, and may be taught to dance in excellent time, or even to beat a tambourine with their fore-feet; the iguana, a kind of lizard, is so passionately fond of music that if you will but do him the favour to whistle a tune to him, even though you should happen to be but a second-rate musician, he will allow you to kill him rather than stir. Serpents will dance in time, elephants have been taught to perform elegant and graceful *pas seuls;* but I never heard of even that most sagacious animal's having ever become an admirer of Raphael, or a connoisseur of the works of Correggio; and the compliment of the birds to Zeuxis was a mere mistake, for they would have admired the bunch of grapes much more than the painting.[2] The power, therefore, of enjoying music, being common to brutes, must be considered inferior to the capability of appreciating painting, which is peculiar to him who was made after the image of God.[3]

3. I think, therefore, that if the pleasure conferred by the musician is more general, that bestowed by a painter is greater, certainly it is more noble. For it would appear that

[1] [In § 1 the draft reads: "orchestra endeavours to diminish . . . may have a quicker ear or a more delicate appreciation of melody . . . the few who can appreciate it."]

[2] [The following note is in the draft MS., but not in the fair copy: "Zeuxis and Parrhasius contended for the prize of Painting. Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes; the birds came and pecked at the picture, and everybody considered the piece a *chef-d'œuvre*. Parrhasius produced a painting, apparently covered with a curtain, which he told Zeuxis to draw, and look at the picture. Zeuxis attempted to do so, and was astonished when he found that the curtain was painted. The prize was unanimously awarded to Parrhasius, because Zeuxis had deceived birds only, but Parrhasius had deceived Zeuxis."]

[3] [In § 2 the draft MS. and the extract in *Ruskin on Music* read: "faculty; the power of being gratified by painting . . . Snakes will dance in time, elephants will perform elegant *pas seuls* . . . connoisseur in the works . . . grapes much more. The power . . ."]

we have two kinds of mind, the one consisting of feelings, or life; the other of thoughts, intellect, or soul; the one having its abode in the heart, the other in the brain. The pleasures of the latter are far higher, and far greater; that is, the pleasures of mental thought are infinitely superior to those of mental feeling. Now music operates on the first mind only; it raises the passions, or excites the feelings; but it cannot direct intellect, convey ideas, or furnish materials for thought.[1] Painting has power over both the minds;[2] for with its subject it influences the feelings, and, as painting, it addresses itself to, and delights, the intellect.

4. We will follow up this comparison with instances assigning to music its utmost power; for, in general, it is a mere sensual gratification, not even acting on the feelings; it is only under peculiar circumstances that its power, which must be allowed to be extraordinary, is developed in its full force.

There are few things that appear to elevate the mind more than fine sacred music; but this is because it is fine, not because it is sacred. Let a congregation sing a hymn without instruments—although that is hardly fair to poor music, for they will be sure to play the deuce with the tune, clerk and all—but let them be supposed to give it in good style, in a little shabby chapel, with no echoes, no fine architecture, and in a simple up and down *e-haw* sort of a tune, it will produce no effect upon the hearer. But let a glorious *Te Deum* be thundered from a noble organ into the dim and misty aisles of some vast and shadowy cathedral, the clear voices of the choristers joining at intervals, now low, now loud, until the pure tones echo and roll like the deep billows of a swelling sea among the sculptured columns, and every niche of Gothic tracery is full of sound: the effect of such music upon the mind is most astonishing,[3] and, at first, a

[1] [For the very different opinions expressed by Ruskin in later works about the function of music, see *Sesame and Lilies*, § 79, *Queen of the Air*, §§ 41, 42, *Fors Clavigera*, lxxxi. and lxxxii., *Rock Honeycomb* (Preface), and *Pleasures of England*, § 99. On the other hand, in *The Stones of Venice*, vol. iii. (1853), ch. iv. § 27 *n*, Ruskin adheres to the comparison made here between the lower pleasures of music, and the higher pleasures of painting.]

[2] [The draft MS. reads: "or furnish thought. Painting does both; . . ."]

[3] [*Cf.* the description given of church music at Rome in a Letter to Dale, p. 385.]

person would be ready to believe that the tones were really addressing themselves to his intellect, but this is not the case; for, first, the impression is not all made by the music; the vast aisles, the sculptured columns, the tinted windows, the pale monuments, all add to the sublime impression; and, more than all these, the sense of the purpose of the building and the meaning of the music,—the awe that is produced by so sublime a worship. Without these concomitants, the only effect produced upon the mind is like that of fire on wax: it becomes capable of receiving other, and more sublime, impressions; the music softens it; it frees it from all confusion of thought; and the thoughts which then enter the mind, so prepared, will be more deeply felt, because they are alone. The workings of the thought are like an ocean, which is ordinarily disturbed by conflicting currents, and broken into small and opposing ripples,—music of this kind walks upon its waters like a slow but powerful wind, and occasions a serene, resistless swell,—a succession of mighty waves of thought, whose surface is calm, but whose depths are unfathomable.[1]

5. In order that we may follow up the comparison between music and painting, let us, however, suppose ourselves in a Catholic cathedral. We will turn round yonder column, and enter that small, but richly adorned chapel. Over the altar, there is a picture,—let it be a "crucifixion" by Vandyke or Guido. At first, if you are an artist, your devotion will be a little broken in upon by your admiration of the painting; you will think a little of the colouring, the grouping, the handling, etc.; but even in these first impressions is a direct appeal to your own thinking intellect, and a display of that of another. Soon, however, you become absorbed in the subject of the painting; you look and look again; and an indescribable awe wraps its arms about you, and you forget your own existence, or perhaps imagine yourself a spirit, looking down invisibly upon the scene of horror. There is darkness,—a fearful, palpable darkness,

[1] [In line 4 of § 4, the draft MS. and the extract in *Ruskin on Music* read: "that it operates with its whole power;" in line 12 omit "with" before "no echoes;" in line 21 omit "most" before "astonishing;" and in line 22 read "actually" for "really."]

beyond the Golgotha; and the city, the Jerusalem, rises up, temple above temple, column above column, all wrapped around in the terrific veil of wrathful cloud; save where one gleam of red and lurid light shoots down upon the high pinnacles, like the glance from the eye of an indignant archangel.

Nearer us, on the ground, lie the watching soldiers; and the gloom is round about them, like a shadow of the wrath of God; and there is a fear, a haggard, blasted fear, sitting upon their pale brows. Above them, at the foot of the cross, is a group of a different character; Mary the mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalene, and the disciple whom Jesus loved; and the mother of Jesus has fallen in her grief at the foot of the cross, and the paleness of her countenance is lighted with the fearful light of agony, and as she looks up to the dying Redeemer, there is that terrible, frozen dimness in the horror of the glance that is near to death itself. And the death of Jesus is near; and over the quivering and convulsed limbs, over the agonized brow, where the chill sweat of death is mingled with the drops of flowing blood that distil from the wounds of the piercing crown, is spread the cold and lifeless paleness; the glaze is on the eye, and the chill is in the limb, and the life-blood is trickling silently down from the gaping wound in the side; and from between the half-opened lips we can almost hear the low, short sobbing—"It is finished!" And more and more terrible becomes the reality as you gaze, until you could rush forward with a cry, to tear the iron out of the limbs, or snatch the thorns from the convulsed brow.[1]

Stand a little while before that picture, and meditate upon its subject; and then tell me who has most forcibly affected your feelings, most mightily governed your thoughts,—Handel, with his *Te Deum*, or Guido, with his Crucifixion.[2]

[1] [This description was a good deal elaborated by the author in making his fair copy. The draft MS. omits "frozen" before "dimness"; reads "life-blood is trickling, silent, down from the wound," instead of "trickling silently down from the gaping wound"; omits "between" before "the half-opened lips"; and in the last paragraph of the section omits "most mightily governed your thoughts" after "affected your feelings."]

[2] [This description appears to be of an ideal picture, compounded of recollections of altar-pieces and heads by Van Dyck and Guido. Ruskin at this time had received no initiation into Italian art (see below, p. 276 *n*). In after years he found in Van Dyck "not a vestige of religious feeling" (*Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. § 7), and in Guido Reni only "a few pale rays of fading sanctity" (*ibid.* ch. iv. § 4).]

6. Let us observe the effect of music in other instances, in which, though more simple, it will be found not less powerful. The shepherds on the high Alps live for months in a perfect solitude, not perhaps seeing the face of a human being for weeks together. Among these men there is a very beautiful custom, the manner in which [they] celebrate their evening devotions. When the sun is just setting, and the peaks of eternal snow become tinted of a pale but bright rose colour by his dying beams, the shepherd who is highest upon the mountain takes his horn and sounds through it a few simple but melodious notes, signifying "Glory be to God!" Far and wide on the pure air floats the sound; the nearest shepherd hears and replies; and from man to man, over the illimitable wastes[1] of a hundred hills, passes on the voice of worship. Then there is a silence, a deep, dead silence; every head is uncovered, every knee bowed; and from the stillness of the solitude rises the voice of supplication heard by God only. Again the highest shepherd sounds through his horn "Thanks be to God;" again is the sound taken up and passed on from man to man along the mountains. It dies away; the twilight comes dimly down, and every one betakes himself to repose.[2]

In this custom there is something peculiarly impressive, but it is owing chiefly to concomitant circumstances; and the music of the horn, if it were used for another purpose, and in another place, would be heard without any excited feeling. It is the stillness of the solitude, the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of the twilight, and the simplicity of the worship, which create sensations so sublime in the hearer, which make so strong an impression on his feelings, and appeal so vividly to his mind.

Again, in the effect which the air of the Ranz des Vaches[3]

[1] ["Deserts" in the draft MS.]

[2] [For some account of this aspect of Châlet Life in the Alps, see ch. xxvii. of *The Alps; or Sketches of Life and Nature in the Mountains*, by H. Berlepsch. Translated by the Rev. Leslie Stephen (now Sir Leslie Stephen, K.C.B.), 1861.]

[3] [Many stories are told of the effect of the music of the Ranz des Vaches (or cow-call) in producing home-sickness in the heart of the Swiss mountaineer when heard in a distant land. It is said, for instance, that the music was prohibited in the Swiss regiments formerly in the service of France, on account of the desertions occasioned by it. Each canton and often each valley has an air and words of its own, those of

produces upon the Swiss, we have a striking instance of the power of music, but it is of music combined with peculiar associations. This air is one with which the very winds of Switzerland are filled; the chamois-hunter sings it aloud, as he flashes on his dark and deathful path; the peasant chants it in the valley among the brown corn; the maiden's clear voice flings it upon the pure air as she wends to the spring of waters; and the child sings the same notes when he is playing among the flowers. What marvel, then, that when the poor exile hears the same air in a far land, the air which made his step firm on the glacier, or his foot light on the village green, which is associated with all the pleasures and the dangers of his childhood and his youth—what marvel that the yearning for the place of his birth, for the land of his love, should come near even unto death.

I will grant that nothing but music could mingle itself so intricately with the heart-strings, and yet, in all these instances, it is not music alone; it is combined with something of far higher power, which appeals to far deeper feelings, and arouses infinitely mightier thoughts. We grant that the association could not be raised without the music, but what would the music be without the association?

Again, the power of national airs to excite the feelings is owing to individuality; the feeling of loyalty in an Englishman makes him join with his whole soul in the chorus of "God save the King";—he feels that it is the air of *his* country, and he likes his country because it is *his*. The music itself, though a fine air, is comparatively nothing; they are the words, which render it so inspiring, and the being a national air.[1]

7. Let us now seek for an instance of the power of music

Appenzell and the Gruyères country being the most celebrated. Specimens of the songs may be read in Berlepsch, pp. 322–323; and cf. *Swiss Life in Town and Country*, by A. T. Story, 1902. In connexion with what Ruskin says above (§ 2) about the effect of music on animals, it may be added that according to the authority just cited "the impression made upon the beasts by these Alpine songs is inextinguishable" (p. 323). For another reference to the Ranz des Vaches, see above, *Poetry of Architecture*, § 43.]

[1] [The draft MS. reads: "it is the words, and the being a national air, which renders it so inspiring."]

alone, and unassisted. Now, it is singular enough, that, of all music, that which operates most powerfully is that in which there is the least art,—that of the Æolian harp. I believe that there are many persons who could not listen to the alternate low wailing and burst of melody of this beautiful instrument without great emotion,—some even not without tears. Now the most admirable painting, however vividly its subject might be brought before you, could not work more powerfully on the feelings; but there is still no appeal to the intellect; it will make you weep, perhaps even a little sentimental; but it will not raise thoughts, it will not give ideas, it will make you melancholy, and nothing more, unless indeed you are imaginative, and then you will go on till you get nonsensical, and begin to think of departed friends, and invisible spirits, and such gammon. A more familiar instance is in the strange expression, the startling meaning which appears to exist in the whistling and howling of the wind on a winter's night.

Military music excites the passions strongly, wonderfully; and seems entirely to extinguish fear. I have sometimes fancied that besides the effect of the music itself, the delicate nerves which are connected with the tympanum of the ear might be so affected by the quick, loud and startling changes of such music, as to communicate their vibrations to the other nerves of the frame, and produce a strong excitement and bracing up of the whole body. Certain it is that when we hear a military band, we experience a springiness of step, a buoyancy of spirit, a flashing in the eye, a longing for motion, a fearless intrepidity, a wish for an enemy to charge, that are almost difficult to account for by the mere power of unassisted music.[1]

8. Thus, then, we have seen that, of the different kinds of music, some owe their astonishing power to association, others to concomitant circumstances; but that in all cases it can operate upon the feelings only. Josephine, when Napoleon had exploded into one of his ungovernable furies, was wont to

[1] [In the draft MS. this section ends with the words "to account for." And at the end of the preceding paragraph reads: "strange expression and meaning" for "strange expression, the startling meaning."

play to him one simple but beautiful air, which always soothed and pacified him. There is no doubt that, as music can raise violent passions, so it can allay them, or induce other and milder passions in their room; but it is possible that much of the power of this air over the Emperor was owing to some association with the scenes of his childhood, or some other circumstance, capable of adding greatly to its power.[1] When we allow this mighty and almost irresistible power of exciting the passions and calling up the affections, when we have seen how well it may be employed to stimulate ardour, to favour meditation, or put the mind in a proper temperament for devotion, I think we have said nearly all that can be said in favour of the art of music, in the way of argument, although much may be yet done by high authority.

9. Musicians affirm, in the first place, that there is mention made of music in the Bible, but none of painting. Now, among the Jews, music was used as a stimulus to devotion,—painting never; in fact it might have been viewed by the more scrupulous as a violation of the second commandment; and again, it may be doubted if painting, at least painting in any perfection, was practised among the Jews. The Egyptians, at the time of the Jewish captivity, painted in a barbarous and harsh style, of which we have now specimens; and these paintings were, perhaps, like their sculptures, objects of worship. Painting would therefore be discountenanced among the Jews as tending to idolatry, and when the commandments were delivered on Sinai, it may be supposed either to have been included in the interdiction of the second commandment, or not to have been in usage among the Jews, since, though the Greeks had at that period carried painting to a high degree of perfection, there was no communication between the two nations. Its non-mention in Scripture, therefore, must not be interpreted to its disparagement.

10. Again, we are told that there will be music in heaven, but no painting; but, as the persons who tell us so have

[1] [In the draft MS. this sentence runs: "allay them or produce softer passions in their room, but we cannot tell that much . . . upon the Emperor was not owing to . . . circumstances, which added to its power."]

hitherto never been there, and perhaps are still far enough from it, their authority is not altogether to be depended upon, and if they refer us to Revelations, we reply, that this part of Scripture is not always to be literally understood, any more than we are to believe that God under an actual form[1] can or will actually sit upon a throne, when he is omnipresent. If there is music, it will certainly be of a very different and more elevated kind than that with which we are at present acquainted. Perhaps the metaphor may refer to the all-pervading music of the mind;—at any rate, as it is certain that the eternity of glorified saints will not be spent in the mixture of colours, or the tinting of canvass, so I do not at present see any farther reason for believing that it will be frittered away in the composition of crotchets, or the execution of quavers.

11. Let us now, however, speak of some of those distinguishing advantages which render painting an art so excessively noble, though indeed it is a subject so capacious that it is almost difficult to know where to begin.

In the first place, then, we would remark that no person can become a fine artist, without being a gentleman.[2] I speak not of such artists as Teniers, Ostade, or even Rembrandt, whose superiority consists merely in the excellence of their painting, and their accurate delineation of low life and vulgar manners; but of such as Correggio, Raphael, Titian, Guido, or Velasquez, whose noble minds were displayed in their delineation of elevated subject and lordly character; or Claude and Ruysdael, whose paintings are so distinguished by the soul which they put into nature.[3]

No man can ever approach the excellence of such artists as these were, without being a gentleman; and that, not in

[1] [The draft MS. omits the last four words, but has "under any form" after "throne."]

[2] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vii., "Of Vulgarity."]

[3] ["At this time" (referring to the period up to 1840 or thereabouts), "I understood no jot of Italian painting, but only Rubens, Vandyke and Velasquez" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. ii. § 24). Ruskin's later studies in Italian art in some respects confirmed, in others reversed, the early opinions here expressed. Teniers, Ostade, and even Rembrandt never fared much better at his hands—nor Correggio, Raphael, Titian, or Velasquez much worse—than they do in this youthful essay; though indeed he came to see elements of strength in Rembrandt and of weakness in Raphael which

the common acceptation of the term, but in the high and chivalric sense to which it is more strictly confined. Let us consider how much nobility of feeling and thought was required to execute one picture of Raphael's,—let it be a holy family. We will not speak of the painting, the execution, the grouping or the colouring,—these have never yet been equalled, and, it is probable, never will be; for they are the result of a transcendent and immortal intellect. We will speak only of the beautiful delicacy of thought and feeling which could only be displayed in the work of a man who was as good as he was great, as refined as he was intellectual.

12. What expression is he to give to the face of the Virgin? An ordinary artist will imagine beauty, and an elevated style of it; he will make it serene, mild, and softly smiling, perhaps with a shade of foreboding sadness;—but all this is commonplace. It is reserved for a higher and more glorious intellect to dive into the beauty of imaginary mind,—to search into the secret emotions of a soul that is full of holiness, to lighten the spirit with the innocence of youth, but to shadow it with the wings of many thoughts, of high and overwhelming aspirations; to show the mightiness of gentle spirit, and the nobility of a lowly heart; and when he has filled his imagination with the beautiful mind of his own creating, to breathe forth that mind into the countenance, until the soft, unfathomable eye, and the serene lip, and the mild but lofty brow become glorious in the light of their own loveliness, full of a visible thought, breathing of immortal mind,—hallowed with the beauty of holiness. Who could pourtray such a mind without combining in his own soul the imagination and intellect of the poet, the nobility of thought of a king, and the purity and righteousness of feeling of the Christian? This it is which renders the painting a thing to worship, and immortalizes the painter.

13. In the execution of holy subjects the necessity of such superiority of mind is more easily understood, but in historical

are not here suggested. It is a mistake to suppose that Ruskin in after years was blind to the merits of Claude; but he would not then have selected Claude's pictures as an instance of "soul." His studies had alienated him, he said, in the first chapter of *Modern Painters* (§ 4), from Claude, and among those whom he there associated with Claude was Ruysdael.]

painting it is the same. Let us take—not distinguished characters[1] in which it may at once be seen that their magnitude of mind could only be imagined by a mind also of great power;—but characters of less importance. Suppose that we require a painting of the Horatii receiving their swords before the contest. The subject has been very well managed, as far as the French school of painting can go, by David, in his picture, now in the Louvre.[2]

The Horatii are there represented as handsome and well-made men; their countenances courageous, determined, and noble. The painter goes no farther. Now, had a painter of more distinguished talent attempted the subject, his treatment of it would have been very different. He would most likely have given us three characters in the three individuals, and the effect of the same emotions on the different characters would have been exquisitely pourtrayed. It was almost certain that two out of the three at least would fall. The painter might therefore throw an awe over the countenances, enhanced perhaps by the terrible darkness that their religion cast beyond the grave, but he would lighten the eye with mightier and conquering feeling,—the love of their country and their people. The proud delight and exultation that to *their* force was committed, to their faith and courage was intrusted, the fate of that country and that people; the high hope, the determined resolution, the beautiful forgetfulness of self, the despising of death and of what might be beyond death:—all this could only be properly imagined and pourtrayed by one who was himself capable of entertaining the same feelings, and whose power of mind wa. as distinguished in the conception, as that of his hand in the design.

14. In landscape painting this superiority of soul is not quite so necessary; that of intellect, however, always is; the artist must have a keen perception of beauty, an exquisite eye for disposition and mingling of colour, the design and grouping of

[1] [The draft inserts "like Alexander, or Coriolanus, or Cæsar or others."]

[2] [No. 189, "The Oath of the Horatii." Ruskin's opinion, thus early formed, of the limitations of the French School, was not afterwards modified—see, *e.g.*, *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. § 27—though he greatly admired some modern French painters; see, *e.g.*, *Academy Notes*, 1857.]

forms, and the fall of his lights and shades; or he will never become a fine landscape painter. To become an immortal one, he must have more; he must be capable of experiencing those exquisite and refined emotions which nature can arouse in a highly intellectual mind; he must feel his heart bound with the cheerfulness of the morning, or floating away into a calm ocean of deep thought, in the half sad and gentle light of the setting sun, or the reverential still of the dying twilight; he must feel the soul of joy and sorrow, the life and thought with which nature is filled at all times and at all seasons, and he must be capable of putting that soul upon his canvass; he must have meaning in his heaven, meditation in his air; and he will never do this, unless his mind were among the mighty.

15. Such are the qualifications which are required in a painter's mind; and to these must be added a profound knowledge and experience of human nature. And if we consider in addition how difficult and tedious is the attainment of the art of painting itself, the handling, the drawing, the colouring, etc., we need no longer wonder at the small number of distinguished painters.

16. Let us now consider what is necessary to form a musician, and even one who can not only execute, but compose. It requires talent, distinguished talent,—but of what description? A musical ear?—that is not intellect; and a something else, we do not know what to call it, which involves neither thought nor feeling,—a sensual power, a corporeal property. A musician may be also a great man, and yet I doubt it: for the habit of sensuality in the ear must gradually embrace and swallow up the other faculties; but on the other hand a musician *may* be what he has been,—a brute in habits, and a bear in manners; an epicure in palate as in ear, a glutton in eating as in hearing; a man of vulgar mind, of mean thought, of debased intellect,—of no principle. All this a man may be, and yet may be a great musician. What splendid talent! what lofty character! In order to add the weight of example to that of argument, compare the character of Handel with that of Raphael. Such is the

difference which may exist, and must, to a certain degree, between the men who excel in the two arts.

17. Lastly, to render perfect the comparison, let us consider the difference between a fine air and a fine painting. The first thing that strikes us is the proportion of time or labour requisite to produce them. The tune may be dashed off by the inspiration of five minutes. The picture is the result of the labour and thought of months. This, however, is of little importance, for it is not the time occupied, but the thing done which we have to consider. Now, the music pleases the ear, excites the feelings a little; *et voilà tout.* The painting, by its harmonious arrangement of colour, and beautiful disposition of light and shade, gratifies the eye as much as the music does the ear; but it does more; it addresses itself to the mind; it is either a representation of the feeling and action of man, or of the beauty and life of nature, and whether one or the other, is a source of mental gratification of the highest kind; it is a thing which we may look upon hour after hour and day after day with renewed feelings of wonder and delight, a thing in which a story may be told, a lesson taught, an example conveyed, a poem included—nay, even a Deity imagined. What! shall that which has been worshipped by mistaken zeal be degraded and scorned by ignorant indifference? Shall that to which the error of admiration has bowed the knee be neglected by the blindness of imbecility, or depreciated by the malignity of envy? No: let both the arts be admired and encouraged, but let them never be estimated equal in dignity; let the musician be honoured, but let the painter be revered; and, above all, let his works be preserved and protected as much as in us lies, since, once lost they are lost for ever, and the hand which alone could produce them is now dust and ashes, and the soul which alone could imagine them, sleeping in the stillness of the grave.[1]

18. I have hitherto instituted a comparison only between

[1] [In this section the draft MS. reads: "the proportionate time and labour . . . a little; and that is all . . . as the music the ear; but then it . . . it is a representation of feeling . . . the soul of Nature . . . day after day and hour after hour . . . never be considered equal . . ."]

first-rate painters and first-rate musicians. Let me now expatiate a little upon the relative advantages, to young people, of the studies of drawing and music.

With respect to music, it may serve to while away a vacant hour, or to relieve the lassitude of the evening party. The performer is praised for her performance (whether she play well or ill), and the party do, actually, listen with a good deal of pleasure,—that is, if the music be not too long continued. I should not suppose[1] that the delight of any person in music is enhanced by his being himself a performer. If he have a delicate musical ear, he will enjoy music whether he can, or cannot, perform himself. If he has not, he will never play with feeling, taste, or execution, and will never derive great enjoyment from music. All therefore that is gained by its study, which requires much labour and time, is the power of amusing an evening party for some small time, in some small degree.

19. Now, with regard to drawing, the labour and time required is the same, but the advantages gained will, I think, be found considerably superior. They are four,—namely, (1) the power of appreciating fine pictures; (2) the agreeable and interesting occupation of many hours; (3) the habit of quick observation and the exquisite perception of the beauties of nature; and lastly, the power of amusing and gratifying others.

Now, with regard to the first of these, place a person who is in the habit of drawing, and one who is not, before a fine painting. The dialogue between them will be something like that between Hamlet and the queen:—

Q. Whereon do you look?

H. On it; on it. Do you see nothing there?

Q. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.

H. Why, look you there!—look you![2]

Or the reply might be in the words of another poet:[3]—

"I see a hand you cannot see—"

and even:—

"I hear a voice you cannot hear;"

[1] [The draft here inserts "although of course on this I cannot speak with certainty."]

[2] [Act iii. Sc. iv.]

[3] [Thomas Tickell: "Colin and Lucy."]

for there is a voice in a fine picture, both of those who are pourtrayed, and of him who pourtrayed them: or if it be a landscape, there is that voice of nature, which is heard equally in the tumult of noonday or stillness of night.

20. The person who is not accustomed to paintings will look for subject, and for that only; he will be pleased with a glare of colour, and a multitude of figures; or else—and this I have seen a thousand times—his fancy will be struck with some trick of the brush, some bit of paltry imitation,[1] which to the artist is mere A B C, such as the accurate delineation of the texture of a carpet, the delicate touching of a bit of lace, or the close imitation of a jewel. But, however he may be pleased, he will be tired of any picture in five minutes, and will not wish to see it again; he will yawn through an exhibition with a listless eye and a sauntering step; and when he has at length escaped, his conversation will only be of the headache he has got, and the stupidity of the paintings he has seen; or perhaps his ill-humour will expend itself in a general attack upon all pictures that ever were painted.

He, on the other hand, who has been used to drawings, instantly distinguishes the good pictures from the rubbish, and on these he bestows his whole attention; he devotes perhaps half-an-hour to each, a half-hour to him of the most exquisite enjoyment. The picture sinks deep into his mind; it is associated with other standards of perfection, and is afterwards remembered and called up on different occasions; it becomes a star in the memory, and a source of constantly recurring delight; and if he is fatigued in passing through a gallery, it is only by the flush of enthusiasm, and the zeal of admiration.

Not only is this taste for pictures productive of great pleasure to the individual, but it is a proper, nay, an important part of a polite education,—an accomplishment, the acquisition of which, if not necessary, is at least useful, in refining the mind and cultivating the intellect, which is one of the chief

[1] [In the draft MS.: "will be struck with some bit of imitation which to the artist is perfect A B C."]

distinctions of the gentleman, and of the peculiar attributes of the man of taste.

21. With regard, secondly, to the agreeable employment which the study of drawing affords, it may be said that music possesses the same advantage. In the first place, however, I much doubt if the employment in the latter be half so agreeable, because, in the second place, I am sure it is not half so intellectual. In music you read notes and endeavour to produce the correspondent sounds.[1] In drawing, even if it be only landscape, your mind is filled with the memory of nature; you are scattering sunshine among the green leaves of the forest, or breathing zephyrs over the calm lake, or dashing the foam from the forehead of the cataract, or tinting the green slopes of distant mountains, or mingling the white clouds with the blue of the pure heaven. Certainly this is more intellectual;—surely it is more delightful.

22. But of all the advantages of this study, the quick perception of the beauty of nature is the greatest. It is like a new faculty, a sixth sense. Let two persons go out for a walk; the one a good sketcher, the other having no taste of the kind. Let them go down a green lane,—one of those so common in our fair country, and meet an old woman in a red cloak. There will be a great difference in the scene, as perceived by the two individuals. The one will see a lane, and trees; he will perceive the trees to be green, though he will think nothing about it; he will see that the sun shines, and that it has a cheerful effect, but that the trees make the lane shady and cool; and he will see an old woman in a red cloak; —*et voilà tout!*

23. But what will the sketcher see? His eye is accustomed to search into the cause of beauty, and penetrate the minutest parts of loveliness. He looks up, and observes how the showery and subdivided sunshine comes sprinkled down among the gleaming leaves overhead, till the air is filled with the emerald light, and the motes dance in the green, glittering

[1] [In the draft this sentence runs: "In music you are reading notes, and endeavouring to produce them, either by the modulations of the voice, or by the dexterous management of the fingers on some instrument."]

lines that shoot down upon the thicker[1] masses of clustered foliage that stand out so bright and beautiful from the dark, retiring shadows of the inner tree, where the white light again comes flashing in from behind, like showers of stars; and here and there a bough is seen emerging from the veil of leaves, of a hundred varied colours, where the old and gnarled wood is covered with the brightness,—the jewel brightness of the emerald moss, or the variegated and fantastic lichens, white and blue, purple and red, all mellowed and mingled into a garment of beauty for the old withered branch. Then come the cavernous trunks, and the twisted roots that grasp with their snake-like coils at the steep bank, whose turfy slope is inlaid with flowers of a thousand dyes, each with his diadem of dew: and down like a visiting angel, looks one ray of golden light, and passes over the glittering turf—kiss,—kiss,—kissing every blossom, until the laughing flowers have lighted up the lips of the grass with one bright and beautiful smile, that is seen far, far away among the shadows of the old trees, like a gleam of summer lightening along the darkness of an evening cloud.

Is not this worth seeing?—yet if you are not a sketcher,—or a rhymer,—you will pass along the green lane, and when you come home again, have nothing to say or to think about it, but that you went down such and such a lane.

For the old woman in the red cloak,—she will afford a sketcher an immense deal of speculation. He will watch her as she comes along, now in the sun, now in the shade, and will rejoice in the bit of colour thus added to his landscape, as an epicure might in the proper application of a piquant sauce.[2] He will think where he would place her for a proper effect, and will watch her motions with infinite interest, to see if she will produce a good effect in any other place. Thus, from the most insignificant circumstance,—from a bird on a railing, a wooden bridge over a stream, a broken branch, a child in a

[1] [In the draft MS., "stricken," and six lines below, "velvet" instead of "emerald."]

[2] [What is "sauce" for the painter is apparently not sauce for the musician; the musician is given a lower place for the sensual nature of his pleasures: see above, §§ 2, 4.]

pinafore, or a waggoner in a frock, does the artist derive amusement, improvement, and speculation. In everything it is the same; where a common eye sees only a white cloud, the artist observes the exquisite gradations of light and shade, the loveliness of the mingled colours—red, purple, grey, golden, and white; the graceful roundings of form, the shadowy softness of the melted outline, the brightness without lustre, the transparency without faintness, and the beautiful mildness of the deep heaven that looks out among the snowy cloud with its soft blue eyes;—in fact, the enjoyment of the sketcher from the contemplation of nature is a thing which to another is almost incomprehensible. If a person who had no taste for drawing were at once to be endowed with both the taste and power, he would feel, on looking out upon nature, almost like a blind man who had just received his sight. Is this new sense, this delightful power of perceiving beauty, a thing to be despised?

24. Lastly, the enjoyment which by this art we are capable of giving to others is very great. After a tour through some interesting country the sketcher brings home with him a number of views, which in the long winter evening will recall forgotten scenes to the eyes of such as have been over the same ground, or assist the imagination of those who have never been so fortunate. Some may perhaps derive no pleasure from the exhibition, but it is to these that we are at present speaking;—it is these whom we wish to learn, that they may be capable of enjoying, and instead of affirming drawing to be a selfish amusement, let them learn it themselves, in order that they may derive pleasure from the performances of their friends; let them go on the principle of the old proverb—"Let every one mend one;" let them secure the enjoyment of drawing to themselves. By this they at least do nobody any harm, and if others do not follow their example,—the more fools they,—that's all!

V

LEONI

A LEGEND OF ITALY

(1836)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—"Leoni" appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1837, pp. 217–226. It was not signed, but in the table of contents "J. R." was given as the author. *Leoni* was accompanied by a plate entitled "Early Morning," engraved by G. K. Richardson from a painting by G. Barret. It shows a sea-coast with ruined temples. The editor probably sent the plate to Ruskin, who more or less adjusted his descriptions to it. As the plate had no other connexion with Ruskin or *Leoni*, it is not here reproduced. An issue of *Leoni*, in separate form, has the following title-page :—

LEONI; A Legend of Italy. By J. R. London: 1868.

Post octavo, pp. 15, issued in mottled grey wrappers, the front cover being lettered: "Leoni; A Legend of Italy. By J. R." This pamphlet contained the following preface (pp. 3, 4) :—

> MY DEAR FRIEND,—You know often I have said that I would never do anything to reprieve from well-deserved oblivion the tawdry little bit of sentimentality in which your partial kindness persuades you to find something worth preservation, but which in my heart I feel to be neither more nor less than the outcome of a fleeting impression left upon my youthful mind by the reading of Rogers's *Italy*—a work that by the admirable reticence of its prose and verse should surely have instructed me to better result. Yet how should my vanity, thus beset on both sides, not decide compliantly when a lady urges her suit, and a lady to whom I have so much reason to grant so much more than it is in my power to give. If, then, you must have *Leoni* out of his inaccessible hiding-hole of an annual, christened under an evil star, be it even so; only let me ask in return that these few words of parental condemnation should accompany him; so that when you and the too indulgent friends for whom you design your little pamphlet, and to the small circle of whom you promise to restrict it, hold the sorry tale in hand, they may know that he who wrote it would fain disown it, albeit the pages may contain one or two sentences rightly felt, and expressed with all the sincerity of youth.—Yours ever, J. R.
>
> DENMARK HILL, *July* 1868.

The authenticity of this preface, and therefore of the issue of the separate edition of *Leoni*, has been questioned. The somewhat constrained and artificial style of the preface might perhaps be explained by saying that Ruskin was altogether indifferent to the whole business, and that his pen forgot its more characteristic touch in the discharge of a tiresome exercise. The spelling of "Rogers's *Italy*" adds to the doubt, for (as appears from remarks addressed to W. H. Harrison) Ruskin had a particular objection to the use of the second *s*. Further, the editors have not been able to ascertain who was the friend to whom the preface is addressed. The reprint bears the date 1868, but its existence was unknown at the time of the publication of *The Bibliography of Ruskin*, by R. H. Shepherd (1878–81). That Bibliography was examined by Ruskin himself with some care, as appears from letters in *Arrows of the Chace*. It expressly stated (p. 3) that *Leoni* had never been reprinted. The editors are also unable to discover any record of the reprint till a date much later than 1868. It is only during recent years that copies have been sold in the auction rooms, at prices ranging from £2, 6s. to £6, 15s. They have the imprint "Strangeways & Walden, Printers, Castle-street, Leicester Sq." This firm (now Messrs. J. Strangeways & Co.) have full records of all work executed by them as far back as 1845. They did print one pamphlet of Ruskin's in 1868 ("Notes on the Employment of the Destitute and Criminal Classes"); they inform the editors that they did not print *Leoni*. As against the above considerations, Mr. George Allen has some recollection of the pamphlet being at Denmark Hill, and himself presented a copy to Mr. T. J. Wise, whose Bibliography (1889–93) recording the 1868 edition was also sent to Brantwood, though it does not appear that Ruskin was at that time able to give it his personal attention. (See in this connexion note on "The Scythian Guest" in Vol. II.)

The MS. of *Leoni*, from which additional matter is here given, is in Book No. viii. of the poetical MSS. preserved at Brantwood (see list in Vol. II.). It is a first draft, from which, of course, a fair copy, presumably destroyed, was made for the editor of *Friendship's Offering*. For introductory notes on *Leoni*, see above, pp. xxxiii., xlvii.]

LEONI

A LEGEND OF ITALY[1]

THE lord of Castel Alto is old and gray-headed; fourscore years have flitted silently over him, and the dream of his life is nigh to its awaking, and his ear is dull, and his eye is dim, and his heart is weary.

The old man reclines on a couch in the hall of his ancestors, beside an open casement, and the balmy air that floats over the deep blue waters of the broad sea, passes softly through his thin hair, and his weary eye rests on the brightness of a lovely landscape; for the olive, and the orange, and the myrtle, are green by the shore of the still waters; and the city lies whitely beneath the glance of the sun, as he rides through the cloudless azure of the heaven; while the purple mountains clasp the ocean in their arms, and fade away into the horizon in long lines of misty blue. Alas! the springtime of nature is a mockery to the winter of age, and Amalfiero turns away in sadness. His vassals are waiting around him to do him pleasure; the minstrel is there with his harp, the maiden with her song; but no music is so sweet to the old man's ear as the voice of his daughter Giulietta.

Giulietta, when a babe, was a thing of smiles and loveliness, like a happy thought dancing over the mind. Giulietta, when a child, was like the orange blossom in the groves of Friuli, and gladness floated around her like the fragrance of

[1] [The second title was added by the editor of *Friendship's Offering*; see below, p. 303.]

the flower. Giulietta, in her youth, was[1] the fairest maiden of Italy,—she glanced among the myrtle bowers like the winged zephyr: the evening star, when it rises gleaming out of the sea into the darkness of the glorious night of Italy, is not so bright as the beam that flashed from her large eye through the night of her lovely eyelashes. Giulietta's mind was love—all love—to each and every thing.

Like music to the sadness of the soul, was Giulietta to the old age of her father. As she passed before him, a light came into the coldness of his eye; and his ear, when it was dead to other sound, awoke to the murmur of her gentle voice.[2] As an angel watches over the last days of a saint upon the earth, when the tumult of the battle of his life is over, and sheds peace around his hours, and bids his days pass sweetly and holily, so Giulietta watched over Amalfiero like an influence of good, and was the sun of his thoughts, and the light of his rejoicing.

Giulietta had a brother. Garcio d'Amalfiero was a man of a dark countenance, and the shadows of his evil passions passed over it, like clouds over the luridness of the stormy heaven, and his look withered those upon whom it fell, and his wrath, once excited, raged like a pestilence, and would not be appeased. He was loved by few, and had many enemies, none of whom he hated as he did the bandit Leoni, for him only he feared.[3]

Leoni's better nature had been borne down by the violence of his passions, and he became what he abhorred, and widely was the fear of his name spread; for he passed over the land like a meteor, and left desolation behind him in the palaces

[1] [In the MS. the author indulges himself by using the present tense in this description of Giulietta. For a "winged" the MS. has a "wayward zephyr."]

[2] [The MS. places here the words, given at the end of the preceding paragraph in the text, "Giulietta's mind was love—all love—to each and every thing," and adds: "The birds knew Giulietta, the nightingale sang at her chamber window his song to the stars; and as she walked among the flowers, they fluttered beside her and stooped their glassy necks to her hand; nay, the flowers seemed to know Giulietta, and to be gladdened into brightness as she past, and Giulietta loved them all."]

[3] [In the MS. this sentence runs: "He was feared by all, hated by many, loved by few, but his arm was resistless in the battle, and his fame was bright among the proud names of the warriors of Italy. Among his many enemies Garcio hated none as he did . . ."]

of the great and the powerful, but not in the hamlets of the poor.[1]

Returning from a successful attack on the castle of a neighbouring baron, Leoni had been once tracked to the fastnesses of the Apennines by Garcio, with a chosen troop of his followers. The bandit gave him battle, and was, as usual, victorious; the followers of Garcio cowered back from his thunderbolt charge, and Garcio himself was struck from his horse by the sword of Leoni. It had been said of the bandit, that he had never deserted a friend, nor spared an enemy; but, as his sabre waved over the head of his prostrate foe, the beaver of Garcio's helmet fell open; Leoni's arm was arrested as if by the hand of an invisible being, a smile of scorn passed over his lip, and then a mildness came into his eye; he turned calmly away; and, to the astonishment of his followers, sounded a retreat in the very flush of victory, while Garcio and his disheartened and vanquished band were suffered to retire unmolested. From that time the hatred of Garcio to Leoni was inextinguishable. The shame of defeat and the thirst of revenge gnawed into his heart like vultures, for he had rather have been laid dead by the sword of Leoni, than have owed his life to the clemency of his conqueror.

* * * * *[2]

Giulietta sat in her chamber in the eastern tower of Castel

[1] [In the MS. this paragraph runs:—

"There are spirits moving on the earth, which are not of a like order with their fellows, which will rise above the ordinary dust of mortality, whether it be in greatness of evil or of good; and it depends upon the accident of impulse, upon the treatment of their fellowmen, whether that greatness be a blessing or a curse; and such was Leoni, and he was what he abhorred. His noble nature had been borne down by the violence of his passions, but yet his name was pronounced with fear, not with scorn or contumely, and widely was the fear of that name spread; for he passed," etc.]

[2] [Long passages in the MS. are here omitted both in *Friendship's Offering* and in the privately printed edition. The passages consist of three scenes: (1) Between Giulietta and her father; (2) between Leoni and the bandits; (3) Leoni's serenading of Giulietta. Ruskin's criticisms upon the editor's omission of these scenes are given in the letter printed at p. 302. The passages in the MS. are as follow:—

(1)

"Giulietta, Giulietta," said the old man.

And Giulietta came forth from among her maidens like the moon when it is bright among the pale stars, and she knelt down softly beside her parent,

Alto. The evening star rose out of the sea, and climbed slowly up into the sky, and Giulietta's dark eye rested sadly upon it. She was waiting for a voice that rose, every evening, from the myrtle grove below the castle, as the star disappeared behind

and lifted up her large dark eyes full of love. And a blessing passed silently over the heart of her father, and descended upon her like the dew.

"Giulietta," said the old man, "there is a dark spirit upon me to-day, a shadow that is felt, a dread stillness of the mind like the fearful hush of the air before the desolation of the earthquake; a chill is upon my soul as if the hand of death was lying cold even upon my mind."

"Nay, my father," said Giulietta, "thou art weary," and she bent over him and kissed his cheek.

"I am not weary when thou art beside me, Giulietta; this gloom that is brooding over my heart is not weakness or disease, it is a presentiment of evil which the invisible beings who are round us and in us, and who watch over our feelings and turn them to good or evil, have power to infuse into our souls as a warning. Such there are, Giulietta, I have spoken with them in my mind. I have felt their power ruling over my life. I have felt them busy about my heart-strings in joy or in sorrow."

"My father," said Giulietta, "the evil spirits have no power over us without our own consent, and this midnight of the soul is not of the good."

"I know not," returned the old man; "I have felt it once before: it was followed by the death of those whom I loved."

Giulietta looked up, and his countenance was exceeding pale, and there was a horror upon it of great fear.

"My father, my father, you are ill," said the maiden.

"That sun will soon set, Giulietta, and to me, I believe, for ever," said the old man; "but this is not death, nor the fear of death that sits so heavily on me. What is it to one like me to fall asleep from weariness of life? Why should I fear resting from trouble and turmoil and grief—why should gloom come over me from the dread of repose?"

"What do you fear, my father?" said Giulietta.

"I know not what I fear; but I fear for thee only, my daughter," said the old man. "The only blow which can now reach my heart must be struck through thee. Leave me, Giulietta."

"Not thus, not thus," said the maiden, for the countenance of her father grew still paler.

"Yes, leave me. Thy presence but increases the horror that has bound me."

And the maiden kissed her father's brow, and it was very cold, and his frame trembled strongly, and she left him and sought her chamber in sorrow.

(2)

The sun is low in the heaven, and the tall rocks on the sea shore are reddened with his rays, and the columns of the ruined temple on the summit threw their shadows lengthily along the sward. By a narrow path on the face of the grey rocks a band of warriors was defiling, man by man, and the warm rays glanced gaily on their crested helms. High was the brow and lofty the glance of their leader, and a pride sat upon his lip; for the countenance of Leoni was not as the countenance of other men, the emotions which passed over his heart like whirlwinds were not reflected in the stillness of his brow—none when they looked on Leoni could have known what thoughts were working in the deep secret places of his soul. Neither hope, nor fear, nor anger had ever been seen on his countenance, but the pride of spirit sat there ever, *and when he spoke, even in the* . . . . . (sic)

One of his followers was beside him, privileged by superior age, one whom

the peak of a distant mountain. Giulietta hardly knew how very sweet the voice was to her listening ear, for it was the voice of one who loved her with a more than common love. They had first met when Giulietta was young, very young,

Leoni allowed to speak familiarly to him as a friend, and the old man's tone was querulous and complaining.

"So we are to wait here for you again half the night, are we? I love not these solitary rambles of yours, Leoni; what can you have to do alone at the Castle of ——— every evening?"

"Trouble not yourself about that, Anselmo," said Leoni.

"But I do trouble myself," returned Anselmo; "I love not to be left here sprawling on this damp grass every night, while you go pushing your head into the Lion's mouth in this way. I can't imagine what makes you keep lurking alone about that Castle of ———, unless it be to let Garcio catch you, and then you would lose your head, and we our Captain."

"Fear not for me," said Leoni; "my doom is not to die by his coward sword."

"I don't know that, Leoni," replied the old man. "That was another fool's trick of yours—you should have known better, when he fell before you in the battle, than to think that he would ever have forgiven his defeat. Why did you let him live to plot revenge as a reward for your most wise clemency?"

Leoni smiled in scorn.

"I knew him then as I know him now," he said, "let him plot against me as he will—think you that I care for his meanly devised revenge and impotent wrath? Garcio is to me as the wave that dashes its weak spray on the forehead of yonder stern and unyielding crag."

"Nevertheless, Leoni, if he were to catch you near his castle without your followers, I fancy our next charge would be without a leader. You had better stay here out of his den or take us with you. I'll follow you to the castle with the utmost possible pleasure, providing you don't sound a retreat as you so prudently did once when we were about to give the rascals a lesson how they dared to attack the band of Leoni: you were possessed that day, Leoni—mad, quite mad. Some of them would have remembered it as long as their heads stood on their shoulders."

"You must not follow me," said Leoni, "you must remain here this evening, at least—but keep your carbines loaded, and sleep not. I may have need of you this night."

"It's high time, I know," muttered Anselmo, "to have need of us; we might as well be fishermen or Lazzaroni at once as lie here like moon calves all night, not a blow to be struck nor a shot fired. Well, if he will go, he must, I suppose—he'll be tired of this in time, or Garcio will teach him the imprudence of solitary contemplation." And with a low, discontented kind of growl, Anselmo couched sulkily behind a fallen column, looked to the priming of his carbine, turned his sword belt round that the hilt might be near his hand, etc. . . . (*sic*). The rest of the band had soon disappeared into various places of concealment, and Leoni, leaping down lightly from the rocks, moved rapidly along the sea shore towards the Castle of ———.

(3)

And a change came over his countenance, and it grew mild, and a gladness rested on it, and the haughtiness of his lip faded away.

Giulietta sat in her chamber, in the eastern tower of the Castle of ———, and the evening was sinking down upon the shores of the deep sea—and the evening star rose up out of the deep and climbed slowly up into the darkening sky, and far through the deep blue air gleamed its melancholy

and Francesco just verging into manhood. From that hour she was the light of his path, and the joy of his heart. Her father knew not of his child's love for Francesco, who pleaded

ray, and shone paly on the quivering countenance of the moving waters. And Giulietta's large dark eye rested sadly on the star, and what were Giulietta's thoughts? And now, fast waned the twilight away, and the glow of the sky that was shed o'er it by the departing sun became cold, and the shadow of the pervading starlight became visible on the chequered floor and carved walls of the chamber. And the night came glorious down upon the sea.

And the star climbed higher and higher, and as it touched the summit of the mountain, the night breeze came balmily over the deep, and as it died away, the voice was heard singing below the castle. And Giulietta drew near the window and listened, and the sounds rose softly up upon the wings of the night wind, and the moon looked down and saw a blush pass over Giulietta's lovely cheek—and thus the voice sang:—

1

"There was a tower within my heart,
The tower was strong and high;
But oh, its walls they fell before
The glance of thy bright eye.
A throne of love within the tower,
A lofty throne, was seen,
And there thou sittest on the throne,
Indisputable queen.

2

Full high upon the Apennine
Is set my mountain tower,
And there with gems and marble fine
I've decked a lady's bower.
The lady's bower is fair to see,
No lady's there, I ween;
Oh, maiden, wend away with me,
And thou shalt be its queen.

3

And far among the mountains blue
I have a trusty band;
My band is bold, my band is true,
They wait for my command.
Their hands are strong, their hearts are free,
Their swords are bright and keen;
Oh, maiden, wend away with me,
And thou shalt be their queen."

And the voice died away, and the tones passed drearily into the stillness of the night.

At the end of the MS. there is a revised version of the omitted scene, numbered (3) above. This version reads as follows:—

And where were Giulietta's thoughts? She was waiting for a voice that rose every evening as the star disappeared behind the summit of a distant peaked mountain from the myrtle grove beneath the castle. Giulietta hardly knew how very sweet the voice was to her ear, for it was the voice of one who loved her with a more than common love—even with a love like to that of a spirit. They had first met when Giulietta was young, very young, and

to Giulietta some ancient feud of their families, as an excuse for maintaining his secrecy.

When the star touched the misty summit of the mountain, and Giulietta drew near to the window, a blush passed over her fair cheek as a minstrel's song floated upon the breeze :—

"Full broad and bright is the silver light
Of moon and stars, on flood and fell;
But in my breast is starless night,
For I am come to say farewell.
How glad, how swift was wont to be
The step that bore me back to thee;
Now coldly comes upon my heart
The meeting that is but to part.

I do not ask a tear, but while
I linger where I must not stay,
O, give me but a parting smile,
To light me on my lonely way.
To shine, a brilliant beacon star,
To my reverted glance, afar,
Through midnight, which can have no morrow
O'er the deep, silent, surge of sorrow."[1]

Francesco a youth just verging into manhood. From that hour she had been like a halo of glory in the life of Francesco. Giulietta knew it—she could not help loving him whose thoughts, whose hopes, whose being were centred in her only.

The thought of her came over his soul like the morning on dark mountains, when absent from her. Francesco had two lives, and one was cold and dead and dark and cheerless, but the other was the dreamy life of the mind, beautiful exceedingly, full of light and loveliness, for the vision of her was there . . . . . (*sic*).

Her father knew not of the love of his child. Francesco had seen her only for moments, by stealth, pleading to Giulietta some ancient feud of their families as an excuse for maintaining his love in secret. Several times in the masque or the dance at the Castle of ——— a knight had mingled of more graceful form and noble bearing: none knew him, unless there was recognition in the brightness of Giulietta's eye. Several times, when she had gone forth with her father and a retinue of fifty knights, the ranks had been thrown into confusion as if by a supernumerary individual. Giulietta only knew how. Several times when the minstrels were singing in the hall had one come forward of haughtier glance and loftier brow, and all bent forward to listen to his lay of love, charming all ears, intended only for one.

Here is a blank of half a page. Then on the next page :—

The song ceased for a moment; then again the perfumed night breeze became vocal; but now the sounds were low and sad, and fell melancholy on Giulietta's ear :—

"Now broad and brilliant," etc.]

[1] [In the MS. the first line reads, "Now broad and brilliant lies the light," and a third stanza is added :—

"An ardent fire within me burns,
And though my heart consumed may be,
There is a Phœnix in its ashes;
Oh, how I love the love of thee!

Giulietta opened a secret door, and descended, and Francesco saw her come forth in her beauty.[1]

"What meant thy song to-night, Francesco?" said the maiden.

"What can a farewell to thee mean, Giulietta, but misery?"[2]

"Nay, this is madness, Francesco," replied the maiden; "wherefore must we part?"

"Thou sayest well, Giulietta, we will not part,—fly with me,—night is on the mountains, my band is near. Ere the dawn we shall be far hence, in safety, in honour, and—if thou wilt, in power."

"Thy band!" repeated Giulietta; "fly with thee! With whom? What meanest thou? What art thou, Francesco?"

"I know not, maiden!" said Francesco. "I have not been what I seem to be, yet thou couldst make me so. With thee,

Although my hope and joy be chill,
That constant flame will flicker still;
And round my broken heart will play
With mocking melancholy grey."

The first two stanzas, as given in *Friendship's Offering*, were included in the privately printed *Poems* of 1850 (p. 45), and in the edition of 1891.]

[1] [In the MS.: "come forth into the night in her beauty robed as in a robe of light."]

[2] [The MS. at this point inserts the following further dialogue, the omission of which by the editor was challenged by the author (see p. 304):—

"And why farewell?" said Giulietta, and she looked enquiringly at her lover, and there was agony passing over his countenance, and the damp, death-like dew hung upon his forehead.

"Why farewell," he repeated, "ay, why farewell between thee and me? It cannot, shall not be."

"Why this agony, Francesco? Whither wouldest thou go?" said Giulietta.

"Ask the withered leaf that is quivering from its bough and drifted at the will of the winter wind; ask the meteor that is hurled irregularly down among the stars; ask the spray of the ocean when the tempest whirls it along the shore, where they would go; for withered as the autumn leaf, and vain as the ocean spray, and desolating and feared as the influences of the fires of the night, shall I be, Giulietta, when parted from thee."

"This is madness, Francesco," replied the maiden. "Wherefore must we part, or if we must, how canst thou, noble and true as I have known thee, become the thing thou hast described?"

"Thou knowest me not, Giulietta—I am not noble; I am not true."

"Mock me not, Francesco," said the maiden.

"I could be, I will be, Giulietta, we will not part; fly with me, the night is down on the mountains, my band is near, ere the day dawns we shall be far hence in safety—in honour, ay, if thou wilt, in power."

"Thy band," repeated Giulietta; "fly with thee; with whom?" etc.]

I am Francesco; without thee, I am a pestilence, a scourge,—in a word,[1] without thee, I am—Leoni."

And the name struck through to the maiden's heart with a coldness as of death; the cry she would have uttered died upon her lips, and she fainted in the arms of her lover.[2]

A hectic flush passed over her cheek, and she woke from the partial death with a deep gasp as of one in pain, and her dark eye was filled with a vague horror. "Francesco, Francesco!" she said, "thou toldest me something,—it was terrible,—tell it me again. Francesco!—thou art not Francesco," and she paused for a moment. "I know now," she said; "I remember well, very well, Francesco is dead, and thou—thou art not, thou canst not, thou shalt not be Leoni,—the bandit Leoni,—my brother's enemy. O Francesco! say thou mockest me!"

"I was once Leoni," he replied;—"thy brother's enemy never, or Garcio had not now lived. Could I be the enemy of your brother, Giulietta!"[3]

And Giulietta felt that it was Francesco and not Leoni who spoke, and she paused in deep agony.

* * * * *

Great was the tumult at Castel Alto. An old fisherman of Pozzuolo had informed Garcio that he had seen two figures

[1] [The MS. reads: "without thee, I am a walking misery, the curse of others, an embodied fear of reckless madness, the pestilence, the scourge, the deeper curse of my own heart, in one word . . ."]

[2] [The MS. here inserts a passage the omission of which was regretted by the author (see p. 304):—

"Oh, how beautiful was the fear upon Giulietta's face, as she lay in the lifeless sleep—pale as the snow that lies beneath the moon upon the high Apennine, and the terror on her countenance was as the terror of troublous slumber. Then the hectic . . ."]

[3] [The MS. here continues:—

"He is thine," she replied; "oh fly, fly for thy life, Leoni. I love thee yet; Garcio will find thee, will kill thee; my brother will kill thee, Francesco."

"Let him," said Leoni bitterly; "fly without thee, Giulietta, I will not, I could not. Die! how I could thank death for the blow, if it were not that beyond the grave I know not if there might not be forgetfulness, forgetfulness of thee, Giulietta."—He paused.—"That were worse than life without thee—but death could not do that; no, no, my spirit would be with thee, Giulietta, upon earth; the evening breeze that fanned thy cheek should be Leoni; the nightingale should sing in the orange grove, and Leoni should bear the sound to thy ear; the fragrance of the wild rose should be brought thee by Leoni—the wreath of the morning mist, the light of the noonday sun, the beam of the

passing down westward on the sea-shore, at the foot of the castle. One was a maiden of exceeding beauty, the countenance of the other, he said, was one which he knew well, and which, once seen, was not easily forgotten,—that of the bandit Leoni. Then Garcio was wild with rage, and he called his followers together, and the clash of arms was loud in the hall, and then, from the gate of Castel Alto issued a troop of warriors, and their mail shone cold in the starlight, and Garcio spurred on his bloody war-horse in the van. His countenance was pale with wrath, and he dashed madly forward along the winding shore.

But one of the maidens of Giulietta, when she heard the peasant's[1] tale, went and sought for her in her father's hall, and she was not there; and in her chamber, and she was not there; and she descended by the secret staircase, and she saw footsteps in the dew on the grassy ground. Then she returned weeping, and came to Amalfiero, and told him that Leoni the bandit had carried away Giulietta. And the old man was very feeble, and he bowed his head gently upon his breast and died.

* * * * *[2]

"Heardest thou nothing?" Giulietta said to Leoni.

"Nothing, Giulietta," he replied. "Nay, now that I listen,

evening star should all be full of Leoni, and who should separate thee from these. Would not this be happiness, Giulietta? O Giulietta, either fly with me this night, or I will remain here and the sword of Garcio shall unite me with thee for ever. Who shall slay an invisible? Who shall part thee from the air?"

Great was the tumult in the Castle of ———. An old peasant had come to Garcio saying that he had seen . . .]

[1] [So in the MS. It should have been altered to "fisherman's."]

[2] [The MS. here inserts:—

"And the spirit went forth with a complaining, and passed moaning on the night wind in search of those whom it loved. And it went fast like a wreath of sea mist along the shore and came and hovered over the head of Giulietta, as she fled with Leoni, and as the spirit came near unto [her] she remembered her father, and how he had said that the sun would not rise to him. And she stopped in great misery, exclaiming, 'Oh, my father, my father, surely I have murdered thee, my father!' Then she heard through her weeping the noise of a soft sigh beside her, and she started and looked round: it was not like the voice of the wind among the laurel leaves, neither like the murmur of the little waves upon the shore. 'Heardest thou nothing?' she said to Leoni."]

methinks I hear a sound, far away, like the tramp of steeds along the sand." And Giulietta listened, and she was filled with great fear.

"Oh! fly, Leoni!" she said; "it is Garcio! Fly, and leave me here!" But Leoni raised her in his arms, and bare her softly forward.[1]

And now the rocks were seen rising high from the sea-shore, with the columns of a ruined temple upon their summit, and Leoni knew that his band was near.

"On, on, Giulietta!" he exclaimed; "one effort more, and we are safe." And now the tramp of the galloping horses came nearer and nearer, and the voices of the men were heard urging them on. Louder and louder became the sound, and Giulietta made one last struggle forward, and having gained the rocks, the lovers stood beneath the ruins.[2]

"Anselmo! Anselmo!" cried Leoni; and he was answered by a shout from the rocks, and the banditti leaped from their concealment; but ere they gained the shore, the foremost horseman of the opposite troop dashed into view. It was Garcio. A shout of triumph burst from his lips when he saw Leoni. Giulietta saw him level his carbine, and with a shriek of agony she threw herself before Leoni, and fell dead into his arms.[3]

The band of Leoni heard the shot, and were around him in an instant: and lo! their leader was standing inactive beside the body of a maiden.[4] There was a stillness in his eye, and on his features; but it was as the stillness of the volcano before it bursts forth into desolation. His troops stood round him in a fearful silence, and there was a pause, until, like a whirlwind over the quietness of deep waters, came the madness

[1] [The MS. here adds: "And Giulietta overcame her faintness, and struggled onward, and they fled."]

[2] [The MS. reads: "the ruined temple"; see Ruskin's remarks hereon, below, p. 302, in the letter to Harrison.]

[3] [The MS. adds: "and the dying sigh that came from her lips sounded like 'Francesco.'"]

[4] [The MS. inserts:—

"and the calm upon his countenance was dreadful, and there was a smile upon his lips like the grinning of the dry bones of a withered skull, and there was a stillness," etc.]

upon the soul of Leoni. He looked up, and saw that his band was beside him.

"Stand by me this night," he said, "and revenge the loss of your leader." Then he shouted his war-cry, and the banditti swelled the sound with eager voices. The followers of Garcio replied, and Leoni dashed at them like a thunderbolt. Then loudly into the quietness of the heaven rose the roar of the battle, and the echoes rolled heavily over the sea.[1]

Leoni burst his path through the mass of battle, and his bloodshot eye was on the crest of Garcio,[2] and, whether it were foe or friend whom he met in his frenzy, he dashed the combatants aside, and clove his way to that one plume. With the implacable wrath of an avenging spirit[3] Leoni sought his single foe. The followers of Garcio shrunk from his glance, and, as he broke through the front of their battle, some turned and fled, and the rest hung back in disorder and dismay.[4]

Then Garcio saw Leoni come upon him with the swoop of an eagle, and his eye quailed before the despair of his foe.

"Wretch," cried Leoni, "lovest thou life?—Oh, would that I could make life to thee, what thou hast made it to me, and thou shouldst live! I spared thee once, for her sake,—thou

[1] [The MS. inserts :—

"On came the bandits like the tornado in its power, and the banner of Garcio bore backward, shivering, but he cheered them again to the onset; and the tumult bellowed along the shore, and the shots rang loud and thick from among the volumes of smoke lit by the death flashes that coiled its heavy and sulphurous mass into the choked heaven. Like the light that trembles along the rippled waters of the ocean, with a thousand sparkles gleamed the flashing sabres amid the darkness of the war; but the clash of the weapons and the roar of the fire were not mingled with any voice, for the combatants could not shout in the madness of the struggle, and the wounded fell in indignant silence and gasped out their souls without a groan. Leoni burst . . ."]

[2] [The MS. inserts :—

"as it rose and fell in the billowy burst of the war."]

[3] [The MS. inserts :—

"when the dark ghost of the victim walks the earth in pursuit of its murderer."]

[4] [The MS. inserts :—

"Then the bandits drew backward out of the rush of the battle like the dark reflux of a mighty billow before it breaks upon the shore; they paused for a moment, a murmur rose from their ranks, louder and louder became the voice, and then with a shout that startled the very stars they broke down upon their hesitating opponents.

"And the shock was as the shock of an ocean, and irresistible, and the ranks of Garcio were overwhelmed and broken in an instant, and wild was the tumult as they were driven backwards and struck down. Then Garcio . . ."]

hast well rewarded me!—thy sister strikes thee, Garcio." And he smote him dead.

And the voice of battle drifted away towards Castel Alto, and the shouts of the victorious banditti were heard echoing along the cliffs. But Leoni was no longer at their head;—in their victory they were without a leader,—they remembered that he had commanded them to revenge his loss, and few, very few, of the followers of Garcio escaped the slaughter of that night. The banditti met[1] and sought for Leoni among the dead, and they found the body of Garcio, and the sword of their leader lying beside it; but him they found not. And they retired silently, under cover of the night, to their fastness among the mountains.

Oh, calmly, brightly, beautifully rose the morning out of the eastern sea, and widely spread the rosy dawn over the deep! Gloriously the radiance stole up into the high heaven, where the white clouds waved their light wings in the deepness of the infinite blue, and looked out eastward, rejoicing, as they met the morning breeze that sprung upward from its repose in the grove of silver olives.[2] And the sun lifted his head majestically out of the sea, and the mists passed away before his glance, from its surface, and the waves rolled onward, singing, with sweet low voices, and a long golden path was thrown upon them, even unto the shore.[3]

Oh, the radiance of that morning was unconscious of the desolation of the night! There was no sadness in the dawn that shone on the ruins of Castel Alto. The surges that, in the night, had dashed away the blood from the shore, now broke clear and white on the unstained pebbles.[4] A figure

[1] [The MS. reads: "The bandits met by the lurid light of the rushing fire and sought . . ."]

[2] [The MS. inserts:—
"and it breathed on the pale clouds, and they passed silently on their path to meet the sun."]

[3] [The MS. adds:—
"and the mountains saw his glory and were gladdened, and their steeps were bathed in brightness."]

[4] [The MS. adds:—
"And the columns of the ruined temple on the rocks stood tall in the heaven, and broadly and darkly against the gleaming sky rose the tall trunks and spreading foliage of the ancient trees."]

was leaning against a rock on the strand.[1] Few, very few, could have recognized in the haggard face and withered form the once haughty and fiery Leoni. The fishermen of Pozzuolo affirm that, for years after that terrible night, the same figure was seen pacing the shore, with the unequal step, and wild gestures of a maniac.[2]

A LETTER ON LEONI

The following letter, referring to alterations made in *Leoni*, was written by Ruskin to W. H. Harrison, the editor of *Friendship's Offering*:—

HERNE HILL, *30th June* 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in receiving your kind note, with enclosed proofs, which I have looked over and compared with the manuscript with great care, and am much gratified to observe that if there has been considerable curtailing, there has been no alteration, and that all that is, is mine. I have known some little poems come back to me with such a "change come o'er the spirit of their dream" that I had great difficulty in recognizing my old acquaintances till I had perused the letter of introduction. In the present case I am happy to perceive no change in my friends' countenance, even though he may have grown a little shorter—I will not say the wrong way—on the contrary, I feel that the greatest part of the exits are very beneficial, and that all the verbal alterations are great improvements. Will you, however, excuse me, if I venture, with all diffidence, to intercede for one or two bits. I do not allege, in their defence, that they cost me some trouble to compose—that is no proof that they were worth it; neither that I myself like them, because everybody is a bad judge of what he has himself written; but I think that they form links of connexion, the absence of which would be missed. I will mention them, and the reasons which occur to me for retaining them, and if you still think their room preferable to their company, I, having all confidence in your judgment and experience, shall know that it is so. The scene between Leoni and his bandits[3] is certainly not necessary, and I feel its change of style to be an interruption: its exit, therefore, is desirable; but then in the end of the piece, the definite articles, *the* rocks, *the* ruined temple, must be got rid of, and Leoni must not call for a person whom nobody knows

[1] [The MS. adds:—
"and wan and haggard was its countenance, as if it had been withered away by the devouring fire that flickered madly in the eye."]

[2] [The MS. adds a "wind up," the omission of which was regretted by the author (see p. 304):—
"Wandering among the rocks upon the shore, with sleepless eye and weary limbs, and walking among the crags as if seeking something, he knew not what, with the restlessness of madness, passing hither and thither at all times, whether the night winds were singing sadly, or the stars gleaming tearfully, or the moon breaking lightly, or the sun setting silently over the resting-place of the Bandit's bride."]

[3] [The scene numbered (2) on p. 292, above.]

anything about; and as the introduction of Leoni (his better nature had been borne down by the—etc., page 3 [1]) sounds incomplete, and looks rather short in print, might it not be improved by the addition of the description of him in the omitted scene, beginning, "His countenance was not as the countenance of other men," etc.[2]

But with regard to the other omitted scene,[3] unless we have only set Mr. Amalfiero at the window in his easy-chair, that he may take a digestive nap after dinner, I think we might as well let him speechify a little to his daughter, more especially as the old fellow's feelings are a very good preparation to the reader for coming horrors; and if they appear rather supernatural, the excellent addition to the title, *an Italian legend*, may, I think, very well excuse a little Italian superstition. I will also confess to you that I think the young lady's behaviour rather graceful, kneeling down, kissing, etc., etc., etc., and her father's speeches, though there is a good deal of nonsense in them, appear to me, nevertheless, somewhat sublime; in fact, the scene was a favourite, and cost me much pains, and I feel, on missing it, a good deal as the clown in the pantomime may be supposed to feel, when the delicious morsel he is about to taste is whisked out of his hand, up to the ceiling; or like the child whose bubble has burst; or like the old lady who, going down into her cellar for a bottle of cider, discovered her exploded bottles had, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left *but a* rack behind.

En passant, allow me to say that I do not quite see the reason for the cutting out what I fancied was a tol lol bit of Italian description, after the asterisks—page 4—only to end the sentence with the little, short, unmeaning word "it." This, however, is not of the least consequence.[4]

But I think the only thing a bandit can do to ingratiate himself with a lady is to be desperately over head and ears in love. I have therefore spouted some nonsense about morning on dark mountains, and likened the rascal to a cat, in giving him a more than ordinary number of lives, *i.e.* two. "Joy of his heart" is rather a commonplace expression, and suggests the idea of the fellow's being only reasonably in love; which wouldn't do; he ought to be as mad as a March hare. I do not quite perceive the reason for dismissing this bit, or even that which follows,[5] and for this reason—it seems to me quite as dangerous to make a lady much in love as a gentleman little. Now, as Miss G., in this very scene, elopes with her blackguard of a lover without requiring much persuasion, it is necessary to show some reason for her being so violently in love with him, besides the palpable one of its being the very thing she ought not to have been. Now, the bo-peep sort of a way in which they have enjoyed each other's society, and which, as I thought, I had very neatly described in this paragraph, is just the thing to occasion such a result.

The first person is not required, and therefore better out.

But in the next scene Mr. Leoni ought to be very eloquent. He has a ticklish affair on his hands: first, to inform the young lady that he is a confounded knave; and second, to persuade her to run away with him.

[1] [P. 290, last line but four, here.]
[2] [See beginning of omitted scene numbered (2) on p. 292, above.]
[3] [The scene numbered (1) on p. 291, above.]
[4] [The sentence on p. 292, line 2, here. The "tol lol bit of Italian description" is at the beginning of the omitted scene numbered (3) on p. 293.]
[5] [This refers to the omitted scene numbered (3) on pp. 293–294, above.]

The first must have been disagreeable, and the second ought to have been difficult.

If, in addition to this, he be properly in love, he cannot talk too great a quantity of nonsense, or come over her with too much gammon. Why, therefore, eject his speech about meteors and leaves, etc.,[1] which indeed is required to account for Miss G.'s charging him with being mad; you know, she would not have done that only because he said it would be misery to part from her. Again, I think the bits[2] about "how beautiful was the fear," and the comparison about hands and clouds and moon and brows, are picturesque, and serve to keep up the readers' estimation of the lady's charms. With regard to the wandering of the spirit of the old buck after death,[3] out it very properly goes, because I say positively "it did," which is a bounce; but permit me to intercede for Leoni's speech of the same kind.[4] We are to suppose that the young lady manifests some reluctance to take a step so shocking, improper, romantic, undutiful, and indecorous as an elopement, particularly with a person of so suspicious a character. He therefore, besides flattering her with the promise of eternal affection (a likely and common thing on the part of a lover, and liable to no animadversion), frightened her out of her wits with this dexterously introduced bit of ghostification, for no lady would particularly relish the idea of being so assiduously attended by a ghost, even of a lover. And, besides, she could not tell but the ghost of a *bandit* might be accompanied by other ghosts not at all so agreeable, or even respectable. Therefore I think this speech alone a very sufficient excuse to the reader for the young lady's conduct, and, allow me to say, a very necessary one.

I thought my wind up jingled in prettily, but that does not signify.

On looking over this letter, it puts me in mind of the landlord in Sterne, whose "Tout ce que vous voulez"—dwindled down into a solitary chop, to be pulled out of the mouth of the house dog, *i.e.* me. Thus, I find my "Tout ce que vous voulez," with regard to curtailing, has been reduced to two scenes,[5] but I hope you will believe me when I tell you, that, even if you were to cut out all these passages, I should believe, though I might not feel, that the piece was improved by it.—I remain, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [See the passage in note 2 on p. 296.]
[2] [See the passage given in note 2 on p. 297.]
[3] [See the passage given in note 2 on p. 302.]
[4] [See the passage given in note 3 on p. 297.]
[5] [Viz. the colloquy between Leoni and the bandits (Scene 2 on p. 293) and the passage in note 2 on p. 302.]

VI

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

(WRITTEN IN 1841)

Fig. 42

[For *Bibliographical Note*, see pp. 349, 354. For Introductory Notes, see above, pp. xlii., xlviii.]

Fig. 43

[It will be noticed that the first I in Stiria is of somewhat peculiar shape; the engraver had originally made it Y, and the block was altered : see p. 349.]

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER OR THE BLACK BROTHERS

A Legend of Stiria.

BY JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD DOYLE.

Fig. 44

ADVERTISEMENT

The Publishers think it due to the Author of this Fairy Tale, to state the circumstances under which it appears.

The King of the Golden River was written in 1841, at the request of a very young lady, and solely for her amusement, without any idea of publication. It has since remained in the possession of a friend, to whose suggestion, and the passive assent of the Author, the Publishers are indebted for the opportunity of printing it.

The Illustrations, by Mr. Richard Doyle, will, it is hoped, be found to embody the Author's ideas with characteristic spirit.

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THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

OR

THE BLACK BROTHERS[1]

CHAPTER I

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE

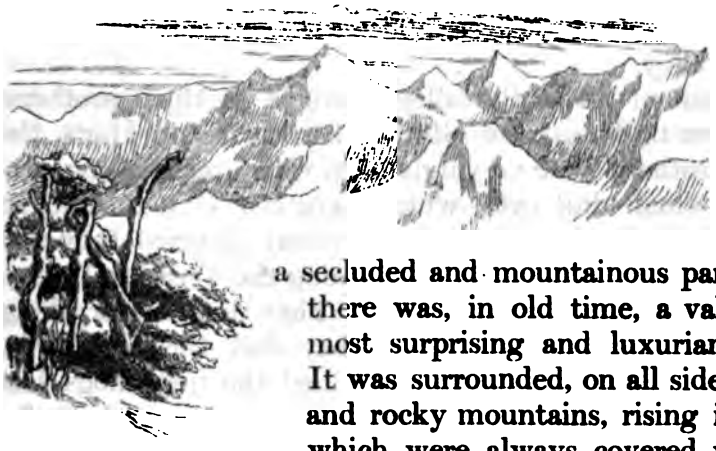


Fig. 45

In a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set

[1] [The MS. has the following Prefatory Address :—

FAIR AND GENTLE READER,—I am about to tell you of certain passages in the lives of three people, who lived a long time ago, and a great way off. These circumstances made a great sensation at the time, and a vague tradition of some of them has remained to this day, much disguised and falsified under the degrading form of various fairy tales which are received with general scorn and discredit. Therefore, lest the world in general, and you in particular, should be left totally without information respecting these important and interesting events, I am about to record, without exaggeration or ornament, the plain facts of the case, most of which have, as far as I know, been for some time lost in total oblivion, and are as new to all the world as, I believe, they will be to you.]

to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes;

and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never

ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured;[1] his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a

[1] [Here the MS. and eds. 1 and 2 add "and expanding towards its termination into a development not unlike the lower extremity of a key bugle." See the reproduction of the original frontispiece, where the figure has the bugle nose (Fig. 67), and the Bibliographical Note, p. 349.]

word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down

Fig. 46

again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir,—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of

Fig. 47

it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.[1]

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said

[1] [This sentence is not in the MS.]

Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."[1]

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my grey hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Ay!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen——"

"Off, and be hanged!" cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But[2] he had no sooner touched the old gentleman's collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such a refusal of

[1] [The MS. adds, "or letting it to the Humane Society."]

[2] [This and the next three sentences are not in the MS., which runs thus, ". . . by the collar. The old gentleman spun himself round with a velocity that shook Hans off to the farther end of the room; continued . . ."]

hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.[1]

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

[1] ["If ever . . . rain." The MS. omits this paragraph, and has instead:—

"We're exceedingly happy to hear it," said Schwartz politely.

"We'll even excuse your waiting on us to-night," said Hans, with an accommodating smile.

"At any rate," added Schwartz, "you had better take away an impression of the door key in your pocket, sir, or you may find some slight difficulty in getting in."

The old gentleman bowed very low in return for these compliments, pulled his cap over his brows, and departed.]

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.[1]

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically.

Fig. 48

"I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room:[2] I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of

[1] [The MS. omits "There . . . was off."]

[2] [The MS. reads, "return to the garret"; two lines lower, "upstairs" for "into Gluck's room"; and six lines below that, "their garret's windows" for "Gluck's little window in the morning." Thus the special providence for Gluck's room was a later touch.]

Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red[1] sand and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:—

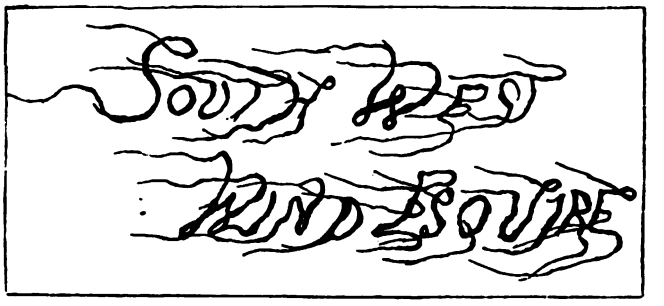


Fig. 49

[1] [The MS. has "yellow."]

CHAPTER II

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Fig. 50

SOUTH-WEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the Wet[1] Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

[1] [This word has, curiously enough, been misprinted "West" in every previous edition of the book, although it is clearly "Wet" in the MS.]

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little

Fig. 51

Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of

the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

Fig. 12

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a little[1]

[1] [The word "little" was dropped out in the fourth and subsequent editions.]

while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronunciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The

gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable

disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode

Fig. 53

of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows,

and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard.[1] This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white,

[1] [The MS. adds: "in a manner expressively intimating that no more could possibly be said upon the subject, and that the question was absolutely set at rest at once and for ever."]

transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him; "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

Fig. 54

CHAPTER III

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

Fig. 55

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself;

but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy

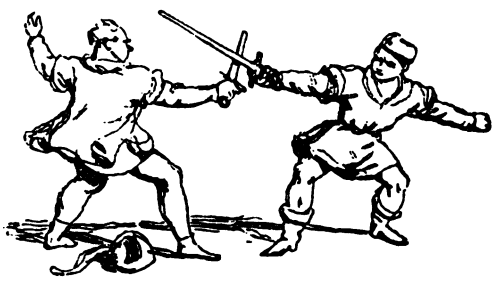


Fig. 56

water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans; "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy,[1] even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapour, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and

Fig. 57

there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low

[1] [The MS. reads, "might have put spirits into a wet blanket."]

hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet,

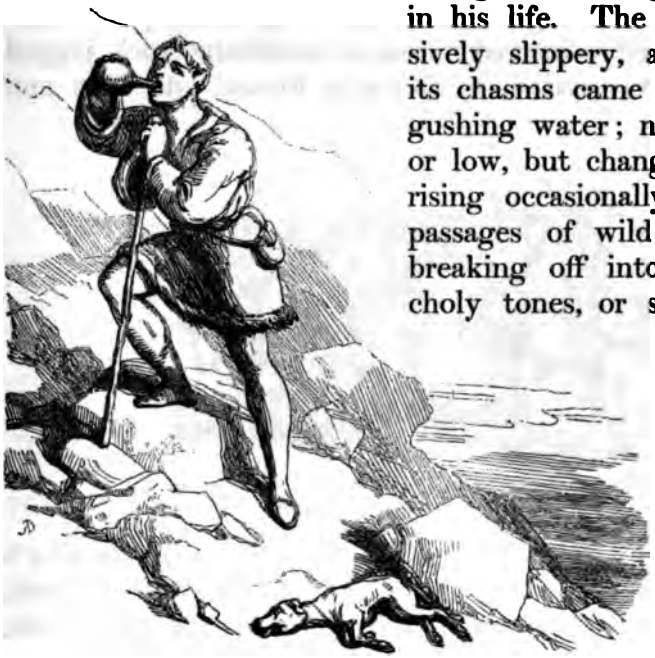


Fig. 58

tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and

his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the *rock*,[1] its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his

[1] [MS., "grass," corrected in another hand to "rock."]

girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

Fig. 50

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN

Fig. 60

POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz

was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

Fig. 61

"Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the colour of blood,

had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you!*" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and a strong[1] wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

[1] [In the MS. "stormy," which is probably the word intended by the author.]

CHAPTER V

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST

Fig. 62

WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it.[1] Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day.

[1] [In the MS. this sentence was less sympathetic to the priest: "So he went to the priest and gave him all the money he had saved, and the priest gave him some holy water."]

When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good

Fig. 63

speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became

as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Fig. 64

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I

don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a

prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at

the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.[1]

[1] [The MS. adds the following epilogue:—

GENTLE READER,—Many and various are the opinions of the old people of the valley respecting the more mysterious of the circumstances above related—every old lady having a particular theory of her own—respecting the texture and price per yard of the King of the Golden River's doublet, which point is sometimes disputed to a late hour on Christmas nights—without arriving at any distinct conclusion,—there being no record among the haberdashers of the district of having ever had any such stuff in their possession. Nor is the story ever related without many and edifying comments from the mater*—with regard to the nature and consequences of the various trials to which the three brothers were exposed, and misty conjectures respecting the probable consequences of their having yielded to the first, second, or third appeals to their pity—which have at different times exercised the acumen of clerks of three several parishes—without the attainment of any absolute result. But the current opinions are, that the King of the Golden River did himself assume the shapes which were seen on their journey by the brothers, that he in each instance assumed shapes more and more calculated to excite their pity—that it was not without three *appeals* of increasing strength, and all useless, that the doom of death was inflicted on the two elder brothers—nor without three *diminishing* in their claims that the full reward was bestowed on Gluck. I have also heard it eagerly maintained by imaginative disputants that had the elder brothers yielded to even the last of the appeals made to them, they would not have perished, though their rejection of the first rendered it impossible for them to receive reward, and that had little Gluck passed even by the *dog* without pity, he would not have succeeded in his design, although his previous charities might have preserved him from death. But respecting all these points—as being still in dispute—you will do well to form your own conclusions.]

* [The word "mater" is erased in the MS. and "relative" substituted, which, however, does not read quite right.]

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The first edition of *The King of the Golden River* was published on the 21st of December, 1850. The title-page was as follows:—

> The | King of the Golden River; | or, | The Black Brothers: | A Legend of Stiria. | Illustrated by Richard Doyle. | London: | Smith, Elder & Co., 65, Cornhill. | MDCCCLI.

Small square octavo, pp. viii. + 56; published at Six Shillings. Issued in ornamental glazed boards, on which the reading of the title-page was engraved after a design by Doyle (on the cover *Stiria* was spelt *Styria*).

The second edition (1851) was identical with the first, except for a slight change in the setting of the title-page (The King of | the Golden River, etc.), and for the addition of the words "Second Edition."[1] This edition, like all its successors, was published at Half-a-Crown.

Of the "Third Edition" (so called on the title-page) there were, in fact, two editions: (1) issued in 1851, *Stiria* printed *Styria* on the *title-page* (although on the cover the correction to *Stiria* had been made); (2) issued in 1856. In this edition the title-page, down to *Brothers*, was printed not from type but from an engraved block by Doyle. The cover was also different. Of the two illustrations on the cover in preceding editions, one (the portrait of *South-West Wind, Esq.*) remained there; the other (*Gluck and the King of the Golden River*) was transferred to the head of the "Advertisement." In these respects (engraved portion of the title-page and cover) all subsequent editions remained unchanged, except that in editions seven, eight, and nine, and later there was no lettering up the back of the cover. The design of the cover in these later editions is here given (Fig. 66); as also the design of the cover in the first edition (Fig. 65). The "Third Edition" of 1856 contained another alteration. The trumpet-nose of *South-West Wind, Esq.*, in the frontispiece and in the illustrations, Figs. 46 and 47, was altered to one of more ordinary mould, and the letterpress conformed to the change (see note to p. 316, above); on the cover, however, the trumpet-nose was allowed to remain, nor has it been altered in any subsequent edition. The cancelled frontispiece, and two other illustrations showing the key-bugle nose, are here reproduced (Figs. 67, 68, 69).

The "Fourth Edition" (so called on the title-page, which was a "cancel-leaf") was formed of the "remainder" sheets of its predecessor. The date was "MDCCCLIX."

For the "Fifth Edition" (so called on the title-page) the types were reset, and the pages were re-numbered in Arabic numerals throughout (pp. 64, with Frontispiece and Engraved title added); this pagination has been maintained in all later editions. Published September 1863.

From the electrotype plates of the "Fifth Edition," the "Sixth Edition"

[1] For a variety of this second edition, see Wise and Smart's Bibliography, i. 31 *n*.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, OR THE BLACK BROTHERS.

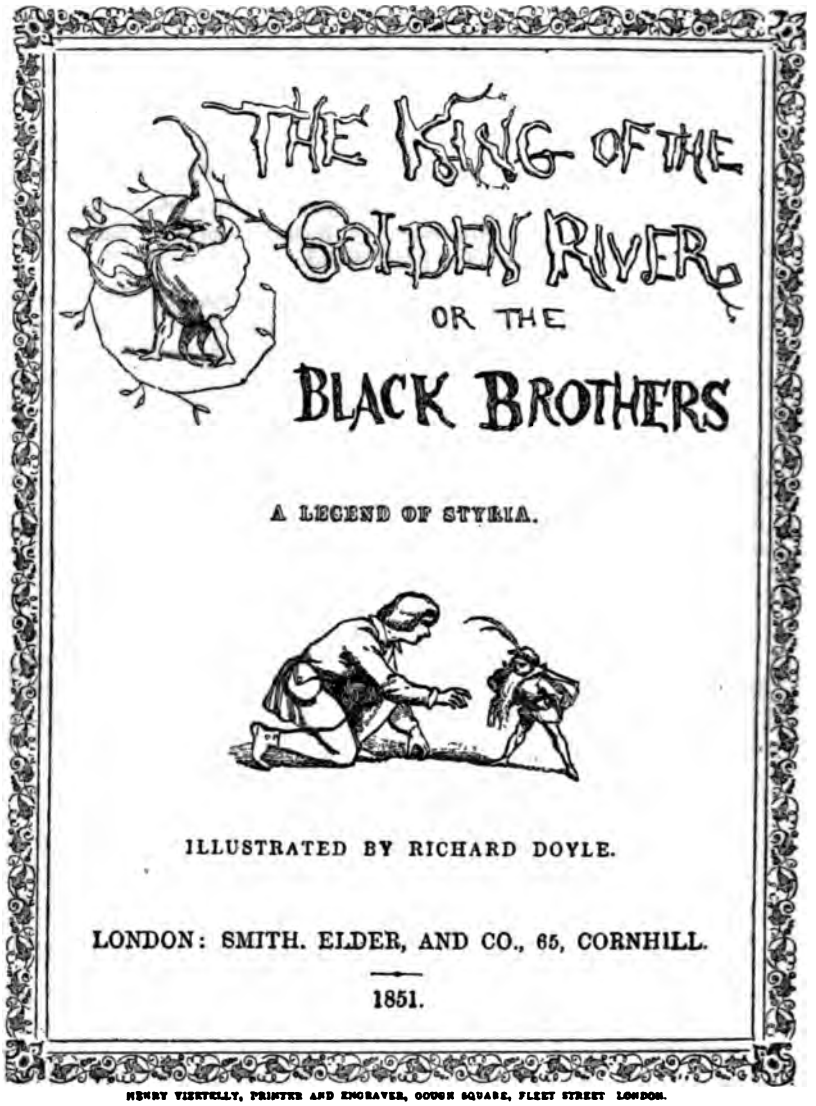


Fig. 65

COVER AND BACK OF FIRST EDITION

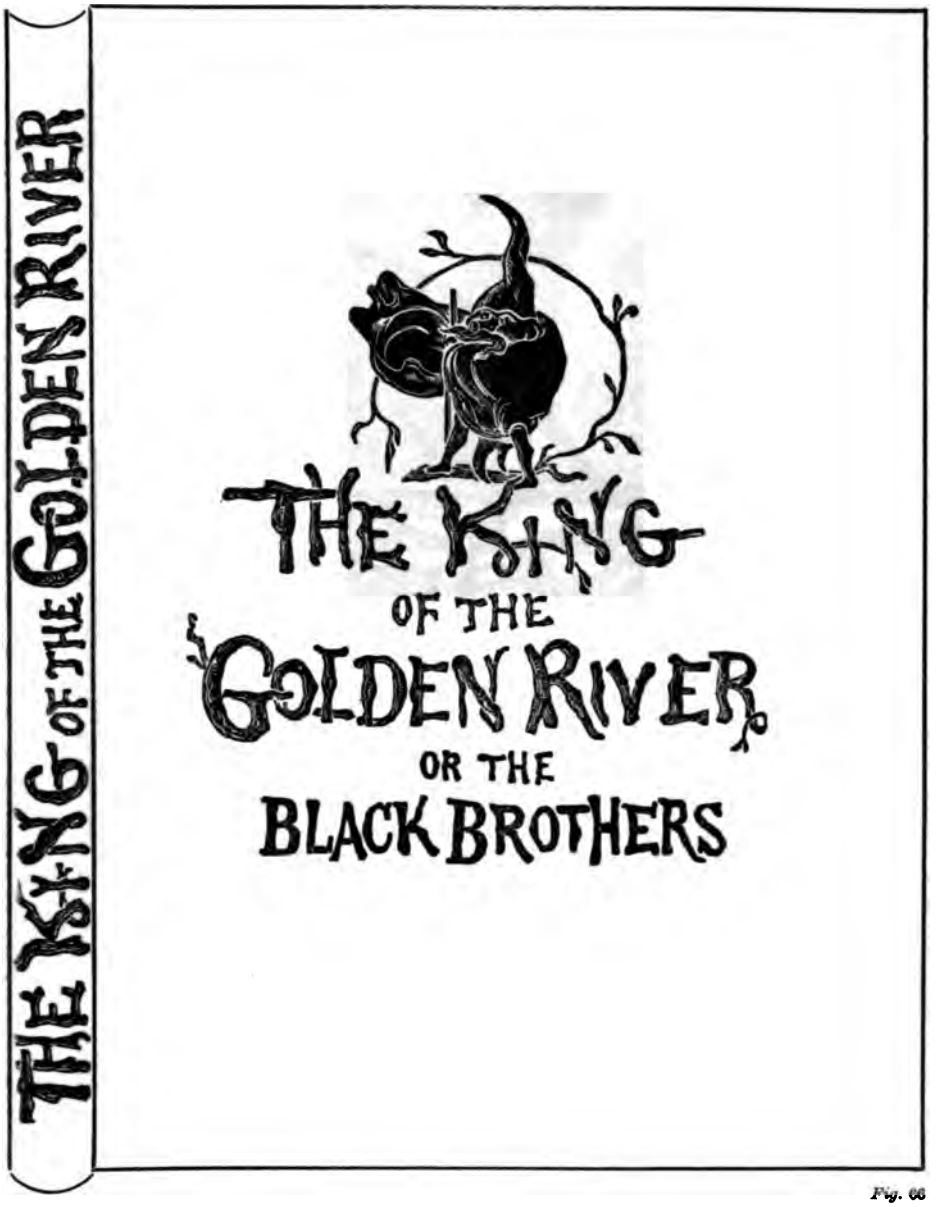


Fig. 66

Cover and Back of Third and Subsequent Editions

Fig. 67

CANCELLED FRONTISPIECE

(*See p.* 349)

Fig. 68

ILLUSTRATION FOR WHICH FIG. 46 WAS SUBSTITUTED
(*See p.* 349)

Fig. 69

ILLUSTRATION FOR WHICH FIG. 47 WAS SUBSTITUTED
(*See p.* 349)

(so called on the title-page) was printed. This was the last edition issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The title-page is undated. It was published in October 1867, and issued like the third, fourth, and fifth editions, in cloth boards of a deep orange colour.

The "Seventh Edition" (so called on the title-page) was printed from the same plates. The title-page is undated; the edition was published in May 1882. The name of "George Allen, | Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent," appears on the title-page as publisher. Issued in cloth boards of a dark claret colour.

The "Eighth Edition" (so called on the title-page, which had the date "[1886" added) is otherwise identical with the Seventh. Issued in cloth boards of a dark green colour.

For the "Ninth Edition" (so called on the title-page, which was dated 1888) the type was reset; the half-title reads "The King of the Golden River," instead of "King of the Golden River," as in all previous editions. Dark green cloth.

Subsequent issues have been reprints of the Ninth Edition. A "Tenth Edition" was issued in 1892; the two next reprints were described respectively as "22nd thousand" (1899) and "24th thousand" (1901). The book is sometimes adopted as a Board School prize.]

VII

THREE LETTERS AND AN ESSAY

By JOHN RUSKIN

(1836–1841)

FOUND IN HIS TUTOR'S DESK

ESSAY ON LITERATURE (1836)
LETTER I. FROM ROME, DECEMBER 31, 1840
,, II. ,, LAUSANNE, JUNE 9, 1841
,, III. ,, LEAMINGTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1841

[*Bibliographical Note.*—These "Letters and an Essay" were published in 1893, crown 8vo, pp. xxii. + 93. The title-page was as follows :—

> Three Letters And | An Essay. By John Ruskin | 1836–1841. Found in his Tutor's | Desk. | "*And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.*" | Published by George Allen, | London and Orpington. MDCCCXCIII. |

It was stated that "This little book is published, with permission, for the benefit of Malling Abbey, and the preservation of its ancient buildings." The published price was Three Shillings (also some copies on hand-made paper, large post 8vo, 6s.). An "Editor's Preface," by Helen Pelham Dale (granddaughter of Canon Dale, to whom the letters were addressed), occupied pp. vii.–xv.; and "Publisher's Notes" pp. xvii.–xxii. The editor also supplied the quotation (from Longfellow's "My Lost Youth") on the title-page. The information given in the Preface and Notes is here embodied in the Introduction and footnotes. The numbering of the paragraphs is added in this edition. The original MSS. from which the Essay and Letters were printed in 1893 are now dispersed in various collections, and the present editors have not had access to them. For Introductory Notes, see above, pp. xxxiii. and xlix.]

ESSAY ON LITERATURE—1836[1]

DOES THE PERUSAL OF WORKS OF FICTION ACT FAVOURABLY OR UNFAVOURABLY ON THE MORAL CHARACTER?[2]

1. It is necessary, in the consideration of such a question as this, to be particularly careful to permit our judgment to be altogether unbiassed by our feelings, and to divest ourselves entirely of that weakness of mind which disposes us to yield to our wishes rather than our reason, to believe in the existence of that which we desire to exist, in the validity of the arguments which we desire to be valid, and in the fallacy of the

[1] [For an account of the Rev. Thomas Dale, among whose papers this essay and the following letters were found, see above, p. xlix.]

[2] [This was presumably a theme set by Dale; or possibly it was a task undertaken by Ruskin spontaneously, in protest against views to which his tutor had lent authority. For in the year 1836 there had appeared "The Student's Guide. . . . By the Rev. John Todd, Revised by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, and Professor of English Literature and History in King's College, London." Todd was an American divine, and his "Guide" passed through a large number of editions both in that country and in this. In the section of the "Guide" entitled "Beware of Bad Books," there is an attack on the authors defended by Ruskin in this essay. A few extracts will serve to show the kind of thing which was then current in some religious circles, and which aroused the ire of young Ruskin. "What shall be said of such works as those of Byron? 'Can we not learn things from him which cannot be learned elsewhere?' I reply, yes, just as you would learn, while treading the burning lava, what could not be learned elsewhere. . . . Is he a benefactor to his species, who, here and there, throws out a beautiful thought, or a poetic image; but as you stoop to pick it up, chains upon you a putrid carcase, which you can never throw off? I believe a single page may be selected from Lord Byron's works, which has done more hurt to the mind and the heart of the young than all his writings have ever done good; but he will quickly pass from notice, and is doomed to be exiled from the libraries of all virtuous men. It is a blessing to the world that what is putrid must soon pass away. The carcase hung in chains will be gazed at for a short time in horror; but men will soon turn their eyes away, and remove even the gallows on which it swung" (pp. 119–121). . . . "'But,' say you, 'has my author ever read . . . Byron and Moore, Hume and Paine, Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper?' Yes, he has read them all with too much care. He knows every rock and every quicksand; and he solemnly declares to you that the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them, is a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power,

statements which we hope may be false. For our feelings naturally incline us to hope that we may not be able to prove that writings from which we have derived incalculable enjoyment are injurious and immoral, and our wishes rise up in opposition to our judgment; they remonstrate against the investigation, they deprecate the decision, they beseech, they implore, that employments so delightful may not be condemned for the past nor forbidden for the future; and that hours whose wings were loaded with odours so soft, and tinted with colours so gay, may not be pronounced to have left darkness in the eyes they have dazzled, or pestilence in the air they have enchanted.

But it is necessary that such feelings should have no voice in our enquiry after truth, and that our wishes, as they have no influence over facts, should have none over our opinions. Our judgment must be armed with despotic power, and not a syllable of remonstrance be permitted, even if we think that power tyranically or unjustly directed.

2. Yet, on the other hand, we hope, gentle reader, that you are gentle—that you are not one of those philosophers, falsely so named, who assert, in the teeth of reason, and to the injury of the cause of religion, that whatever is amusing must be criminal; that a grave countenance and severe demeanour are the true signs of sanctity of mind and consequent morality of conduct; that austerity is the companion of innocence, and gloom, of religion. We have been taught a different lesson by

and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgment under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world" (p. 121). . . . "The question in regard to works of fiction usually has a definite relation to the writings of Sir Walter Scott, 'There is such a magic thrown around him, that it cannot be but we are safe there.' Is it so? Because the magician can raise mightier spirits than other magicians, and throw more of supernatural light about him than others, is he therefore the less to be feared? No; the very strength of the spell should warn you that there is danger in putting yourself into his power. While I have confessed that I have read him—read him entire—in order to show that I speak from experience, I cannot but say that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it" (p. 123). Dale, in introducing this work to English readers, had added a highly commendatory preface. It should be said, however, that, according to his granddaughter's account, he did not himself share Todd's view of the sinfulness of Scott. "Walter Scott was a favourite in his household; there are no records of his feelings about Lytton's work, but Byron was an acknowledged great poet, sullied by the authorship of 'Don Juan'" (Preface to ed. of 1893, p. xi.).]

a higher authority: we know that morality may be radiant with smiles and robed in rejoicing; and we do not deprecate, because we despise, the objections of those who affirm that all pleasure is necessarily evil, and all enjoyment inevitably crime.

Mental recreation is felt to be sometimes necessary by the best and the wisest. Whatever be the rapidity of the race in the path of right, breath must be sometimes taken; whatever be the ardour of the search after knowledge, repose must be sometimes courted. When the brain is confused with the intricacy of investigation, and the reason fatigued with the labour of argument; when the brilliancy of thought is darkened, and the energies of the mind failing, and the strength of the judgment impaired, what recreation can be more exhilarating or delightful than to enwreathe ourselves with the imagination of the poet, or mingle amongst the creations of the romancer? The mind is released from the severity of confinement without being lost in the infinity of useless reverie, and invigorated by a moving repose, not weakened by a drowsy and unthinking inanity.

We may therefore pronounce such productions to be useful if we can prove them not to be injurious, and we have some slight hope of being able to claim for them at least this small advantage.

8. But we do begin to feel nervous in our optics, for lo, fearful visions arise upon our sight, and terrified in our tympanum, for awful sounds are bursting upon our ears. We behold through a mist of awe, through an atmosphere of consternation, Quaker ladies shaking their heads at us, old maids their sticks at us, crabbed old gentlemen their fists at us, and ugly (by courtesy plain) young ladies their tongues at us. Here's a pretty mess we have got into! Gruff, shrill, squeaking, whistling—the voices of multitudinous discord astonish our nerves: "How false! how untenable! how shocking! how immoral! how impious!" Here's a climax! We have raised the wind, we think we have untied the bags of Ulysses;[1] we have called spirits from the vasty deep. Oh, ye poor works of

[1] [Homer, *Odyssey*, x. 1 *seqq.*]

fiction, verily ye are in a woeful plight, for overwhelming is the number and inveterate the hostility of your enemies. There is the old maid of jaundiced eye and acidulated lip, whose malice-inwoven mind looks on all feelings of affection and joy as the blight looks on the blossom; whose sweetest food is the disappointment, whose greatest delight is in the grief, whose highest exultation is in the crime of the younger and happier; who masks malice of heart under sanctification of countenance, and makes amends for the follies of her youth by making her parrot say "Amen" to her prayers. There is the haughty and uncharitable sectarian who stalks through the world with scorn in his eye and damnation on his tongue. There are home-bred misses who have set up for being pious because they have been set down as being ugly (on the principle which make nunneries the scarecrow depositories of Catholic countries), and enrapture their pa's and ma's by becoming "occasional contributors" to some very moral and excellent juvenile miscellany, of which they regularly favour the January number with some very sagacious remarks on "The Rapid Flight of Time," in which they give their readers the very valuable, interesting, and novel information that 1835 came before 1836, and that the next year to 1836 will be 1837, concluding, by way of pathos, with the very original idea that all mortals are mortal, and that as soon as people are born it becomes likely that, some time or other, they will die. Or else, by way of being philosophical, they indulge us with essays on "Novel Reading"—precious pieces of business, quite gems in their way—consisting of amiable dialogues between good boys and girls—Fanny and Emmy, William and George—in which every sentence is composed of very fine, wise-looking words, sought for with much care through the pages of the well-thumbed dictionary. We do remember us of some of these most exquisite compositions, and we own that a tremor ran through us as we did peruse, that our spectacles shook upon our nose, and our hairs, quitting the recumbent position upon our forehead to which age and wisdom had long inclined them, began to assume, through fear for the reputations of

Scott and Bulwer, the semblance of that spruce, upward inclination which rendered us in our youth so irresistible. For great, indeed, was our terror lest the names of these unfortunate authors should be overwhelmed by the weight of such authority, and their fame withered for ever by the force of such rhetoric and the severity of such criticism.

We were much too humble, in the first stun of our astonishment, to venture into combat with champions of such prowess, but on time being given us to breathe, we began to opine that there might be some points of weakness open to our attack — some feeble syllogisms which might be invalidated. We therefore beg thee, gentle reader, to submit to a recapitulation of some of these most exquisite arguments.

4. One of the first which we remember was a remark that, as all such works were confessedly fictitious, it was quite shocking to sit down deliberately to the perusal of a continued tissue of falsehoods. We should like to know from what flinty numskull this most brilliant spark of witticism has been elicited. We hope that this most puissant upholder of truth is convinced that the existence of his own veritable codshead is no "tissue of falsehood." We might take the trouble (and with a person of so bright an intellect it might not be inconsiderable) to teach him the difference between falsehood and imagination.[1] (Indeed, as it is certain that no one can form an idea of sights he has not seen, or feelings he has not felt. and as, in all probability, this specimen of human sagacity might have his total allowance of brains chopped up, washed, pickled, and evaporated, without one drop of imagination being distilled from the *caput mortuum*, it might be almost impossible to hammer into him the slightest idea of what this impalpable property might be.) We might inform his simplicity that the characters in works of fiction are representatives of men in general, are persons who have existed and will exist again, modified only by the manners

[1] [An enquiry afterwards pursued in the second volume of *Modern Painters*, where the conclusion is reached "that where there is appearance of falsehood, the imagination has had no hand" (sec. ii. ch. ii. § 22).]

prevailing at certain periods, doing what has been done, feeling what has been felt, thinking what has been thought, and will be done, felt, and thought again. We might, by way of example, hold up before his nose the decidedly and professedly moral fictions of the Edgeworth and Sherwood school,[1] and we could bring up the overwhelming examples of fictions and fables being used in pages of a very different character. But we will not insult our readers by appearing to think it necessary to prove to them the absurdity of such an objection. We shall proceed to his next argument, in which Master Slender ventures to particularise upon us, to enunciate by name the "bears i' the town," which the dogs, he himself included, make such a howling about.[2] As Scott, then, has been named by our antagonists, we will take him and Bulwer as the heads of two different lines of fiction, and to them will we apply in succession, and by their works will we try the arguments of our opponents.

5. We have heard it said that Scott's historical romances gave false ideas of history. Now we maintain, on the contrary, that a better and more distinct idea, not only of historical events, but of national feeling at the time, will be gained, and has been gained, by most persons, from Scott's novels than from any dry and circumstantial history. For history can only detail the principal events of the time (accompanied, perhaps, with imperfect, though masterly, sketches of character); it gives us only the skeleton of past times, which the works of the great novelist clothe for us with flesh and blood, and endow with life and motion; he gives us the various minute traits by which party feeling was exhibited, and the delicate distinctions of character which were observable in the men of the day, and he does so in the only manner in which, effectually, it can be done, by exhibiting them under everyday circumstances, and he does this invariably with truth—truth

[1] [The young Ruskin had been brought up on Miss Edgeworth's Moral Tales and Mrs. Sherwood's *Lady of the Manor*—"a very awful book to me, because of the stories in it of wicked girls who had gone to balls, dying immediately after of fever" (*Præterita*, i. chs. iii. and iv.).]

[2] [*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. i. l. 298.]

ascertained by his laborious research and almost illimitable historical knowledge. Take *Woodstock* for an example—we are certain that a person who had once read it with care would have clearer ideas of the characters of Charles and Cromwell, of the degrees of party feeling prevalent at the time, of the manner in which they were exhibited by the members of the opposing factions, and of the general state of the country and the people, than could be obtained by the most laborious research into all the volumes of history that ever were or will be written, and what is more, he might depend upon his ideas being true, for Scott never suffers his party feeling to have much to do with the representation of his historical characters.[1] We would likewise ask the readers of the *Last Days of Pompeii* if they have not a clearer idea of the manners prevailing at the period than they ever obtained from their classical studies. We wish we had space and time to detail and illustrate this advantage of historical novels more fully, and urge it more weightily; but as it refers only to their utility, and has nothing to do with the question in discussion, namely, their morality, we are compelled to pass on to another objection of our opponents, which at the first glance appears a little more weighty than any they have hitherto advanced. We have frequently heard it said that Scott held up to ridicule the religious principles of the Puritans and Covenanters of old times, and exhibited them as absurd, ridiculous, and despicable in their fanaticism. Now we assert, that nothing could prove more certainly than such an objection the bad hearts and weak judgments of those by whom it is advanced. In the very first pages of *Old Mortality* we are prejudiced in favour of the Covenanters by the beautiful description of the character and occupation of the good old man from whom the work is named, and through the whole of the novel we are certain that, although the expressions and habits of the Covenanters may occasionally excite a smile, their characters and feelings will always induce respect in the mind of a man of either

[1] [Scott was the author whom Ruskin knew first, and loved best and longest and unvaryingly; see especially *Fors Clavigera*, *Fiction Fair and Foul*, and *Præterita*, passim. He notices Scott's "impartiality of judgment" again in *Fors*, 1873, Letter xxxi.]

judgment or feeling. It has been said that Scott misrepresented them, but there is no misrepresentation in the case; they were in reality such as they are exhibited in the romance; and those persons who consider them ridiculous there, would have considered them equally so had they held actual intercourse with them. For the man who could treat with contempt or mockery the character of Mause Hedrigg[1] is one whose limited faculties and despicable judgment enable him only to perceive the laughable misapplication of her religious language and the dangerous folly of her mistaken zeal, and who is not capable of either perceiving, or appreciating if he did perceive, the inward beauty of character, the holiness of mind, the fervour of devotion, which separate her heart so entirely from the earth, and enable her, with a high and enduring heroism, to despise its good and welcome its evil. The worldly man and the weak man may cry out against Scott for representing the Covenanters as characters which appear fools—to the one because he cannot appreciate, to the other because he cannot fathom, the motives by which they are actuated. Let them know that Scott has represented the Covenanters as they were, and that what appears folly to the worldly wisdom of the one and the short-sighted intellect of the other, was felt by the author, and is felt by the readers who can understand him, to be fervid heroism and venerable piety.[2]

6. The last argument against works of fiction which we remember is the weightiest, and because it is so, we put it in the forefront of the battle, for we wish to employ no artful

[1] [The proper spelling is Headrigg. For other references to the character of Mause Headrigg in *Old Mortality*, see *Fiction Fair and Foul* and *Præterita*, as cited below.]

[2] [Fifty years later Ruskin returned to this point. "Vulgar modern Puritanism has shown its degeneracy in nothing more than its incapability of understanding Scott's exquisitely finished portraits of the Covenanter. In *Old Mortality* alone, there are four which cannot be surpassed; the typical one, Elspeth, faultlessly sublime and pure; the second, Ephraim Macbriar, giving the too common phase of the character, which is touched with ascetic insanity; the third, Mause, coloured and made sometimes ludicrous by Scottish conceit, but utterly strong and pure at heart; the last, Balfour, a study of supreme interest, showing the effect of the Puritan faith, sincerely held, on a naturally and incurably cruel and base spirit" (*Præterita*, i. ch. iii. § 71 *n*).]

concealments, no tricks of logic, no dexterities of disputation in our search after truth. It is said that the perusal of works of fiction induces a morbid state of mind, a desire for excitement, and a languor if it be withheld, which is highly detrimental both to its intellectual powers and its morality. Now intoxication is detrimental to the health, but a moderate use of wine is beneficial to it; and voracity in works of fiction is detrimental to the mind, but moderation, we hope to prove, is beneficial to it, and much better than total confinement to the thick water-gruel of sapient, logical and interminable folios.

We will endeavour, therefore, to trace the effect of the works of Scott upon the mind, and we affirm, first, that they humanize it; secondly, that they cultivate and polish it; and thirdly, and consequently, improve its moral feelings.

7. First, they humanize it. The descriptions of scene and character in Scott are so vivid that they have the same effect upon us as if we actually passed through them. We hold intercourse with an infinite variety of characters, and that under peculiarly favourable circumstances, for their thoughts and the motives of their actions are laid open to us by the author; we perceive where they mistake and where they do wrong, we behold the workings of their feelings and the operation of their reason, and we see that according to the justice and wisdom of the means pursued is the success obtained. For Scott is beautifully just in his awards of misfortune and success, and throughout all his works there is no instance of any evil happening to any character which has not been incurred by his own fault or folly. Again, all our good feelings are brought into play; no one ever envies the hero of a romance; selfishness is put entirely out of the question; we feel as if we were the air, or the wind, or the light, or the heaven, or some omnipresent, invisible thing that had no interests of its own. We become, for the time, spirits altogether benevolent, altogether just, hating vice, loving virtue, weeping over the crime, exulting in the just conduct, lamenting the misfortune, rejoicing in the welfare of others. Is this

no advance in morality? Have we not for the time overcome, or, rather, driven away our great enemy, Self? Have we not become more like the angels? Are not our emotions sweeter, our hopes purer, our tears holier, when they are felt for others, nourished for others, wept for others? Every one must acknowledge that a continuance of such utterly unselfish feelings of love and universal benevolence must be beneficial, must be humanizing, to the mind by which they are experienced.

8. Secondly, they cultivate and polish the mind. Not only are we made to know the world, as it is called, by passing through an infinite variety of scenes and circumstances, but we are endowed, in acquiring this knowledge, with a transcendent and infinitely superior intellect—that of the author. For he who carries us through the scenes, gives us his remarks upon them as he goes on, yet in such a way that we fancy they are originally, what they eventually become, our own thoughts upon the subject. We thus look at things with an eye whose glance is far more lynx-like, whose speculation far more fierily brilliant than our own; our opinions are sculptured into more accurate forms, our judgment is guided, our reason directed, our intellect made more keen. We are thus rendered fit to hold intercourse with the characters of the tale, and this, we should remember, is both an honour and an advantage, for those persons, when represented in a favourable light, are endowed with all the superior mind of him whose imaginings they are. Luminous in their thoughts, quick in their wits, delightful in their conversation, brave in their hearts, moral in their feelings, their society is an advantage which would be sought with the utmost avidity in the world of reality,[1] and must be productive of the greatest benefit in that of fiction. We do not insist upon the benefit to be derived, in the shape of knowledge of the world, from our intercourse in such works with all sorts of men, for we are not speaking of the acquisition of worldly wisdom, but

[1] [Cf. *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 6, 7, where Ruskin likens good books to "kings and statesmen lingering to gain audience."]

of the improvement of the mind, which, thirdly, we affirmed to be the result of the perusal of Scott's works. We have proved it to be humanized, we have proved it to be cultivated, polished, and refined; it is therefore improved. Its moral principles and benevolent feelings have been as much encouraged as its selfishness has been neutralized. This effect has been accompanied with a sharpening of intellect and an accession of ideas, and this has been accomplished, not by severe study, or intense thought, but by the repose of a wearied brain and the relaxation of a leisure hour.

9. We have not spoken of Scott's poetical fiction, because we are about to review the dangers and the benefits of this species of composition as united in the works of a poet of more meteorical talent and more evil fame. Let us, however, before leaving the works of Scott, remark that their tendency is always moral: guilt is always punished and virtue always rewarded, and, *vice versâ*, virtue never suffers and guilt never prospers. His characters are perfect examples. Those of women are, in particular, beautifully drawn; indeed, they are, with few exceptions, so prudent and exemplary as to be detrimental to his novels in two ways: they render them, first, less interesting, and, secondly, less natural. They render them less interesting, because we have not the slightest fear for such sage, amiable creatures—such faultless paragons; we see they never have got into a scrape, and we are sure they never will. Whether, by making his heroines so prudent, he has rendered his tales less natural, we leave to the judgment of those who have more knowledge of the sex than our bachelor experience can boast of, but we are certain that the influence of such beautiful examples must be highly beneficial to those who attempt to imitate them.[1]

[1] [In later years Ruskin spoke more enthusiastically of Scott's noble women. "With endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice, to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually forms, animates and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success" (*Sesame and Lilies*, § 59).]

10. We will next endeavour to trace the effect upon the mind of the works of another author who is at the head of the modern metaphysical and sentimental school of fiction. But we shudder at our own temerity, for we feel that by the enunciation of the last adjective we have raised up in opposition to us another and a more awful regiment of enemies—the anti-sentimentalists. We shall have fashionable tailors, *à la mode* snips, snapping their shears and kicking their cross legs in our faces; we shall have 'prentice barbers stropping their saponaceous intellects to come to the brush with us. Every small wit that ever fancied himself sage, every goose that ever cackled with an air, every blind owl that has ever attempted to look wise, has thought fit to signalise his sagacity by turning up his snub nose at sentiment. A kind of running giggle echoes in our ears whenever we pronounce the word—goosified and idiotical enough, but yet meant to testify the wisdom of the gigglers. We have seen grave sneers, too, always of course from persons who had not soul enough in their mutton and beef bodies to make a pennyweight of sentiment. We remember a moral essayist, who, after a few very interesting truisms, began the subject-matter of his discourse with, "I am no sentimentalist." We could have told him so from the first stupidities of his pen. We knew he had not one gleam of idea bright enough to enable him even to understand—much less to be—a sentimentalist.[1] He and his brother abusers of sentiment put us in mind of the toad who, having been immured in a block of sandstone for 3000 years, was found on its liberation engaged in writing its autobiography, in which it had very satisfactorily proved the absurdity of supposing that light and colour were either useful or beautiful.

[1] [With equal vigour, if with greater polish, and with more personal feeling, Ruskin was often in later years to return to the charge against the anti-sentimentalists. See, especially, in *Fors Clavigera*, 1874, Letter xli., the passage ending: "'Finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, because I have honoured all women with solemn worship, and have been kind even to the unthankful and the evil, therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar, talks of the 'effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin;'" and cf. *Fors*, 1873, Letter xxxiv.]

11. Yet we are not speaking in defence of the boarding-school misses' rural, romantic, "La, Ma!" and "Gracious, Pa!" sort of sentiment, nor of that of the poetical haberdashers, who having been captivated by the slender fingers and radiant smile of some nymph of the counter engaged in measuring out a yard of tape, go down to Margate or Ramsgate to eat shrimps, read *Romeo and Juliet*, do the despairing lover, and get the colic; nor of that of elegant lawyers' clerks, who, having obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, are brought down (nearly bringing themselves up on the way) per steamer to Edinburgh, and then, the *Lady of the Lake* in their pocket and a brand new silk umbrella in their hand, perambulate, with open mouth and upturned eyes, the "hawful shoeblimities" of the Scotch Highlands.

Nor are we defending the sentiment of poetasters who bore Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter with interminable sonneteering, and never see the moon without putting "thou" before it, thus compounding the pretty piece of sentiment "Thou Moon."

Nor, finally, are we defending the Charlotte and Werther, bread-and-butter sort of sentiment. But we are speaking of what we may call, translating the Latin derivative into English, real, refined feeling, such as that which is so conspicuous in the works of the author we are about to bring forward—Mr. Bulwer.[1]

[1] [At this time Bulwer (who did not take the second name of Lytton till 1843) was a favourite author with young Ruskin. When Ruskin was going up to Oxford, Dale asked him what light literature he was taking with him. The answer is given in a letter to his father:—

> "'Saussure, Humboldt, and other works on natural history and geology.' Then he asked if I ever read any of the modern fashionable novels; on this point I thought he began to look positive, so I gave him a negative, with the exception of Bulwer's, and now and then a laughable one of Theodore Hook's or Captain Marryat's."

(Collingwood's *Life of Ruskin*, ed. 1900, p. 50. For Marryat, cf. *Præterita*, i. ch. xi. § 227.)

In a letter to W. H. Harrison (for whom see introduction to Vol. II.), of May 6 [1841], Ruskin says:—

> "I admire the *Night and Morning* excessively. I think its only fault is the plot; I do not at all like the notion of the last two brothers both falling in love with the last lady in the world they ought either to have thought of; nor is it likely that so strong a mind as young Morton's should be capable of three successive attachments—first French, then English, and then . . . [paper torn] half, and all equally strong. But the whole thing is finely worked out; it is

12. The sentiment of this author is as philosophical as that of Adam Smith,[1] but the latter writer gives us only the mechanics of feeling. In the works of Bulwer we have their life and poetry; the one gives us the automaton of feeling, the other its soul. His writings are full of an entangled richness of moving mind, glittering with innumerable drops of rosy and balmy and quivering dew, instinct with a soft, low, thrilling whisper of thought, like that which the young fairies hear from the green grass and kind flowers as they grow, and change, and sigh, beneath the hushed light of the star-inwoven noon of night, and we listen to the low voice of his musing until it melts away into our spirit, as if its sweet harp-like music rose up out of our own mind, as if its mysterious flowing were from the deep fountains of our own heart. Bulwer's descriptions are always beautiful; he not only sees, himself, but he teaches us to see like him. The language in which he describes is burning, because every word has its own half hinted, deep laid, beautiful thought, which he leaves us, as he floats on amidst the calm but beaming æther of his own imagination, to follow, and follow afar, until we are lost in a wilderness of sweet dreaming. He gives Nature a spirit that she had not before. The earth, and the air, and the leaves, and the waves, and the clouds, are all endowed by him with voices; he makes us feel them with our eyes like visible emotions; he makes them each touch a chord in our heart with their gentle fingers, and then lifts up the weak melody, and follows its tremulous vibration till he arouses deeper tones and melancholy memories,

more impossible to miss a single page without injury to the [whole?] than with any other modern writer I know; and what is more, there is a great deal of downright good morale in it. Whether there be a demand for this article among the publishers, I do not know; but there it is,—no affectation in it, or straining at it, but well worked through, not in purple patches, as Miss Edgeworth says, but in the stuff."

In another letter to the same correspondent (Sept. 9, 1841) Ruskin wrote:—

"My mother has been much amused by something of Hood's you sent her, victimizing poor Bulwer, I suppose. Upon my word, it is too bad; the unhappy man has got a tender skin, and you all fix upon him like hornets."

His taste for Bulwer does not seem to have lasted (see below, p. 418); there is no later allusion to that author in Ruskin's works.]

[1] [Ruskin's studies under Mr. Dale had perhaps included Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. With *The Wealth of Nations*, against which he was afterwards to direct his attack, Ruskin was probably at this time unacquainted.]

and visions half sad but most beautiful. He has not one-fifth of the invention of Scott, but he has, in one respect, more imagination, yet a kind of imagination which it is difficult to explain. He endows inanimate things with more life, more spirit, and he revels in the deep waters of the human heart, where all is seen misty and dim, but most beautiful, by the pale motion of the half lost light of the outward sun through the softly sobbing waves of our thoughts. The perusal of his works, or of works like them, must always refine the mind to a great degree, and improve us in the science of metaphysics. The general movements of the mind may be explained in theories and investigated by philosophers, but there are deep-rooted, closely entangled fibres, which no eye can trace, no thought can find, yet they may be felt if touched by a skilful hand.

18. Whether the increase of our delicacy of feeling improves the mind in a moral point of view, is a difficult question, but we are inclined to think that it does. The more we can feel, the more beauty we shall perceive in this universal frame.[1] No man knows how lovely Nature is who has not entwined her with his heart, and caused parts of her glory to be capable of awakening peculiar, associated lines of thought in his own mind, and the feeling of her beauty is a decidedly moral feeling, and very beneficial to the mind. It might be thought that what we have been saying of Bulwer's works might have been said of all poetry, but this is not the case; it could only have been said of poetical prose, and we will let him tell the reason in his own words. "Verse cannot contain the refining and subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies: the rhyme eternally cripples it;[2] it properly deals with the common problems of human nature which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophising corollaries which may be drawn

[1] ["This universal frame": *Paradise Lost*, v. 154, and Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," line 2.]

[2] [A remark which Ruskin was to find true of his own genius, though at this time his most ambitious literary efforts were still being thrown into poetry.]

from them: thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, commonplace is more the element of poetry than of prose" (*Pilgrims of the Rhine*).[1]

14. Yet although prose is thus more refined, poetry is the most inspiring, and our task would not be completed unless we endeavoured also to trace the effect of poetical fiction on the mind. But our time is nearly exhausted, we are fatigued of the subject; we feel as if we had been uttering nothing but truisms, convicting of absurdity objections which no one ever supposed to be reasonable, proving the truth of reasons whose truth was never doubted, and the beneficial influence of that whose beneficial influence was never disputed. We feel as if we had been beating the air—contending, but with no opponent—struggling, but with no impediment. But when we pronounce the name of "The Bride of Abydos,"[2] we feel that the case is altered. The dust and ashes of criticism become living before our eyes, and a murmur of indignation arises from the multitudes of crawling things. But the name hath touched us with its finger, and our brain is burning, our heart is quivering, our soul is full of light. Oh, the voice, the glory, the life, that breathes through the bursts of melody which fall upon our ear![3] Oh, what a heaven of agonised spirit was that, whose night was so meteored with the rush of its inspiration, glorious with the melancholy light of its cold stars and its pale planets, soft with the gentleness of its dew,

[1] [Ch. xxix.]

[2] [In a letter, written by Ruskin in 1887, he includes among "books which have influenced me," "Byron, all, but most 'Corsair,' 'Bride of Abydos,' and the 'Two Foscari'" (*British Weekly* "Extras," No. 1, p. 43).]

[3] [After Scott and Homer (in Pope's version) and Shakespeare, Byron was the poet to whose work Ruskin had been next introduced by his father. He describes in *Præterita* (i. ch. viii.) how his father read through "Don Juan" after the family dinner: "I recollect that he and my mother looked across the table at each other with something of alarm, when, on asking me a few feasts afterwards what we should have for after-dinner reading, I instantly answered 'Juan and Haidée.' My selection was not adopted. . . . Perhaps I was given a bit of 'Childe Harold' instead, which I liked at that time nearly as well; and, indeed, the story of Haidée soon became too sad for me. But very certainly, by the end of this year 1834, I knew my Byron pretty well all through, all but 'Cain,' 'Werner,' the 'Deformed Transformed,' and 'Vision of Judgment.'" Ruskin adds, in conformity with what is here said in the text, that he "never got the slightest harm from Byron." It is clear that at the time of this essay, Ruskin had fixed on the essentially noble elements in Byron which he afterwards illustrated in *Fiction Fair and Foul*."]

terrible in the boundless eternity of its darkness! We have known minds, and great ones too, which were filled with such a horror of Byron's occasional immorality, as to be unable to separate his wheat from his chaff—unable to bask themselves in the light of his glory, without fearing to be scorched by his sin. These we have pitied, and they deserve pity, for they are debarred from one of the noblest feasts that ever fed the human intellect. We do not hesitate to affirm that, with the sole exception of Shakspeare, Byron was the greatest poet that ever lived, because he was perhaps the most miserable man. His mind was from its very mightiness capable of experiencing greater agony than lower intellects, and his poetry was wrung out of his spirit by that agony. We have said that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, because his talent was the most universal. Excelled by Milton and Homer only in the vastness of their epic imaginations, he was excelled in nothing else by any man. He was overwhelming in his satire, irresistible in the brilliancy of the coruscations of his wit, unequalled in depth of pathos, or in the melancholy of moralising contemplation. We may challenge every satirist and every comic poet that ever lived to produce specimens of wit or of comic power at all equal to some that might be selected from "Don Juan." We might challenge every lyric poet that ever existed to produce such a piece of lyric poetry as the

> "long, low island song
> Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong," [1]

which soothes the dying hour of Haidée. Take (and we name them at random) the death of Haidée, the dirge at the end of "The Bride of Abydos," and "The Dream," and match their deep, their agonising pathos, if it be possible, from the works of any other poet. Take his female characters from his tragedies—and Shakspeare will not more than match them—take his moralising stanzas from "Childe Harold." What other moralist ever felt so deeply? In

[1] [Canto iv. stanza 65.]

every branch of poetry he is supereminent; there is no heart whose peculiar tone of feeling he does not touch. We have not words mighty enough to express our astonishment —our admiration. Tell us not that such writing is immoral; we know, for we have felt, what a light of illimitable loveliness, what a sickness of hushed awe, what a fire of resistless inspiration, what a glory of expansive mind fills the heart and soul, as we listen to the swell of such numbers; there is a river of rushing music that sweeps through our thoughts, resistless as a whirlwind, yet whose waves sing, as they pass onward, so softly, so lowly, so holily, half-maddening with their beauty of sweet sound, until we are clasped in the arms of the poetry as if borne away on the wings of an archangel, and our rapture is illimitable, and we are elevated and purified and ennobled by the mightiness of the influence that overshadows us. There is not, there cannot be, a human being "of soul so dead"[1] as not to feel that he is a better man, that his ideas are higher, his heart purer, his feelings nobler, his spirit less bound by his body, after feeding on such poetry. But our enthusiasm has drawn us into a false inference. There *are* animals who neither have felt this inspiration themselves nor believe that others can feel it. They talk about Byron's immorality as if he were altogether immoral, and they actually appear to imagine that *they! they!!* yes, *they!!!* will be able to wipe away his memory from the earth. Our risibility has been excited by the Laird of Balmawhapple's humorous assertion of his dignity by discharging his horse-pistol against the crags of Stirling Castle;[2] but this is but typical of the audacity of these pismires,[3] these dogs that bay the moon,[4] these foul snails that crawl on in their despicable malice, leaving their spume and filth on the fairest

[1] [Scott wrote, "Breathes there a man *with* soul so dead": *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi. stanza 1.]

[2] [*Waverley*, ch. xxxix.]

[3] ["Why look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled and stung with pismires."
—*1 Henry the Fourth*, I. iii. 240.]

[4] [*Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3.]

flowers of literature, but are inferior to the slug in this respect, that their slime can neither shine nor injure. It has been said that there is never anger where there is no fear; but who does not feel indignation mingled with his scorn of these Grub Street reptiles, even although the dust of a single year will overwhelm them for ever, and the impotence of their life be equalled by the oblivion of their death!

EARLY LETTERS[1]

LETTER I

ROME, *December* 31 (1840).

1. MY DEAR SIR,—I have delayed writing from day to day, first that I might have something to tell you of my health, and, secondly, that I might not speak of this place under early and false impressions. For myself, I am certainly better, though much checked in all my pursuits from a little inconvenient roughness about the chest, which renders it improper for me to read or draw to any extent, or to do anything that requires stooping, and equally so to take violent or prolonged exercise, or to go out at night, or to saunter in cold galleries, or to talk much, or walk much, or do anything "much," so that I am subject to perpetual mortification in taking care of an absolute nothing, as far as it goes at present.[2] Still

[1] [In 1840, when Ruskin was reading at Oxford for his degree, he was threatened with consumption. He left England with his parents in order to winter abroad. They travelled through France to Rome, which they reached at the end of November. They returned home in June 1841. For the itinerary, see p. xxxviii. The two following letters were written to Mr. Dale from abroad. Ruskin describes Dale in *Præterita* (ii. ch. ix. § 165) as "my severest and chiefly antagonist master" (and *cf.* note on p. lii, above); but these friendly and confidential letters hardly suggest such want of sympathy. There were other and later notes from Ruskin to Dale, enclosing subscriptions to parish charities, etc., and showing that friendly relations were kept up longer and more intimately than one would imagine from *Præterita*. It seems that Dale disapproved very strongly of Ruskin's *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds* in 1851.]

[2] [The first of several references to Ruskin's symptoms during this tour in search of health: see in these Letters to Dale, i. § 4, ii. §§ 1, 3, and in the *Letters to a College Friend*, iii. § 3, vi. § 1, vii. § 6. In the Diary, also, there are many similar references. At Christmas time he had a touch of fever, and notes (Dec. 25):—

> "Confoundedly unpleasant interruption in the shape of a fever for these five days. . . . Not the pleasantest Christmas neither—to-day shut up in this melancholy room, with a cat, and three chimney tops, by way of view.

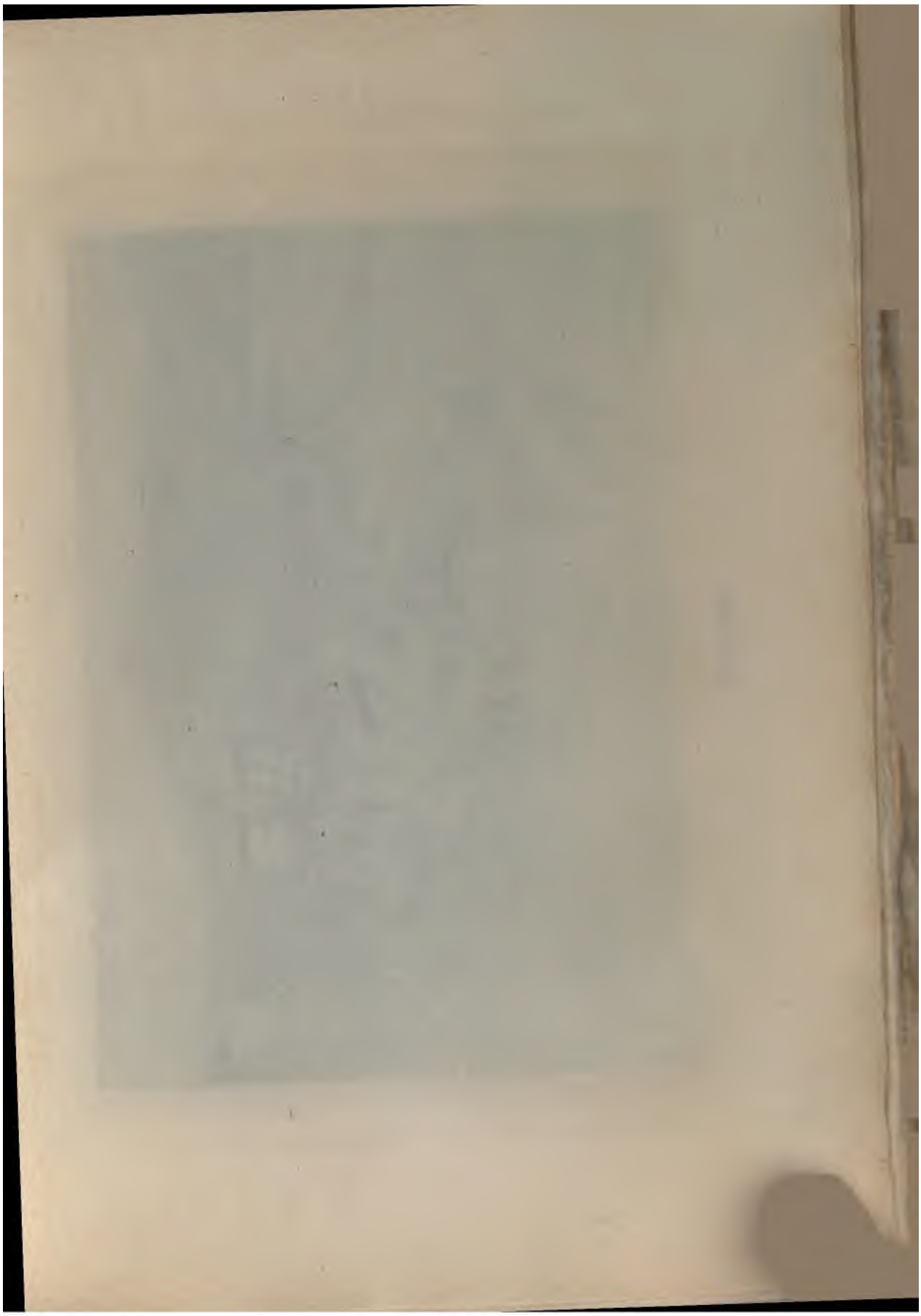
But on Dec. 27 he was able to go out into the gardens of the Villa Borghese, "exquisite in beauty."]

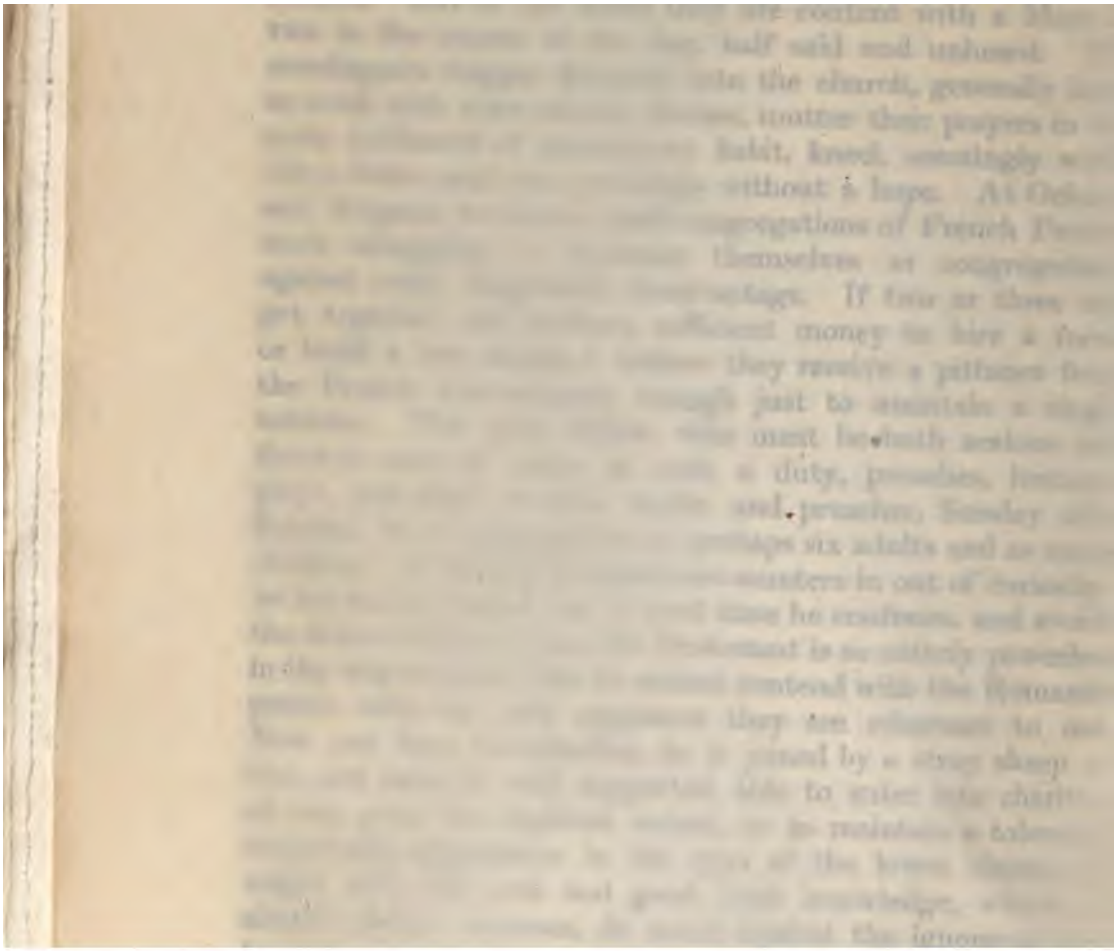
I am better here than I should be at home, and there is a great deal of information and pleasure to be picked up bit by bit, if one is on the watch for it. We sauntered leisurely enough through France, taking some six weeks from Calais to Nice, and passing over most of the characteristic portions of French landscape, the chalk downs and fertile pasture valleys of Normandy, the poplar plains and turreted banks of the Loire, as far as Tours, then the volcanic cliffs and black lavas of Auvergne, the vineyards and fortresses of the Rhone, the limestone peaks of Vaucluse, and finally the loveliest fragment of all France, where the Basses Alpes throw out their promontories, clothed from base to summit with an unbroken thicket of blossoming myrtle, arbutus, and orange, into the blue of the Mediterranean. In general, through France, as the landscape rises the architecture declines. The noblest thing I have yet seen in the way of Gothic,[1] is seen rising twelve miles off, over a desolate and ill-cultivated plain (Chartres Cathedral), while among the noble southern scenery there is excessively little to interest in the way of ecclesiastical architecture, and little appearance of religion among the people. The ignorance of the lower classes seems about equal everywhere; but in the north it is active, energetic, feeling and enthusiastic, in the south dull, degraded and slothful.[2] La Vierge Noire, the presiding deity of Chartres Cathedral, is a little black lady about three feet high. The devotion of the whole city to her is quite inexpressible; they are perpetually changing her petticoats, making her presents of pink

[1] [Nor did he ever see a nobler. In the *Lectures on Art* Ruskin refers to the Cathedral of Chartres as "the most noble with which I am acquainted. You have there the most splendid coloured glass, and the richest sculpture, and the grandest proportions of building" (§ 62). To Chartres among cathedrals (as to Luini among painters) Ruskin never gave the detailed notice in his writings which might, from his strong admiration, have been expected. He had intended to devote Part vii. of *Our Fathers Have Told Us* to Chartres Cathedral; but he never reached that part. See below, p. 429, for another letter about Chartres and the Black Madonna. For references in later writings, see *Seven Lamps*, ch. iii. § 24; *Two Paths*, § 33; *Lectures on Landscape*, § 74; and several minor references in *Modern Painters*. Ruskin employed Mr. T. M. Rooke to make drawings of Chartres, which may be seen in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.]

[2] [He was much struck by this again in 1845, and wrote the lines "Among the Basses Alpes"—"Have you in heaven no hope—on earth no care:" see Vol. II.]

pincushions, silk reticules, and tallow "dips" by the hundredweight, with occasional silver or plated hearts in cases of especial ingratiation. The group of her worshippers never leaves the cathedral solitary for an instant; she has a priest devoted constantly to her service, who never leaves her altar, and the aisles above her are black with the constant ascent of incense. But in the south they are content with a Mass or two in the course of the day, half said and unheard. The worshippers stagger dreamily into the church, generally lame or weak with some chronic disease, mutter their prayers in the mere fulfilment of peremptory habit, kneel, seemingly without a desire, and rise, seemingly without a hope. At Orleans and Avignon we found small congregations of French Protestants struggling to maintain themselves as congregations against every imaginable disadvantage. If two or three can get together and produce sufficient money to hire a room or build a low chapel, I believe they receive a pittance from the French Government, enough just to maintain a single minister. This poor fellow, who must be both zealous and devoted ever to enter on such a duty, preaches, lectures, prays, and sings, is clerk, reader, and preacher, Sunday after Sunday, to a congregation of perhaps six adults and as many children. A Romanist sometimes saunters in out of curiosity; he has to do penance for it next time he confesses, and avoids the door in future, while the Protestant is so utterly powerless in the way of funds that he cannot contend with the Romanist priests with the only argument they are reluctant to use. Now and then, nevertheless, he is joined by a stray sheep or two, and were he well supported, able to enter into charities of any, even the slightest extent, or to maintain a tolerably respectable appearance in the eyes of the lower classes, he might with real zeal and good head knowledge, which he almost always possesses, do much against the ignorance and laziness of the people and the priests; but with just enough for himself to pay for a clean shirt and decent coat on Sundays, and a congregation whose utmost exertion can hardly, in money matters, whitewash their chapel and clean its windows,





Nice. 1840.

what can he possibly do against the sweeping invective and well-supported power of the established Church? It seems to me that we should be doing far more to advance the cause of truth, by giving a little support to these struggling churches, than by using all our power among howling savages, and that one of these groups, crushed and scattered by the Romanist Church, is more to be lamented than the continued heathenism of a thousand Red Indians. For he who trusts to the prayers of a black doll for his salvation, seems to me equally in danger whether it be called Vushnu or la Vierge; but it is surely easier to lead the worshipper from the Mother to the Son, in whom he already believes, than to raise the conception of the savage from his rock idol to an infinite God.[1]

2. From Nice we went on to Genoa and Pisa. The coast of the Mediterranean from Nice to La Spezzia (near which Shelley was drowned), a run of some 180 miles, is the most glorious combination of scenery I ever passed through. Exposed only to the south wind—which is warm to the hand like the air from a heated pipe—the palms and aloes wave over the sea-beach, and rise in blossoming plumes up the promontories of black marble—crested with white convents and frescoed churches—which the Maritime Alps fling forward into the sea; the valleys are each one grove of orange, the hill sides shaded with masses of olive and a wild brushwood of myrtle and arbutus, and up every chasm in the hills the eye retires on the inaccessible peaks of the higher Alps and Apennines. We passed some of this scenery in a storm of south wind. Imagine a heavy and wild gale of warm wind, the sea rising in masses twelve and fifteen feet before they broke, and flinging its foam through the stems of the palm-trees or fifty feet up on the rocks. It tore down three bridges on the road, and some parts of the road itself, and we had great difficulty in getting past.[2] We stayed a fortnight at

[1] [Ruskin in later years was yet more antagonistic to foreign missions; see, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, 1875, Letter lx.; 1876, Letter lxii.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii., for another account of the journey along the Riviera, and for the incident referred to above. In the same chapter Ruskin gives some extracts from his diary written at the time in Florence, recording his "grievous disappointment" with the place, which he was afterwards to love. *Cf.* p. 432, below.]

Florence, which, as a city, disappointed me dreadfully, especially in its churches. Its works of art can disappoint no one, and its population are engaged in active and effective industry, not perhaps in the most profitable industry either to themselves or any one else, being chiefly in cutting precious stones for the Florentine mosaic, about the most costly unison of valuable material with immense human labour that the world produces. We saw a table some three feet across—circular—which had occupied some four men for six years.[1] Still it is industry, and the place looks prosperous, and is so, I believe, and anything is better than the *far niente* of Rome. We arrived here a month ago, passing, all the way from Siena, through some of the ugliest country I ever saw or smelt in my life, being a compound of volcanic mud, sulphur, and bilgewater.

8. St. Peter's I expected to be *disappointed* in. I was *disgusted*.[2] The Italians think Gothic architecture barbarous. I think Greek heathenish. Greek, by-the-bye, it is not, but has all its weight and clumsiness, without its dignity or simplicity. As a whole, St. Peter's is fit for nothing but a ball-room, and it is a little too gaudy even for that (inside I mean, of course). But the overwhelming vastness of every detail, and the magnificent solidity and splendour of material are such that, in walking through it, you think of St. Paul's as of a pasteboard model—a child's toy—that the wind may blow away like a pack of cards and nobody the wiser. And the exquisite feeling and glorious art brought out in every *part* and *detail* are so impressive that, were St. Peter's dashed into fifty fragments, I would give our St. Paul's—and Ludgate Hill into the bargain—for any one of them.[3] As a whole, I repeat, it is meagre outside and offensive within. In the city,

[1] [In the Florentine mosaic manufacture, the materials employed are various stones in their natural colour; the modern Roman mosaics are made of little pieces of opaque glass, and the colouring is artificial. In the Florentine work, the stones are used in very thin slices, about one-eighth of an inch thick. It is this, and the sawing of the separate stones to the design and to fit with the other pieces, that make the work tedious and expensive.]

[2] [*Cf.* p. 432, below, and *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii. § 32. Nor did Ruskin's first impressions of St. Peter's materially change in after years; see, *e.g.*, *Academy Notes*, 1856, note on R.A. No. 10.]

[3] [Ruskin greatly disliked St. Paul's. A friend was once telling him of the fine music there. "I should not care for it," he replied, "in that building."]

if you take a carriage and drive to express points of lionisation, I believe that most people of good taste would expect little and find less. The Capitol is a melancholy rubbishy square of average Palladian—modern; the Forum, a good group of smashed columns, just what, if it were got up, as it very easily might be, at Virginia Water, we should call a piece of humbug—the kind of thing that one is sick to death of in "compositions"; the Coliseum I have always considered a public nuisance, like Jim Crow;[1] and the rest of the ruins are mere mountains of shattered, shapeless brick, covering miles of ground with a Babylon-like weight of red tiles.[2] But if, instead of driving, with excited expectation, to particular points, you saunter leisurely up one street and down another, yielding to every impulse, peeping into every corner, and keeping your observation active, the impression is exceedingly changed.[3] There is not a fragment, a stone, or a chimney, ancient or modern, that is not in itself a study, not an inch of ground that can be passed over without its claim of admiration and offer of instruction, and you return home in hopeless conviction that were you to substitute years for the days of your appointed stay, they would not be enough for the estimation or examination of Rome.

4. Yet the impression of this perpetual beauty is more painful than pleasing, for there is a strange horror lying over the whole city, which I can neither describe nor account for; it is a shadow of death, possessing and penetrating all things.[4] The sunlight is lurid and ghastly, though so intense that neither the eye nor the body can bear it long; the shadows

[1] [The name of a nigger song which had at this time become a popular nuisance. It was brought out at the Adelphi in 1836. The burden is:—

"Wheel about, and turn about, and do just so,
And every time you wheel about, jump Jim Crow."]

[2] [For another expression of Ruskin's dislike for the Roman ruins, see below, p. 433, and cf. *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii. § 33.]

[3] [On one such walk of exploration, Ruskin came across the Piazza Santa Maria del Pianto (near the Palazzo Cenci and the Porticus of Octavia), which is the subject of the plate facing p. 382: for particulars of it, see above, p. lvii.]

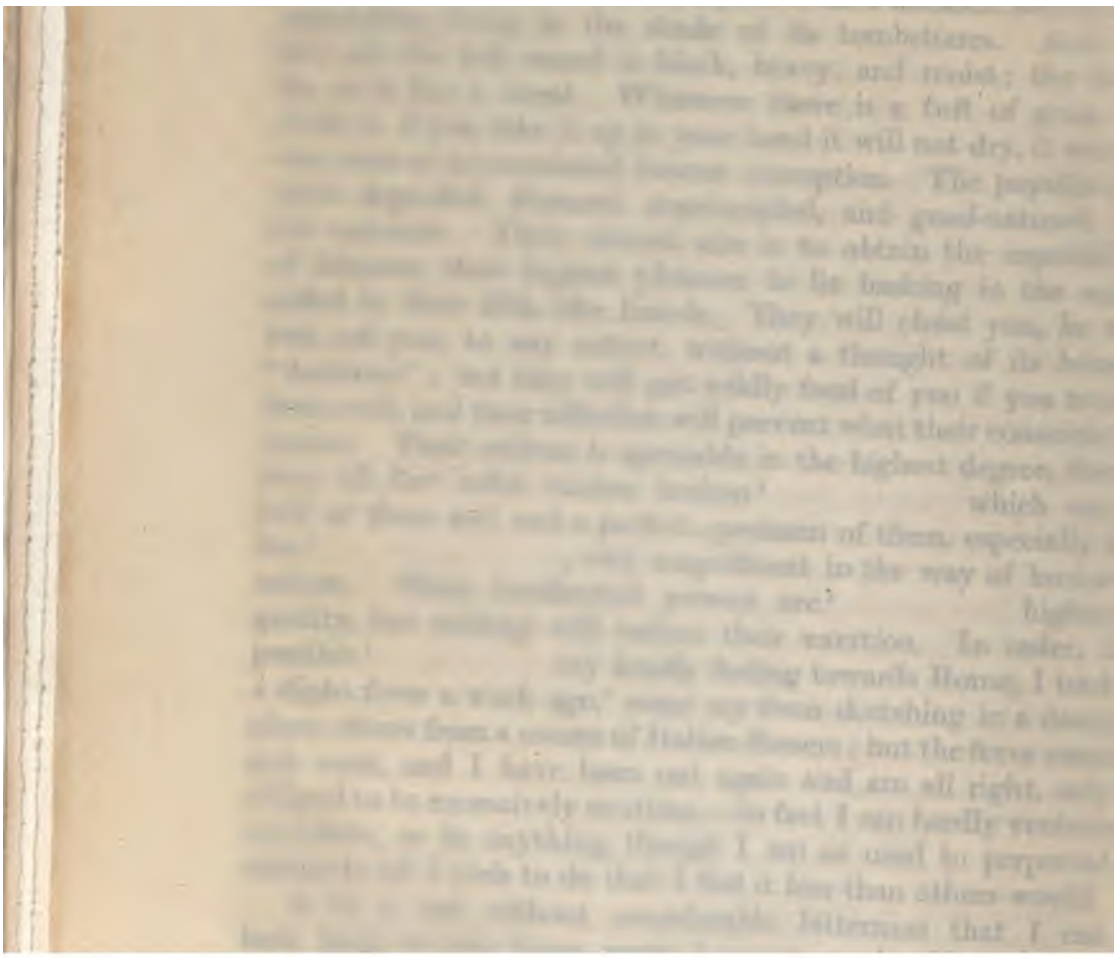
[4] [Similarly, Ruskin wrote in his diary on December 28:—

"I would remain here as far as real desire and love of beauty goes—for ever, but I am certain my health would not bear it a twelvemonth, for there is a horror over everything which I cannot help feeling constantly, and which I am certain is not imagination."]

are cold and sepulchral; you feel like an artist in a fever, haunted by every dream of beauty that his imagination ever dwelt upon, but all mixed with the fever fear. I am certain this is not imagination, for I am not given to such nonsense, and, even in illness, never remember feeling anything approaching to the horror with which some objects here can affect me. It is all like a vast churchyard, with a diseased and dying population living in the shade of its tombstones. And in fact all the soil round is black, heavy, and moist; the dew lies on it like a sweat. Wherever there is a tuft of grass to shade it, if you take it up in your hand it will not dry, it seems one mass of accumulated human corruption. The population seem degraded, diseased, unprincipled, and *good*-natured in the extreme. Their utmost aim is to obtain the capability of idleness, their highest pleasure to lie basking in the sun, coiled in their filth, like lizards. They will cheat you, lie to you, rob you, to any extent, without a thought of its being "incorrect"; but they will get wildly fond of you if you treat them well, and their affection will prevent what their conscience cannot. Their address is agreeable in the highest degree, they have all *l'air noble* (unless broken[1] which one-half of them are) and a perfect specimen of them, especially if the[1] , very magnificent in the way of human nature. Their intellectual powers are[1] highest quality, but *nothing* will induce their exertion. In order, if possible[1] my kindly feeling towards Rome, I took a slight fever a week ago,[2] some say from sketching in a damp place, others from a course of Italian dinners; but the fever came and went, and I have been out again and am all right, only obliged to be excessively cautious,—in fact I can hardly venture anywhere, or do anything, though I am so used to perpetual checks in all I wish to do that I feel it less than others would.

5. It is not without considerable bitterness that I can look back on the three years I spent at the University—three years of such vigorous life as I may never know again,

[1] [Space left is where paper was torn under seal.—*Editor's Note*, 1893.]
[2] [Cf. *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii. § 45, and see above, p. 376 *n.*]



J Ruskin

Allen & Co Sc

Piazza Santa Maria del Pianto. Rome.

sacrificed to a childish vanity, and not only lost themselves, but breaking down my powers of enjoyment or exertion, for I know not how long.[1] If I ever wished to see the towers of Oxford again, the wish is found only in conjunction with another — Rosalind's — that I had "a thunderbolt in mine eye."[2] Is it not odd that *I*, whose university life was absurdly, ridiculously exemplary, and who can safely say that I never, during those three years, did or said what I would not have done or said with the head of my college beside me, should have this benevolent feeling to my Alma Mater? Had I devoted a few of the evening hours which were spent over Plato to breaking windows in quad or lamps in the High Street; had I driven tandem to Woodstock now and then, instead of attending lecture, and devoted a little of the money which used to go for soup tickets and the missionary fund to paying for the consequent impositions, I might now have been a respectable B.A., with clear eyesight, free chest and strong limbs, and liberty and power to go and do where and what I chose.[3] However, it is perhaps better to lay the blame on my folly than on my innocence. I should like, nevertheless, to see the class system abolished at Oxford. For those who obtain honours are usually such as would have been high in scholarship without any such inducement, who are, in fact, above their trial and take their position as a matter of course and a thing of no consequence. To these the honour is a matter of little gratification and of less utility. But the flock of lower standard men of my stamp, and men below me, who look to

[1] [Ruskin, until his health broke down, was reading hard for honours at Oxford. He also competed three times for the Newdigate, and was writing verses for *Friendship's Offering* and essays for *The Architectural Magazine*. It was the reading for honours that he considered "the childish vanity," if we may judge from some entries in his diary. Thus on Oct. 7, 1840, he wrote: "I never will work hard again at classics for all the honours on earth; my eyes are still weak, but I think they show a tendency to recover (see below, p. 390 *n*)," and on Dec. 7:—

> "Got the books which I had out from home, and was surprised to find that I could look at the nasty Greek things with some degree of pleasure, which I hail as a sign of returning strength of mind. That University had nearly floored me, but it had other things allied with it"—

the reference in these last words being, of course, to his disappointment in love.]

[2] [Not Rosalind's, but Celia's: "If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down" (Act i. Sc. ii. l. 226).]

[3] [See *Præterita*, i. ch. xi., for Ruskin's Oxford days, and *cf.* Introduction, above, p. xxxiv.]

the honour at the end, and strain their faculties to the utmost to obtain it, not only have to sustain hours of ponderous anxiety and burning disappointment, such as I have seen in some, enough to eat their life away, but sustain a bodily and intellectual injury, which nothing can ever do away with or compensate for. In this number one may reckon many of the second class men, who, had they not been tempted to their own destruction, might have risen afterwards to a high standard of intellectual power; but, just in the hottest moment of boyish ambition, the University honour is set before them; and how shall the University answer for the destruction of intellect, and even life, consequent on the sudden struggle? I know several advantages of the class system, but I do not think *one* which could for a moment be set against the desolation of a single year. All this comes badly from me, because I have been apparently disappointed in the honours I am abusing;[1] but were they all that I have lost, I believe the utmost chagrin the loss could cause, would not have power here to darken the shadow of a single cypress.[2]

6. I should have put a date of January 1 in the middle of the last page. All join with me in kindest and sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, and that of all your family. I have particularly to thank you for the loan of the "Pilgrim's Staff,"[3] which we found the most valuable travelling companion

[1] [Ruskin eventually entered for the pass examination and received an honorary fourth class both in classics and in mathematics. "A double honorary Fourth means that a man who seeks only the ordinary degree has the unsolicited honour conferred on him by the examiners in both schools. It is extremely rare, and it used to be said that it was equivalent to a Double First Class" (F. Harrison's *John Ruskin*, p. 36).]

[2] [The views expressed above on the system of competitive examinations in education were held strongly by Ruskin in late years. He used his Professorial authority to state them emphatically at Oxford; see, *e.g.*, *Eagle's Nest*, § 177, where he speaks of "the deadly agony" of "severe and frequent examination" as conducing to hatred of the habit of learning. In *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. § 56, he appealed to parents to set their children free from a system which "sickens their eyes with blindness to all the true joys, the true aims, and the true praises of science and literature." In the ideal community pictured in *Fors Clavigera*, all competitive examination was to be "sternly prohibited" (1871, Letter ix.; 1878, Letter xcv.). Ruskin went to the Balliol College Debating Society in 1875–76, at Mr. Wedderburn's instance, when this matter was the subject of debate, and made a speech on the above lines.]

[3] ["The Pilgrim's Staff, and Christian's Daily Walk, a series of meditations . . . for every morning and evening throughout the year, compiled from the writings of the Primitive Fathers, the early Reformers, etc." By Henry Smith, of King's College, London. 2nd Series, London, 1839–44.]

of any inmate of the green bag. My mother is especially pleased with it, and it is almost the only book of a devotional character I ever could enjoy. I cannot endure books full of sentences beginning "How" and terminating in a note of admiration.

If you *could* find time to send us a line, informing us of your health and that of Mrs. Dale and your family, you cannot doubt our gratitude. It will be best to send it to Billiter Street,[1] whence it will be forwarded, as I don't know where we are going and not going. I know when I get to Naples I shall have a strong fancy for Athens, but it will be of no use. Best love to Tom and James and Lawford,[2] and all wishes of the season. They make a great fuss about it in St. Peter's—dressing and undressing the Pope all day—and I heard a noble farewell service in one of the parish churches yesterday,[3] and an hour and a half of magnificent organ and chorus—three organs answering each other and the whole congregation joining—as Italians can do always—in perfect melody in parts; the church, a favourable specimen, one blaze of oriental alabaster and gold; the altar with pillars of lapis lazuli running up fifty feet, more than a foot in diameter, at a guinea an inch in mere material, with groups of white marble flying round and above them, and the roof rising in an apparent infinite height of glorious fresco; and every possible power of music used to its fullest extent—the best pieces of melody chosen out of standard *operas*, and every variety of style, exciting, tender, or sublime—given with ceaseless and overwhelming effect, one solo unimaginably perfect, by a chosen voice thrilling through darkness. All music *should* be heard in obscurity.

I have said nothing of the *art* of Italy, but have bored you quite enough for one while. I will venture to intrude on you again from Naples.—I remain, my dear sir, ever most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [The business office of Ruskin, Telford & Domecq.]

[2] [For Tom and James, the elder sons of Mr. Dale, see above, introduction, p. l.; Lawford was the younger son.]

[3] [The church was the Gesù, where on New Year's Eve a solemn *Te Deum* is sung for the blessings received during the year about to close.]

LETTER II

LAUSANNE, *June* 9 (1841).

1. MY DEAR SIR,—Partly in fear of occupying your time, and partly because there has been little change in my own health, which I could flatter myself would give you any pleasure, I have allowed a long interval to pass since I wrote, during which I have indeed seen much of the external world, but have been altogether prevented by necessary precautions from going into society, or obtaining any knowledge respecting the present state of Italy at all likely to interest you. We spent the early part of the year at Naples, escaping, I hear, a most severe English winter, and coming in for one in which, if less biting and violent in actual cold, confined almost altogether to the house for day after day of crashing rain. The Neapolitan gutters grew dangerously ferocious, nearly carrying away their bridges, and the explosions of steam from Vesuvius were constant and glorious. In calm weather the smoke is amber-coloured, and except at sunrise or sunset, slightly dull and manufactory-like, but during rain it is as white as snow, elastic, voluminous, and dazzling. We had one or two fine days in the beginning of March for Pompeii and Paestum. The first is of course the most *interesting* thing in Italy, and particularly pleased me, because I expected a street and found a city large enough to lose one's way in.[1] It has been more knocked about than people are generally led to suppose: the houses much injured by earthquake before they were buried, the roofs almost always carried in, and walls

[1] [Cf. above, p. 258 *n.*]

shaken and cracked by the weight of the ashes. Modern earthquakes, shiftings of the soil, vineroots from above splitting and displacing the brickwork, and last and worst of all, the carelessness of the excavators, have reduced the city to a complete ruin; but it is a ruin with all its parts fresh and undecayed, and even at the worst, not far differing in aspect from most of the inferior towns of modern Italy, except in the want of their filth and their beggar inhabitants. It is better to talk about Paestum than to see it; a cork model on a good wide mahogany table is about as impressive.[1] I ventured up Vesuvius, for all mountain rides do me good, and found the lava of 1839 still *red* hot to the eye in the daytime, in its hollows, setting wood on fire, and contributing greatly to the intellectual enjoyment of the English by its capabilities in

[1] [Ruskin made the excursion to Paestum from Salerno on March 3. It appears from his diary that he was not in a good mood on that day:—

> "One of the most complete disappointments I have yet experienced. With most places the conception is so utterly different from the reality that they scarcely admit of comparison; we forget the vision in the new truth, and are not sure that the facts are *beneath* what we expected, because they are totally opposed to what we expected. But I knew perfectly what Paestum was, as far as mere grouping—colour and outline—went, and the truth was a fulfilment of the ideal, but two-thirds diminished in size and spoiled by every disagreeable or inappropriate association. The vast and simple proportions of the rude antiquity take away much from the apparent size, and the actual size is nothing extraordinary; there is a fine massiveness of proportion on a near approach, but not calculated to take bold effect where there are no buildings of any pretension with which it may be compared. . . . The interior of the great temple is a very pretty and perfect piece of ruinous composition, and the blue sky and warm stone and sharp shadow, with a range of bold mountains through the hollows, would have made a good study, had the wind not been bitter cold; but I was wearied and bored, and in a rage with the whole humbugging thing—asses people must be to come forty miles from Naples to see this; it is well enough for an antiquary or a sentimentalist, but there is nothing worth going five miles out of one's way for. . . . Sat for a quarter of an hour alone on the steps of the temple of Ceres, and tried to work myself into a little serious feeling about it, but it wouldn't do. As long as I kept to the bold, shattered, grassy foundation, with its waving weeds and glancing lizards, it was all very well; but one glance on the ugly, ragged plain and miserable white-washed cottages destroyed the whole effect; and a yellow swineherd crawling up the vestibule to throw stones with greater effect at his hoggish charge—varying his occupation with occasional howls and "qualche cosa's, Signor!"—completed the interruption, and I left the place in disgust with everything but the dogs and the lizards."

The "ideal" Paestum to Ruskin was that shown in Turner's vignette to Rogers' *Italy* (the original drawing is No. 206 in the National Gallery); for an analysis in later years of the "serious feeling" which a visit to Paestum ought to suggest, see *The Eagle's Nest*, §§ 7, 25.]

"roasting of eggs."[1] The crater is at present a beautifully formed and perfectly regular funnel, about 300 feet deep, with a circular hole at the bottom about twenty or thirty feet over (a rude guess, for I could not get down to it), as neatly formed as a well, out of which the sulphurous smoke springs in discharges at intervals of about a minute, with a low murmuring, rising when the air is still to a height of about 1500 to 2000 feet above the crater in a bright white column. The whole mass of the crater, a circle of ashes two miles round, is warm to the hand, in places painfully so, and pierced with small holes like rat-holes, each sending up its small puffs of smoke. The enormous mass of sulphurous vapour constantly forced down on Naples has a marked effect on the climate, turning healthy people into hypochondriacs, and *vice versâ*. It half killed my father, and did not do me much good, for on the way back to Rome I had the most serious attack of the chest affection I have had at all, blood coming three days running, and once afterwards, and I have been threatened with it at intervals ever since, but still, I think, with some improvement of general health.[2]

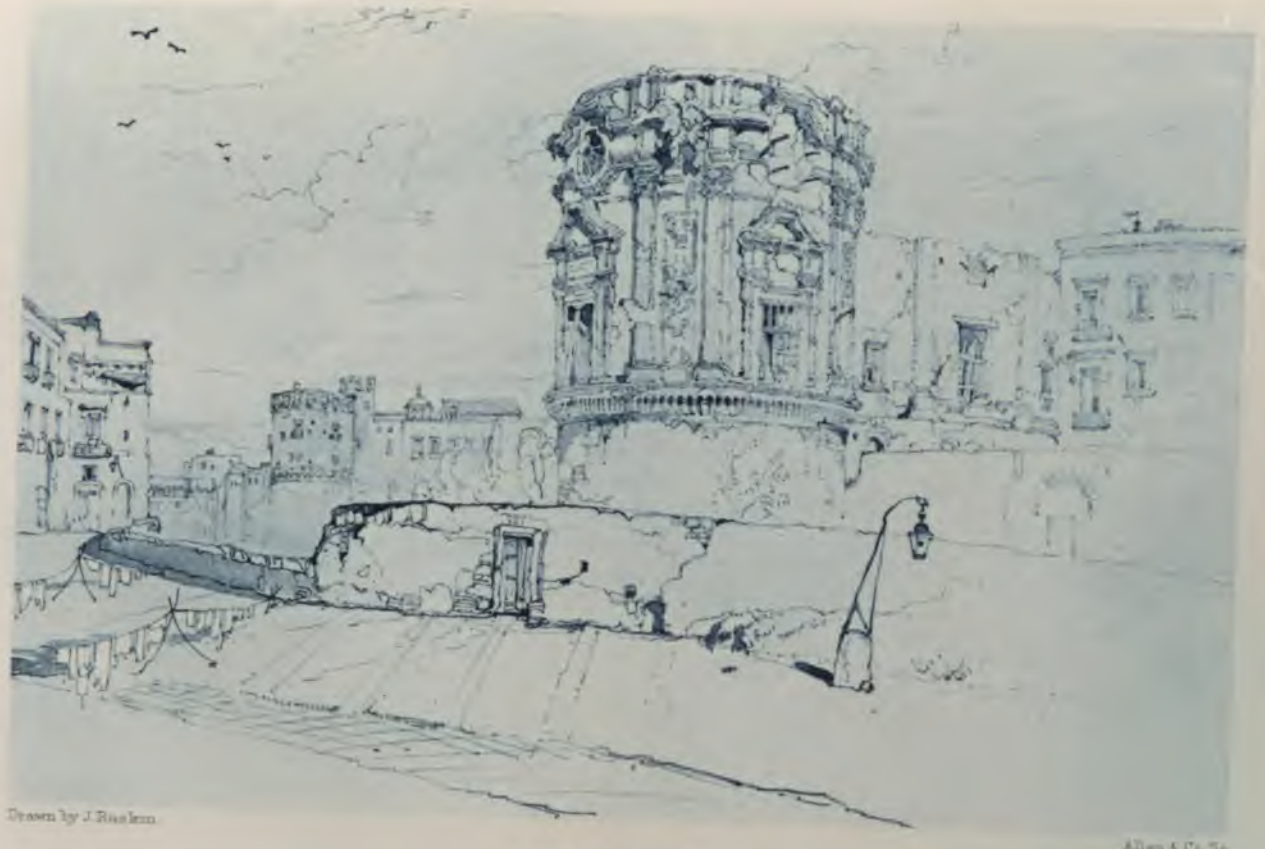
2. I was just able to see the Roman festivities, now got up in assistance of the attractions of the rabbit-eating boas in the Surrey zoologicals, and humorously described in the *Times* as occurring on a Festival, of which I fear infallibility itself would confess ignorance, "St. Peter's day at Easter." At Easter they certainly do take place, and on St. Peter's day in

[1] [Ruskin ascended Vesuvius on Feb. 20, and his recollections reverted to the English Lakes. He writes in his diary (Feb. 21):—

> "Yesterday up Vesuvius and felt like myself again and very happy. . . . Long scramble up paved road from Portici towards the Hermitage, and then a splendid field of desolation among the black currents of lava; thence steep scramble up a hill of the Pompeii ashes to Hermitage. Monte Somma and the cone thoroughly majestic from this point. The cone was blue grey and very dark, looking much higher than it really is—the Somma sunny and Scawfell-like, a splendid form. There was then more lava, beautifully thrown into ripples as if it had been perfectly liquid. Up the cone—steep enough, and bad footing of lava, loose but much easier than Scawfell, and not one-twentieth part so bad as it is described.

The guides are in the habit of amusing (and charging) tourists by roasting eggs on the hot lava, making impressions thereon with coins, etc.]

[2] [For another account of Ruskin's impressions of the volcanic region of Italy, and of this attack of illness, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii.]



At Naples. 1841.

June or July, and very pretty things they are in their way. The "Girandola" has got its reputation, and is performing somewhat shabbily under the protection of past years, people still giving it the preference over far finer explosions bestowed constantly on the populace of Paris, but the whole effect of the twenty minutes' burst of changing fire, taking place, as it does, among architectural outlines of the noblest scale and character, and assisted by the roar of the artillery of the fortress, is still unequalled, and I never expect to see any piece of mere spectacle produced by human art fit to be named in the same day with the illumination of St. Peter's.[1]

We left Rome immediately after Easter, and with a little lingering about Venice and Milan to let the snow melt on the Cenis, are now on our road home as fast as I can travel, so that we hope to be in England in about a fortnight.

8. Since my last attack of blood I have not studied at all. Doctors and my own feelings agree in one point—that hard mental labour of any kind hurts me instantly. I ascribe this to the simple physical fact that during laborious thought the breath is involuntarily held and the chest contracted for minutes together. Whatever causes it, I am obliged, for the present, to give up thought of University or anything else; but I hope when I get home, to be able to get into steady but easy occupation and constant exercise, which may restore my health without entirely wasting the coming years. It is true that neither air nor exercise have as yet done much good, but

[1] [Ruskin recalled the fireworks (girandola) on this occasion in *Præterita*: "The weather was fine at Easter, and I saw the Benediction, and sate in the open air of twilight opposite the castle of St. Angelo, and saw the dome-lines kindle on St. Peter's, and the castle veil the sky with flying fire" (ii. ch. iii. § 53). In his diary of 1841 (April 12) he wrote:—

> "Illumination above all conception—showing the beauty of design of cupola infinitely better than the lines of the stone, and thrilling as a piece of splendour. Nothing can possibly equal it in its way in the world. The lamps first subdued—glowing like precious stones against a grey twilight, blue by contrast—gradually flushing in colour; one planet above showing its excessive purity of light, with ten-fold brilliancy contrasted with the crimson tone of the lamps. . . . The burst of fire as the bell tolled and at the second stroke is almost oppressive with its wonder."

A full and picturesque account of the Easter Benediction and the illumination, in the old days before 1870, may be read in W. W. Story's *Roba di Roma*, vol. i. pp. 105–108.]

the climate of Italy never did agree with me, and I have been subject to many causes of slight but constant vexation from the privations and incapabilities of ill-health hitherto quite unknown to me, which have in no small degree contributed to the increase of their cause. I have little doubt that perfectly regular habits of life, the direct contrary of those necessarily induced by travelling, with fresh air and easy occupation, will soon restore me. I have great resources in my drawing—which, on an easel, requires neither stooping nor labour of mind—and a little geology and chemistry may be got on with without danger, just enough of Greek to give some steadiness to the day and keep me ready for taking my degree when I choose. My sight caused me at first more anxiety than anything else, but as that is not, on the whole, worse, though much tried by glaring sun and a good deal of sketching, I do not trouble myself more about it.[1]

4. I was very glad to see how instantly Newman submitted to his Bishop in the affair of the Tracts; however wrong he may be, it is well that he is thus far consistent.[2] I am surprised there has been no more discussion about it, though, by-the-bye, I can hardly judge by the silence of the newspapers, as I hear from Oxford that they are running short of printer's ink, "everybody misunderstanding everybody, and everybody else endeavouring to set them right."[3]

[1] [For other references to weakness in Ruskin's eyes at this time, see above, p. 383 *n*, and *Letters to a College Friend*, i. § 3, iii. § 3, v. § 10, viii. § 2, xix. § 2.]

[2] [In the first week of March, 1841, Newman had published Tract No. 90, the object of which was to show how "patient" the Articles are of a Catholic interpretation. Newman's theory aroused great excitement in Oxford, and the Bishop was set in motion. Newman was enjoined not to discuss the Articles any more in the Tracts. In reply he offered to do anything the Bishop wished,—suppress No. 90, or stop the Tracts, or give up St. Mary's. The submission was, however, a step on the road to Rome, as after events were to prove. Ruskin does not himself seem to have been stirred in any way by the "Oxford Movement." "Doctor Pusey," he says, "(who also never spoke to me) was not in the least a picturesque or tremendous figure" (see *Præterita*, i. ch. xi. §. 229). Ruskin's intervention in Church controversies began later, and in a different connexion (see *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds*, 1851).]

[3] [In Oxford, when storms disturb the University, it rains fly-leaves and pamphlets. Tract No. 90 was responsible for a deluge of Expostulations, Explanations, Open Letters, Protests: the list of them occupies a page in the Catalogue of the British Museum. It is possible that Ruskin, in his Continental retreat, was kept well posted in the course of events by Frederic Rogers (Lord Blachford). "I have struck up," writes Rogers from Venice, May 1841, "here and on the road an alliance with a family hight

I am sorry they are going so far, for almost every one at Oxford whom I have had any cause to respect or regard, has been more or less inclined to favour their views. Men of high taste and intellect seem particularly likely to be led away on their side, while among their opponents I have found numbers of the most limited in knowledge and degraded in feeling, who keep right only because they do not think enough to get wrong, and are too conceited and obstinate to let any one else think for them. Of course, I am speaking only of the ordinary disputants of society, among whom it is somewhat vexatious to find those who force their religion down your throat on all occasions, at all times, with the most confined views, the most uncharitable opinions, the worst possible taste, and the most confirmed, pig-headed self-conceit, generally in the main right in what they hold, and the gentle, the spiritual, the high-toned in thought and feeling, unworthy of the surrender of your faith to them for an instant. One may go back, certainly, to the old text, "I have hid these things;"[1] but it is an unsatisfactory thing for a person beginning a course of divinity to observe that an old woman who can just read has in general more certainty and correctness of faith, and is in far less danger of being led wrong, than the possessor of the most extended knowledge and cultivated mind, to see that intellect in religion is danger, that knowledge is useless, and an hour of reflection well got over if it has introduced no doubt.

5. By all reports the French Protestant churches are on the increase. At Rome and Naples there are, of course, extensive English congregations during the winter, but quite independent of the inhabitants. They would be the better of a good clergyman in both places. At Naples they sit under one of the coldest dispensers of commonplace moralities that ever

Ruskin—the father a good honest north-countryman, and at the same time London merchant; the son, an Oxford prizeman who draws beautifully" (*Letters of Lord Blachford*, 1896, p. 98, and *cf.* p. 73). Rogers was a great friend of Church, of Oriel, a close confidant of Newman at this time. Lively accounts of the Tractarian controversy at Oxford may be read in Church's letters to Rogers (see *Life and Letters of Dean Church*, 1894, pt. i.).]

[1] [Matthew, xi. 25.]

was puzzled to get over his half-hour, and at Rome under one of the most intense coxcombs that ever wore dyed whiskers or improved the grammar of the Lord's Prayer. By-the-bye, we heard a new reading from the Naples incumbent: "And lead us! (*not* into temptation)"—a case of comprehensive punctuation worthy of Mattrevis.[1] Both reverend gentlemen are, I believe, what people call "good creatures," and are certainly quite good enough for their fashionable congregations, but utterly incapable of doing any service among the native population—a population, at Naples, whose high intellect and kind disposition are susceptible of almost any degree of improvement, and are woefully in want of it. At Venice the British ambassador has service in his own house, whenever there is a clergyman ready to undertake it, but I believe there is no incumbent; we were fortunate enough to hear two excellent flying sermons. There is a French Protestant service at Turin of the *Vaudois* Churches, still, I believe, much oppressed by the King of Sardinia; they are compelled not to work on all Romanist saints' days, can buy no land out of their own three mountain valleys, and are only suffered to

[1] [The allusion is to Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, where Mortimer sends an ambiguous letter as the King's death-warrant:—

"The King must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him:
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death,
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life;
Edvardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
Fear not to kill the King, 'tis good to die:
But read it thus, and that's another sense;
Edvardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
Kill not the King, 'tis good to fear the worst.
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go
That being dead, if it chance to be found—

Lighthorn. My Lord Protector greets you. [*Gives letter.*
Gurney. What's here? I know not how to construe it.
Mattrevis. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
Edvardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.
Mattrevis and the rest may bear the blame."

"I always form the worst possible opinion," wrote Ruskin in his diary (March 16), "of a man's brains the moment I hear him improving the Lord's Prayer."]

remain there because under the protection of England and Prussia.[1]

6. There is still the same striking difference between the Catholic and Romanist cantons of Switzerland, but on the whole, I think, the industry and neatness of the Protestants seem extending beyond their territories.[2] The cleanliness and beauty of Swiss architecture and agriculture is thoroughly exhilarating after the indolence and desolation of Italy. I am sorry to say, however, that neither industry nor Protestantism seem capable of making the Swiss an agreeable people. Knavish in their dealings and brutal in their manners, they often make us regret the loss of the ill-taught but kindly-feeling Italian; and were a stranger to the differences of religion to be introduced successively into one of the churches of Naples and a Protestant Swiss chapel, there can be little doubt which service he would think most acceptable to the Deity—the bowed reverence and brotherly courtesy of the one, or the insolent freedom and animal selfishness of the other. It is but fair to set against this that roads and postmasters seem, beyond all other things and creatures, to be susceptible of the corruptions of Papacy, for the Pope's dominions may be known through all Italy by the roughness of the one and the rascality of the other.

[1] [The toleration secured for the Vaudois, by English influence, on the restoration of the House of Savoy in 1816, was of a limited character. Their full emancipation was not granted till 1848, when by an edict of February 17, the *Statuto*, giving political and religious liberty to the kingdom of Sardinia, was expressly extended to the Vaudois. In 1853 a church was built for them in Turin, mainly at the expense of the Government. For Ruskin's experience of a Waldensian service at a later date (1858), see *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. § 23.]

[2] ["I was then," says Ruskin, referring to the time of these letters or a little earlier, "by training, thinking, and the teaching of such small experience as I had, as zealous, pugnacious, and self-sure a Protestant as you please." Of this state of mind, a contributory cause was "that all the Catholic cantons of Switzerland . . . are idle and dirty, and all Protestant ones busy and clean—a most impressive fact to my evangelical mother, whose first duty and first luxury of life consisted in purity of person and surroundings; while she and my father alike looked on idleness as indisputably Satanic. They failed not, therefore, to look carefully on the map for the bridge, or gate, or vale, or ridge, which marked the separation of Protestant from the benighted Catholic cantons" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. i. § 8.) For a recantation in later years of these early prejudices against the Catholic peasantry, see a letter of June 6, 1859, on "The Italian Question": "You northern Protestant people are always over-rating the value of Protestantism as such . . . as if there were no worthy people in the Alps but the Vaudois" (*Arrows of the Chace*).]

7. I sincerely hope to find you all in good health when I get to England, when, of course, I shall take the first opportunity of calling, and glad shall I be, after the coldness of foreign services, to find myself again in the pew of St. Bride's, not the same, by-the-bye. I have not been in the church since its reparation. I hope I may not be as much disappointed with it as I was with St. Peter's. It certainly was heavy before, and will be much the better of its lighter colours.[1]

All join in kind regards and best wishes for you and your family. Remember me kindly to Tom and James and Lawford,[2] respectfully to Mrs. Dale.—Ever, my dear sir, most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [The Church of St. Bride, Fleet St. was built by Wren in 1680, who added the steeple in 1701. A picture of the ...r, which is generally considered one of the best of Wren's, may be seen in A. H...ell's *London City Churches*, p. 142. Dale, in addition to repairing the Church of ...ide, raised funds for the erection of the district church of Holy Trinity, Goug...re. There is a portrait of Dale in the vestry-room of St. Bride's.]

[2] [See above, note on p. 385.]

LETTER III

LEAMINGTON, *Wednesday, Sept.* 22 (1841).[1]

1. MY DEAR SIR,—I have just received your most kind letter, and sit down instantly to reply, with sincere thanks for your permission to write to you at length. Scripture, of course, must be the ultimate appeal, but what I have to say at present is, I think, founded on no solitary passages, but on the broadest and first doctrines of our religion.

I have often wondered, in listening to what are called "practical" discourses from the pulpit,[2] to hear a preacher dividing the duty of *love* into the various minor virtues which affect the present state of men—into gentleness, meekness, sympathy, compassion, almsgiving, and such like—without ever insisting on the certain and most important truth, that as long as we are doubtful of the state of *one* human soul of those among whom we dwell, the duty of love claims that every effort of our existence should be directed to save that soul, and that in the present circumstances of humanity, under which we have every reason for supposing that the far greater part of those who die daily in our sight depart into eternal torment, any direction of our energies to any one end or object whatsoever except the saving of souls, is a merciless and execrable crime.

2. Nor can any distinction be made between laymen and churchmen with regard to the claims of this duty, but every

[1] [Ruskin had returned to England at the end of June 1841. After a tour in Wales (August), he experienced a relapse into consumptive symptoms, and went to Leamington for a six weeks' cure under Dr. Jephson (see below, pp. 398, 456). Ruskin had been "devoted to God" by his mother, who "had it deeply in her heart to make an evangelical clergyman of me" (*Præterita*, i. ch. i. §§ 1, 20). Dale, it seems, was arguing on the same side. With this letter should be compared the letter to Osborne Gordon of Oct. 12, 1844, printed in Vol. III.]

[2] [Ruskin was often to take up his parable against the short-comings of so-called "practical" sermons: see, *e.g.*, *A Joy for Ever*, § 112 *n*, and *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xxxvi.].

one who believes in the name of Christ is called upon to become a full and perfect priest. Our daily bread once gained, every faculty of mind and body must be called into full action for this end only, nor can I think that any one can rightly believe, or be himself in a state of salvation, without holding himself bound, foot, hand, and brain, by this overpowering necessity. Nero's choice of time and opportunity for the pursuit of his musical studies has been much execrated, but is guiltless in comparison to the conduct of the man who occupies himself for a single hour with any earthly pursuit of whatever importance, believing, as he must, if he believe the Bible, that souls, which human exertion might save, are meanwhile dropping minute by minute into hell. This being fully granted, the question comes—Are there different means by which such an end can be attained? or must we—all who believe—at once go forth like Paul, tent-making and preaching for bread and love—I mean, as far as such sacrifices are consistent with the organisation of society? There must be soldiers, merchants, physicians, members of various necessary professions, but all these are the representatives in the life of the whole human species of the hours in the life of an individual which would be occupied in obtaining food and raiment. Concerning these there can be no question. The doubt is, under what responsibility those individuals who have leisure, lie for its employment, and how those who have it in their power to choose their employment are to be regulated in their choice.

3. They have two questions to ask: "What means are there by which the salvation of souls can be attained?" and "How are we to choose among them?" For instance, does the pursuit of any art or science, for the mere sake of the resultant beauty or knowledge, tend to forward this end? That such pursuits are beneficial and ennobling to our nature is self-evident, but have we leisure for them in our perilous circumstances? Is it a time to be spelling of letters, or touching of strings, counting stars or crystallising dewdrops, while the earth is failing under our feet, and our fellows are departing

every instant into eternal pain?[1] Or, on the other hand, is not the character and kind of intellect which is likely to be drawn into these occupations, employed in the fullest measure and to the best advantage in them? Would not great part of it be useless and inactive if otherwise directed? Do not the results of its labour remain, exercising an influence, if not directly spiritual, yet ennobling and purifying, on all humanity to all time? Was not the energy of Galileo, Newton, Davy, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Handel, employed more effectively to the glory of God in the results and lessons it has left, than if it had been occupied all their lifetime in direct priestly exertion, for which, in all probability, it was less adapted and in which it would have been comparatively less effectual?

Yet if the labours of men like these, who spread the very foundations of human knowledge to twice their compass, may be considered as tending to the great end of salvation, can the same be said of those who follow their footsteps, with the average intellect of humanity? Are not the lives of the greater number of men employed in the arts and sciences, as regards their chief duty, wasted? And is it right for any one deliberately to choose such a pursuit as the chief occupation of his life, and abandon the plain duties in which *all* can be of effective service on the very slender chance of becoming a Galileo or a Raphael?

Much more may be said in behalf of general literature, poetry and philosophy, but even here they are only the greatest who can be said to have done any real good, and it may again be doubted how far it is right for any man to devote himself to such pursuits on the chance of becoming a Wordsworth or a Bacon.

4. Is an individual, then, who has the power of choice, in any degree to yield to his predilections in so important a matter? I myself have little pleasure in the idea of entering the Church, and have been attached to the pursuits of art and

[1] [A question which, in the field of economics, was to recur in after years with poignant force to Ruskin, and to withdraw him in some measure from art to social service: see, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, Letters lviii., lxxii.]

science, not by a flying fancy, but as long as I can remember, with settled and steady desire. How far am I justified in following them up? Is it right for any person to enter the Church without any intention of taking active duties upon himself, but that he may be able to preach or minister with authority on any occasion when such ministries may be of immediate and important service?[1]

5. In all these points I have the more difficulty in coming to a conclusion because I suspect every opinion of being biassed by inclinations. I therefore trouble you, not with a question of mere speculative interest, but with one your answer to which may have much influence in determining my present studies and future course of exertion. I feel, therefore, that under the circumstances, you will think no apology necessary for occupying your time.

I think I am gradually gaining in strength and health. I receive constant testimonies to Jephson's skill and knowledge, and the confidence of the language he holds has at least the good effect of setting my mind at ease.[2] With respectful regards to Mrs. Dale and all your family, believe me ever, my dear sir, most respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [There are several references in the letters of this period to Ruskin's intention, not yet clearly abandoned, of taking Holy Orders. See *Letters to a College Friend*, ii. (postscript), v. § 10, vii. § 7, ix. § 3, and *cf.* Introduction, above, p. xxiv.]

[2] [For Ruskin's tribute to Jephson—"The first true physician I ever knew, nor since, till I knew Sir William Gull, have I met the match of him," see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 59.]

VIII

LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A COLLEGE FRIEND

(1840–1845)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—These Letters were published in 1894, crown 8vo, pp. xiv. + 210. The title-page was as follows :—

Letters Addressed | to a College Friend | during the years 1840–1845. | By John Ruskin. | Published by George Allen, | 156 Charing Cross Road, London ; | and at Orpington. MDCCCXCIV. |

A "publisher's note," dated June 1894, stated : "These Letters, together with the Essay ('Was there Death before Adam fell, in other parts of Creation?') are published with Mr. Ruskin's consent; but he is in no way responsible for their arrangement and editing." The published price was Five Shillings. The following list of contents, giving the subjects treated of in the Letters, occupied pp. i.–xiii., and were repeated as head-lines to the pages. For reasons explained in notes on pp. 480, 488, 493, the order of some of the Letters has been altered in this edition. No. 1 here is No. 2 in the edition of 1894, No. 2 is No. 3, and so on up to No. 16 here. No. 17 is No. 19 in the 1894 edition. No. 19 is No. 1 in that edition. One or two misprints have also been corrected. The numbering of paragraphs in the Letters, for convenience of reference, has been added in this edition.

The original Letters are now in the possession of an American collector (Mr. W. R. Bixby, of St. Louis), and the present editors have not had access to them.

For Introductory Notes on these Letters, see above, p. liii.]

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Life up among the Hills—Presentations to Christ's Hospital—Personalities . . . . . Pp. 498–500

LETTER XXII

[*No date.*]

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. . . . .

LETTERS TO A COLLEGE FRIEND

I

[*Postmark*, CAMBERWELL GREEN, *July* 4, 1840.][1]

1. SIR,—It is altogether impossible that you can have any moral perception of the value of coins in general, and pence in particular—that you can have formed any distinct ideas of the functions of pence—of their design—and influence on society. You never can have weighed one in your hand—suspended it between your forefinger and thumb—felt that it was an ounce of copper—remembered that it was four farthings—or computed that eleven encores would make it a shilling! a Scotch pound! a piece of silver! a bob!

Have you ever reflected that, in order to your possession of it, currents of silent lightning have been rushing through the inmost mass of the globe since the foundation of its hills was laid—that chasms have been cloven upwards through its adamant, with the restless electric fire gleaming along their crystalline sides, folded in purple clouds of metallic vapour—that to obtain it for you the sepulchral labour of a thousand arms has penetrated the recesses of the earth, dashed the river from its path, hurled the rock from its seat, sought a way beneath the waves of the deep, heavy sea! For you, night and day, have heaved the dark limbs of the colossal engine—its deep, fierce breath has risen in hot pants to heaven—the crimson furnace has illumined midnight, shaken its fiery hair like meteors among the stars[2]—for you—for you, to abuse and waste the result of their ceaseless labour!

[1] [Letter ii. in the ed. of 1894. Letter i. in that ed. is now Letter xix.: see note on p. 493].

[2] [One of the few passages in Ruskin appreciative of the romance of mechanical art; *cf.* the fine description of a railway engine in *The Cestus of Aglaia*, § 8.]

Have you ever sat meditatively in a pastrycook's shop, with no selfish or gluttonous designs upon cheesecake or ice, but to watch the pale faces and sunken eyes which pass lingeringly before the window, and fall upon the consumers of the fruits of earth, half in prayer, and half in accusation? They have no conception of the meaning of the various devices for exciting and pampering the gorged appetite; they never tasted such things in their lives; they are so used to hunger that they do not know what *taste* means! But they gaze as they would on some strange Paradise, when they see the shadows of unknown delights — calls upon senses whose possession they scarcely knew. Have you watched them turning away, sick with famine, weak with desire, with the mild, sorrowful look of subdued reproach at the fixed features and hard brows within (for they are mere children, and have not learned their lessons of rebellion against God and man),—and then reflected that there was but the width and weight of a penny between them and the door? Have you seen some less pitiable urchin, one who has some slight conception of what is meant by the word "tart," pause before the "refuse" chair, at the door, to eye the variegated, black, burned tin-tray, with its arranged square of elliptical raspberry tarts,—the slightest, the very shadow of an amicable adherence existing between them and the tray by means of the rich distillation of crimson, coagulated juice, and their crimped, undulating edge of paste, shaded with soft brown by the touch of the considerate fire, sinking gradually beneath the transparent, granular, ruby-tinted expanse of unimaginably ambrosial jam,—and considered that a penny would enable you to sever that juicy connexion with the tin, and send the boy away with bright eyes and elastic step, and mouth open with wonder, silent with gratitude, watering with anticipation? Sir, you have sacrificed half a Good Samaritanship to insult your friends with letters of brown paper. I have half a mind, if I go abroad next year, to send you from my farthest point—say, Naples—a box of stones, 8 feet by 4—by land—carriage *not* paid.

But, seriously, is that all you can make of a radish? is that

the radish, par excellence—the belle of the season, the favoured first class, gifted, flavoured, precocious, pungent, unrivalled radish? If it be, all I can say is, it must have been very ill on the road.

Thank you for your sermon about improper jesting: it *was* uncommonly wrong, and I won't do so no more. But what do you mean by "one of us"? Us! Who is "us"? Are you turned editor, or reviewer, or Socialist, or Teetotaller, or Mason, or member of the H. F. Club? or am I to take "us" as a noun collective—representing a class of persons who make their friends talk nonsense whenever they come near them, and pay pence for sending radishes about the country in brown paper?

2. Seriously, I admire George Herbert above everything, and shall learn "The Church-porch" by heart as soon as I have time;[1] but as for the filthiness, that rests with the bedmakers; and the abusiveness, with the interrogators respecting the faggots;—and Croly[2] may be very profane, but I am afraid he is very true; however, I don't like him as a clergyman, and should like to hear you preach much better.

3. I have been hard at work with Cocks,[3] getting him to believe in Turner: he is coming steadily round; clever fellow! will soon be all right. He is going up the Nile this winter, to learn to eat raw meat; he'll save in cooks when he comes back, provided they don't cook *him*.

I have seen Newton in town, who is busy giving long

[1] [See further, pp. 466, 489, below. Ruskin says, in *Præterita* (ii. ch. vi. § 110), that he was presently drawn into learning most of George Herbert's poems by heart. "Whatever has been wisest," he adds, "in thought or happiest in the course of my following life was founded at this time on the teaching of Herbert." In his later writings, lines or verses from Herbert are often quoted. In the first chapter of *Modern Painters* (§ 1 *n*), another reference will be found, and in vol. iii. (Appendix iii.) Herbert is mentioned among the writers to whom the author owed most. See also *Seven Lamps* (introductory chapter), *On the Construction of Sheepfolds*, *Time and Tide*, § 73, and note to "Mont Blanc Revisited" in Vol. II.]

[2] [The Rev. Dr. George Croly (1780–1860), a well-known literary man, and of some repute as a preacher. He was rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He was a leading contributor to *Blackwood* and *The Literary Gazette*; also to *Friendship's Offering*; see below, p. 445, *Præterita*, i. ch. viii. § 162, and "My First Editor" (in *On the Old Road*, § 3). He was a frequent guest of Ruskin's father, to whom he was introduced by W. H. Harrison, and who greatly enjoyed his conversation.]

[3] [Charles Somers Cocks, afterwards third Earl Somers (died 1883), at Christ Church with Ruskin.]

names to brass farthings, and putting them in the British Museum.[1] Acland,[2] I had a day's sketching with, at Oxford, and was introduced to Athlone's *fourteen* dogs:[3] he is beginning to think of parting with some. Nothing new at Oxford, except a Christ Church man's making the Proctor feel the value of *pence* by taking him 480 half-pence by way of a sovereign fine, and remarking to him, as he let go the handkerchief which contained them, that he'd no doubt he would find them all right, if he'd pick them up.

This was done once before, but, by all accounts, not so effectively.

I am reading a little, but dare not do anything by candle-light (for eyes), which upsets me considerably. Pray excite as kind a remembrance of me among your family as you can, when you write home. I hope there is nothing wrong in this letter; tell me if there is, I'll do better next time; only remember that "Hey?" when distinctly interrogative is HEY—not EH, which is an interjection of astonished enquiry. Seriously, don't fancy because I talk lightly, *now* or at other times, that I have no feeling. I am much obliged to you.—Ever truly your friend,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Sir Charles Newton, K.C.B. For Ruskin's friendship with him at Christ Church and afterwards, see *Præterita*, i. ch. xi. Newton entered the service of the British Museum as assistant in the then undivided department of antiquities in 1840.]

[2] [Sir Henry Acland, Bart., F.R.S. For Ruskin's friendship with him at Oxford and afterwards, see *Præterita*, ibid.]

[3] [George Henry Godart de Ginkel, Earl of Athlone, was an undergraduate at Christ Church at this time; he died in 1843.]

II

[*Postmark, July* 31, 1840.]

1. My dear Mr. Perfect Addition,—I wish you would not be so very oracular and mysterious in your responses to a plain question. I ask you—with no feeling of indignation whatsoever, but with most marked feelings of curiosity—what you consider yourself, what learned and worshipful society you allude to, when you talk about "us"; and you tell me this is a highly improper time for asking such a question, and that it would be quite impossible to make me understand anything about your club, and that you are not capable of doing anything but "communicating ideas." I wish in the name of all that's mystical you would do *that*, for you have not communicated anything like an idea to me of what you mean, unless, indeed, from one comparatively intelligible sentence: "You should be a perfect addition, and, therefore, I am bold to say, you should be one of *us*," from which I think I may legitimately conjecture that you consider yourself a "perfect addition" of something or other—that you are a society of "perfect additions," that you are all *quite* perfect additions, and that Mother Earth should have been patted on the head for a good girl when she cast you up; and I suppose you call yourselves the Worshipful Society of Sums—of perfect Sums—or Hums—or something of that kind. But I beg you will be more explanatory next time, for I am not at all clear about the character of walking sums any more than Oliver Twist, when, being suddenly informed that the "Board was waiting for him," he engaged in that most interesting meditation concerning the probable appearance of a "live board." [1]

2. I am very glad to hear you are going into Cumberland

[1] [See *Oliver Twist*, ch. ii.; the book had appeared in 1838.]

and Derbyshire, though you have surely been in Cumberland often before. In Derbyshire take care to buy no minerals for Mdlle. Emily[1] (of whose improvement in health I am very glad to hear), for there is not a single Derbyshire mineral worth carriage — except, by-the-bye, the mineral Bitumen, elastic asphaltum, of *Castleton*, of which take her a large piece, for it is found nowhere else in England, nor, indeed, in the same way, anywhere. See Castleton, and the Peak Cavern, and as many other caverns as you have time for: they are the only things in Derbyshire of real interest;[2] and walk up Dovedale, on a fine day, without expecting much from it. So shall you be well pleased, particularly if you glance at the end of Izaak Walton before your perambulations;[3] but if, instead of Izaak, you take up a guide-book, and so acquire an echo of "stupendous, overwhelming, sublime, terrific, and astonishing," to hum in your ears all the way, you are done for. There is nothing above the pretty in any part of Dovedale.[4]

8. In Cumberland everybody climbs Skiddaw—so, of course, you will, if you can. Ascend the following mountains also: Helvellyn, Cawsey Pike, Scawfell, Langdale Pikes, Coniston Man, and the Pillar of Ennerdale.[5] Do not miss Helvellyn on any account, and go up on the *Thirlmere* side, descending to Patterdale if you like, but on no account ascending from Patterdale. I could tell you why if I had room, which I haven't, so *trust* me.

The other peaks are named in the order of their claims

[1] [Sister of the College Friend.]

[2] [For Ruskin's early visit to Derbyshire, exploration of the caves and collection of minerals there, see *Præterita*, i. ch. iv. § 5.]

[3] [*The Complete Angler*, pt. ii. (by Charles Cotton), chs. ii. x. Ruskin's interest in Walton was not experimental. "I went on ideal fishing," he says, "with Izaak Walton, without ever casting a fly" (*Præterita*, i. ch. v. § 118, and *cf.* ii. ch. iv. § 62).]

[4] [But pretty, Ruskin came to think, as nothing else is: "Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet; an alluring first lesson in all that's admirable;" see his letter on "Derbyshire and Railways," in the *Manchester City News*, 1884 (reprinted in *Ruskiniana*, 1890, part i. p. 42).]

[5] [Ruskin "probably did not know as he penned this letter that Robert Southey always praised the view from Causey Pike, but it is to be hoped that his friend, instead of climbing the Pillar, took the advice of some one who had so done, and contented himself with Green Gable instead" (H. D. Rawnsley: *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, 1901, p. 19).]

to ascent. I think very highly of the view from Cawsey Pike. The Pillar I have not myself ascended, but I know so many places from which it is seen, that the view must be very fine. Take care and don't break your legs or nose on Scawfell: he is an awkward fellow, and you may stick between his loose rocks like Gulliver in the marrow-bone.[1]

When you are at Keswick, and inclined for a long walk,[2] go up by the meadows behind Wallacrag, till you get near its top; keep straight on the top of the crags towards the head of the lake, catching the views of Derwentwater down the ravines—which, if it be not cloudy, are the finest things in the neighbourhood. When you have passed the top of the crag keep to your right a little, as if you wanted to get down to the shore; and don't slip, for it is very smooth and steep, and, once off, you would either roll into the lake or get a most disagreeable bruising on a *débris* of crag at the bottom. In a little while you will come to a cart-road: follow it *up* to your left till you come to a stone bridge. Sit down on the rocks above it—or in the water, if you like it better—and eat your lunch; and when you have done, look about you. For, of all the landscapes I ever saw in my life, I think the view of Derwentwater and Skiddaw from that spot, with the bridge for a front object, is the best piece of composition.[3] When you have rested, go up further still. The cart-road will take you over the crags above Lodore, on which you may sit and kick your heels a little longer; and mind the ants, for they are *very big*. When you have got down to the stream of Lodore, you will get the view of the lake through the chasm —a favourite bit of Southey's, and very tolerable indeed.

[1] [*Gulliver's Travels*, pt. ii. ch. iii.]

[2] [The walk, as described by Ruskin, makes a round of some twelve miles. Southey loved to take his visitors to the top of Wallacrag, to show them the view of Derwentwater, with its islands, backed by the mountains which may often be seen reflected in the lake, as in a mirror. The continuation of the walk was also a favourite of Southey's. It was there that he placed his meeting with Sir Thomas More, as described in "The Colloquies," 1829, i. 124, where there is also an engraving of the view of the lake, from a picture by W. Westall, R.A. See also *Life and Correspondence of Southey*, vi. 12, for some account of his favourite walks. The young Ruskin, in his tour in the Lakes in 1830, had hero-worshipped at the shrine of Southey: see "The Iteriad," in Vol. II. pt. iii.]

[3] [Ashness Bridge.]

Then w up to Watendlath, and when you have seen the Tarn, back to Lodore, and boat it up to Keswick. I shall not tell you any more, because I know travellers always take their own way, whatever advice they get.[1]

4. You say, "I have not been guilty of apologising for delay." Of course not, for the sin is double: first keeping a man in suspense, and then wasting half your penny's worth of paper in trying to persuade him you couldn't help it. I don't mean anything *personal*, it is a most general remark; but, however, between people who call themselves correspondents, I think twelve letters a year—six each—the fewest that can pass. Consequently, on the day month after the receipt of a letter, an apology will become due; which, if it does with you, will you have the kindness to cut the apology, and put "B," for "bad," at the top of the page?[2] whereby I shall know you are sensible of your delinquency, and we shall both economise—you in gammon and I in credulity—of which, considering that you are going to make me subscribe to the public dinners of the "Perfect Additions," we may neither of us have much to spare.

I have not been to see the fossil-child; because a good, respectable, well-conducted monkey looks so very infantine when it gets fossilized that, unless I got the bones out, I mightn't know the difference. And, again—there is nothing extraordinary in the skeleton of a human being found in any of the later rocks, which are forming at the present moment. The odd thing would be if it were not occasionally so.

5. When we are put into graves, and get what people call "Christian burial," we go to powder in no time, and are sucked up by the buttercups and daisies on the top of the graves; and then the sheep eat us, and we go to assist at our friends' dinners in the shape of mutton; or we are diluted with rain-water, and so go soaking through the earth till we come out

[1] [Ruskin's accurate remembrance of localities and their features is well seen in this letter. He did not merely pass through a place; he observed it closely. The same faculty will be seen in his early poems.]

[2] [Ruskin liked this kind of device. In later years he at one time put in his letters to his father, D. L. M., standing for "Dearest love to my mother."]

in mineral springs, and everybody drinks us, and says, "How nice!" But if we are not buried in a respectable way—if we tumble down Niagara, or sink in an Irish bog, or get lost in a coal-hole, or smothered in a sand-pit—the earth takes care of us, and bitumenises, or carbonises, or calcines, or chalcedonises, until we are as durable as rock itself; and then, if we have the luck to get picked up and put in a museum, we may stand there and grin out of the limestone with quite as good a grace as a mammoth or ichthyosaurus.

But although we are found fossil in the rocks now forming, we are *not* in older formations; and if you were to tell me of a fossil child found in clay slate, I would go and look at it—but you won't, in a hurry.

I wrote you immediately because my letter would be too *late*, if you set off beginning of next month, unless I wrote instantly; but I don't intend to write again for two months, for I am reading hard—and you, as you will be wandering and have wet days and nothing to do with yourself, should write at least once in three weeks, I think—but I suppose you don't; however, whatever you do write will be thankfully received. My father and mother send kindest compliments. Remember me in your next letter to all at Twickenham. Believe me, ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Notwithstanding all this stuff, believe me, I am much obliged for your interest; and, when I have more time, shall be very glad for all encouragement in a path of life which requires all the resolution of a man's character.[1] Wright at Keswick[2] knows more about the country than any other guide; but don't believe all he tells you about anything but rocks.

[1] [*Cf.* above, note 1 on p. 398.]

[2] [In 1837 Ruskin had revisited the Lake Country. "My father took me up Scawfell and Helvellyn, with a clever Keswick guide, who knew mineralogy, Mr. Wright" (*Præterita*, i. ch. xii. § 246). In the last remark of this letter Ruskin "shows that he knew his man, for Wright, so tradition has it, was given 'to stretch it a laal bit,' as Cumbrians say" (H. D. Rawnsley: *Ruskin and the English Lakes*, 1901, p. 21, and cf. *ibid.* p. 12).]

III

[*Postmark, Sept.* 1, 1840.]

1. DEAR INCOMPREHENSIBLE C——, Of a verity I am sorry you feel my letters overwhelming; the last *was* rather formidable —I will be more moderate. As to your going up Helvellyn in rain, it would have ended in your dropping over Striden Edge, and getting set to music by the Poet Laureate,[1] with a dog and a wolf, or some such respectable company, as they did the stocking-manufacturer, or whatever he was, with his sentimental dog—only you hadn't a dog. Do you remember Scott's lines? They all had a touch at him—Wordsworth the best on the whole. Scott had some prettinesses: "How long did'st thou think that his silence was slumber," etc.—but ends always with something about "Catchedicam." They might well say he had no musical ear; fancy bringing such a heathenish piece of nomenclature as that into a respectable lyric![2]

Well, I am glad you crossed Styehead; but what piggish places those lakes are! If you are an antiquary you must have noticed some connexion with a boar, or pig, or sow, in

[1] [At this time, Southey.]

[2] [In the spring of 1805, Charles Gough, a young lover of nature, was attempting to climb Helvellyn from Patterdale after a fall of snow had obscured the path. Three months later, his body was found among the rocks at the head of Red Tarn, underneath Striding Edge; it was watched over by a faithful dog which had accompanied her master on the ascent. A cairn and memorial tablet were erected in 1891 on the top of Striding Edge, through the instrumentality of the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley and Miss Frances Power Cobbe. In *The Story of Gough and his Dog* (Carlisle: *n.d.*), Mr. Rawnsley has brought together all ascertainable facts relating to the incident. The dog's name was Foxey; she was a terrier. Wordsworth and Scott, without either of them knowing that the other had taken up the subject, each wrote a poem in admiration of the dog's fidelity. Wordsworth's begins, "A barking sound the shepherd hears;" Scott's begins, "I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn." The line quoted by Ruskin, "How long didst thou think," etc., is the first of the third stanza; the last line of the piece is, "In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam." Ruskin in 1833 wrote some lines on the same theme: see the "Tour on the Continent," in Vol. II. pt. iii.]

half the names of the country.[1] Did you look for the garnets? or did I tell you there are plenty of them by the side of the road? Wastwater—unless on a very fine day—is a very black hole—nothing of a lake; but I have seen more beautiful atmospheric effects on the Screes above than on any hills in the country. What were you doing at Penrith? It is not the way to Derbyshire, nor a very interesting place in itself, except for the view of Saddleback, as it is vilely called—*Glaramara*, as the Lake Poets call it—which is monotonous. There is another name which I forget;[2] but it is a noble hill, a glorious hill, an Olympian mountain—but deuced boggy.

I beg the Perfect Addition's pardon; but it *is* deuced, and very uncomfortable walking.

2. I hope you saw the caverns of Derbyshire thoroughly. They are really interesting, and don't want fine weather; and I hope you didn't tallow your coat-tails. How "precious green" daylight looks when you have been an hour or two holding a candle to dripping, bilious-looking stalagmites, and twisting your neck this way and that way to see how very like a whale they are.[3] I can't enquire after *some* places in the Peak. As Winifred Jenkins says, "I can't pollewt my pen"[4]—though,

[1] [*e.g.* Grisedale (Norse, *grise*, a swine); Swindale, Boredale, Stybarrow.]

[2] [Ruskin here confused Glaramara (which rises out of Borrowdale) with Blencathra; the latter mountain is called Saddleback, owing to the appearance of the rocks on its eastern side, when seen from the neighbourhood of Penrith. Scott curiously made the same mistake in *The Bridal of Triermain*; see Canto i. 10, where he describes Scales Tarn (on Blencathra) as being on "Glaramara's ridgy back." In some of his early verses ("The Iteriad") Ruskin says of Saddleback :—

"O dear, what a name! 'tis so clownish and fusty,
Like an old dirty saddle all musty and dusty!
Yet the mountain in shape is exactly a saddle,
Delightfully suited for riding astraddle."

The Lake Poets turned the name Glaramara to fine purpose; *e.g.* in Wordsworth's line, "Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves."]

[3] [*Hamlet*, iii. 2.]

[4] [Winifred Jenkins in *Humphry Clinker* might have said this, but she did not. The words "I will not pollewt my pen" belong to Miss Squeers (ch. xv.). *Nicholas Nickleby* had appeared in 1839. Ruskin, as we have already seen (p. 32 *n*), read every word of Dickens as it came out. With regard to Smollett, "there was," says Ruskin, "a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irrepressible laugh in my mother! Never sardonic, yet with a very definitely Smollettesque turn in it! So that, between themselves, she and my father enjoyed their *Humphry Clinker* extremely, long before *I* was able to understand either the jest or gist of it" (*Præterita*, i. ch. viii. § 166). When Ruskin came to understand both, he was, and remained, of the opinion expressed above. In 1875 Ruskin used to read *Humphry Clinker* aloud to the Brantwood party, missing

by-the-bye, you may find every piece of coarseness coined in the United Kingdom in that book. I cannot, for the life of me, understand the feelings of men of magnificent wit and intellect, like Smollett and Fielding, when I see them gloating over and licking their chops over nastiness, like hungry dogs over ordure; founding one half of the laughable matter of their volumes in innuendoes of abomination. Not that I think, as many people do, they are bad books; for I don't think these pieces of open filth are in reality injurious to the mind, or, at least, *as* injurious as corrupt sentiment and disguised immorality, such as you get sometimes in Bulwer[1] and men of his school. But I cannot *understand* the taste. I can't imagine why men who have real wit at their command should *perfume* it as they do.

8. Have you any commands for Naples? for I hope to be there before Christmas; we intend to start for Boulogne on Tuesday fortnight, and go through Normandy and Auvergne leisurely, so to Marseilles and Genoa—very pleasant, isn't it? I have thrown up reading altogether—partly for eyes, partly because a little more blood came from my chest the other night, and Sir James Clarke insists on it.[2] I hope to bring home quantities of sketches—fresh health—and a quantity of *nonchalance* as to Oxford examinations.

I have come to the conclusion that Aristotle was a muddlehead.[3] If you would like to know why, I will tell you in my next. You may depend upon it, the people who cry him up don't understand a word of him. The fellow who has edited my edition has written such prodigious nonsense by way of notes, that I take up the "Ethics" when I want a

out bits here and there, of course. For references to Smollett, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. xvii. § 28; for Fielding, whom he regarded as "a truly moral novelist, and worth any quantity of modern ones since Scott's death," *Fors Clavigera*, 1877, Letter lxxxii.]

[1] [*Cf.* above, p. 369.]

[2] [Sir James Clark (1788–1870), physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria. In 1835 he had published a *Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption*. For Clark's view of Ruskin's case at this time, see also *Præterita*, ii. ch. i. § 17.]

[3] [For Ruskin's Oxford copies of Aristotle's "Ethics" and "Rhetoric," see Introduction, p. xxxv. *n.* In his Roman diary of 1840 (Dec. 5) there is a quaint entry:

"The Capitol contains some great treasures. The head of Aristotle, I was glad to find, confirmed my unfavourable impression of him."]

laugh,[1] as I would Molière. I don't mean to say that Aristotle was not what Lord Verisopht considered Shakespeare, "a clayver man."[2] I simply mean to say he has muddled himself, and many as clear heads as his own into the bargain. If they read him as they ought at the University—that is, telling the student to find out what was nonsense and what was falsehood, and learn the rest by heart—no *very* heavy task—they would do good, for what *is* good of the "Ethics" is *very* good; but as they do at present—reading as if it were all gospel—I am certain it does as much harm as good.[3]

If I can get over to Richmond before I start I shall call at Twickenham, and enquire if I can bring over any little tiny kickshaw of antiquity from Italy for the top of your filigree cabinet, or the inside of Mdlle. Emily's more philosophical and respectable one; but if I am not heard of within that time, apologise for me, as I have much to do preparing suddenly for a winter in Italy.

I have thrown up St. James Street,[4] so direct to Herne Hill, near Dulwich, London; and mind this—put a cross as big as *that*[5] opposite the stamp, for as I receive a quantity of rubbish-letters now—and don't intend to pay postage for nothing—any letters *un*crossed will not be forwarded to me.

I mean by opposite, the stamp on the other side of the direction.—Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Ruskin's copy of the "Ethics" was also used as a sketch-book; see Introduction, p. xxxv. *n.*]

[2] [*Nicholas Nickleby*, ch. xxvii.]

[3] [Ruskin remained of this opinion in after years: see *Stones of Venice*, vol. ii. ch. viii. § li., and Appendix iii. in the 4th vol. of *Modern Painters* (1856). Ruskin always preached that undergraduates should be taught only ascertained facts.]

[4] [When Ruskin was at Christ Church his parents took rooms for him in St. James Street, so that in the vacations his friends might not be at the pains of coming out to Herne Hill to see him.]

[5] [The cross, being merely a rough scrawl, is not reproduced.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

IV

FRIDAY, 11*th Sept.* [1840].

1. DEAR C——, When I get once abroad I shall have so much generalising and sketching, that I shall be unable to write many letters, so I put you in debt before starting. First, to say that you ought to congratulate yourself on my orthography—it was lucky I didn't put warming-pan. Secondly, that you would not have been surprised at this escapade of mine had you heard Sir J. Clarke's positive "Sir, if you go on till October you'll get your death before you get your degree—" under which circumstances, of course, I care very little about Dean[1] or any one else. I simply send them fine medical certificates, lock up my books, and start. Thirdly, to assure you your Nap. soap shall be taken great care of.[2] Fourthly, to thank your brother for his notice. Fifthly, to tell you to blow up your spectacle-maker, and not me, for the deficiency of Gothic work on the Carlisle house; and sixthly, to put down a few remarks—in serious deprecation of your worship's indignation—which, as you are drawing a good deal from nature, may perhaps be of some interest to you; and if you don't take the trouble to read them, it will do *me* good to arrange them and put them down.

2. The object of high art is to address the feelings *through* the intellect. It will not do to address the feelings, unless it be through this medium—still less, to address the intellect

[1] [Dean Gaisford. See *Præterita*, ii. ch. i. § 17: "with many growls" the Dean gave permission to Ruskin to put off taking his degree.]

[2] [In a letter to another correspondent Ruskin promises to bring him "some laurel from the Tomb of Virgil, and some Naples Soap," p. 446; see also p. 454. Up to 1853 there was an excise duty (equal to 100 per cent.) on soap, and the trade was little developed in this country. "There are," says the 8th edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "a few varieties of soft soap used for toilet purposes, the principal of which is Naples soap, used chiefly for shaving. It is said to be made only from olive oil and potash; but all imitations of it differ from the true Italian manufacture. It is much prized in consequence of its softening power upon the hair."]

alone. Consequently the mere conveying of a certain quantity of technical knowledge respecting any given scene can never be the object of art. Its aim is not to tell me how many bricks there are in a wall, nor how many posts in a fence, but to convey as much as possible the general emotions arising out of the real scene into the spectator's mind.[1]

Whether these emotions are conveyed by the same *means* signifies little, but they must be the same *emotions;* and I do not mean merely a sensation of sublimity, or beauty, or generality of any kind, but the particular feeling and character of the place,—the pervading spirit, with as much of detail as is consistent with it. Have you not sometimes wondered why, if the object of art be mere servility of imitation of nature, there were as many *styles* as there were great artists? The true reason is that each great artist conveys to you, not so much the scene, as the impression of the scene on his own originality of mind. Ruysdael looks to nature for her freshness and purity,—Rubens for her glory of colour,—Poussin for her tumult,—Salvator for her energy,—Claude for her peace,—Turner (I rise to a climax) for her mystery and divinity.

And each of these throw out of their studies from nature whatever has a tendency to destroy purity, or colour, or energy, or peace, or mystery.

8. Now, when you sit down to sketch from nature you are not to *compose* a scene—as you insinuate against me—from materials before you. Still less are you to count stones, or measure angles. You are to imbue your mind with the peculiar spirit of the place. (If it has none, it is not worth sketching.) You are to give this spirit, at all risks, by any means; and if it depends upon accessories which you cannot represent truly, you must *lie* up to them in some way or another, always preserving as much technicality as you have time for, and as is in harmony with your general intention.

If you ask any portrait-painter how he gets his likeness, he will tell you, it is not by attention to the form of particular

[1] [A very clear statement of principles which Ruskin was presently to develop at length in *Modern Painters;* see, *e.g.* vol. i. pt. i. sec. i. ch. v. § 2, vol. iv. ch. ii. § 8, and ch. xv. § 32 *n.*]

features—the technicality of countenance—but by aiming first at the marked expression of the individual *character*, then touching in the features over this.

Now, for instance, in my Coniston cottage,[1] it happened, from the point where I sat, that I could not see an inch of mountain over the trees. I have, nevertheless, put in the whole mass of the Old Man—why? Because the eye, in reality, falls on that cottage when it is full of the forms and feeling of mountain scenery, and judges by comparison with it; it feels its peculiar beauty only as a *mountain* cottage, and can return to a mountain by turning an eighth of the compass. But I cannot turn you in a single sketch; I cannot give you the feeling that it is a bit of mountain scenery, without giving you a single touch of mountain blue. I am, therefore, in conscience, telling less of a lie by raising the Old Man a thousand feet, than by giving to the eye the idea of a lowland cottage.

Another character of this cottage is seclusion. The turnpike road was a violation of this; I turned it out of my way, or, rather, did what you might have done—leaped the wall, and sketched with my back to it.

4. Well, if you have time to turn over the subject in your mind, I think you will find some truth in these principles; and you will soon emancipate yourself from any idea that artists' sketches are to be mere camera-lucidas, mere transcripts of mechanism and measurement. It is of no consequence to any mortal that there is a cottage eighteen feet high by twenty-five broad, with a wall three bricks thick, and trees thirty years old and eighteen inches round; but it is—or may be—of some interest to know that there is a piece of secluded cottage feeling by Coniston Water, or that such and such a character is peculiar to the cottages of the Lakes.

As for writing, I do not know exactly where I am going; but if you write to Herne Hill, with a cross, your letters will always be forwarded.

[1] [The reference may possibly be to the sketch of Coniston Old Hall, with the Old Man behind, which was reproduced by a wood-cut in *The Architectural Magazine*; see above, p. 60.]

I forgot to say that I think you deserve great credit for finding the places at all, especially Carlisle; it shows you a use of *spouts*, which I suppose is new to you.

And I do not mean to advocate violent innovation where the subject is entirely architectural. The Gothic work is on the house—'pon honour!—but it is so black and smoky, that I do not wonder at your not making it out. And there is a good medium. One *side* of Prout's drawings is generally sheer composition; this is going too far for a man who can't compose. Turner is very faithful, but he is the only man alive who *can* be faithful and yet preserve character; and you know even *he* thinks nothing of cutting an island out of the Thames when it is in his way.[1]

When the day of publication comes, a *Friendship's Offering*[2] will be sent to Twickenham, as I shall leave orders with publisher, and crave you to allow it room in your bookcase, as there is much lucubration of mine therein.

Write me as often as you can.—Ever very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I am afraid I shall be unable to get to Twickenham: it is heavy work preparing in a week or two for a year abroad.

[1] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. iv. ch. ii., "Of Turnerian Topography."]

[2] [The volume for 1841 contained several pieces by Ruskin: "The Tears of Psammenitus," "The Two Paths," "The Old Water-wheel," "Farewell!" "The Departed Light," and "Agonia." See Vol. II.]

V

ROME, *December 3*, 1840.

1. DEAR C——, Since I started, in a very blowy day, from Dover, I have sent off some dozen of diaries to people on post paper, for which I have not as yet got a grain of thanks, and I have received two letters from you, whom I have hitherto neglected, for which I infinitely thank you; for there are few things more melancholy than jostling through a set of black-whiskered blackguards, every one of whom look as if they would enjoy putting you in a pie and eating you—a group of strange, foreign, heathenish faces and dresses—up to the window of the post-office, and turning back into the crowd without one single witness of memory from England.

One never feels so far from home as in the first pause of meditation upon possible accidents to the mail. I am quite tired of telling people what I have been about—which, by-the-bye, is not always the most interesting topic to the reader, unless he be one's particular friend, though I shall venture upon it with *you*, after refreshing myself with a little chat about the Water-Colour Society.

2. You ask about a water-colour master, with some little scruple about time and expense. I am quite certain that neither time nor expense, within certain limits, can be employed with greater certainty of redounding in the end to your own usefulness and happiness than in raising your feeling and taste—that is, your perception of the Beautiful. For the end of study in us who are not to be artists is not to be able to bring home from Wales or Derbyshire outlines of cottages or mill-wheels enough to occupy the quarter of an hour before dinner with chit-chat, but to receive, what I am persuaded God means to be the *second* source of happiness to man—the impression of that mystery which, in our total ignorance of its

nature, we call "beauty." It is the Θεωρία of Aristotle; and when purely founded—which it cannot be without some care and some study—will most certainly last us when every other passion has passed away into the mist of extreme old age, with unabated power; and, in all probability, will retain its influence in all stages of existence of which a pure spirit is capable.[1] That study of all art is nothing but the cultivation of this feeling for the beautiful, and knowledge of its principles, you either know, or will know very soon. Still, it is not to be acquired by any lessons from even the highest masters; it depends much more, as you must feel, on your own constant watchfulness of Nature and love of her.[2] All that the master does in general—whatever his system of *talking* may be—is to awake your *attention* to facts. The rest is all habit and mechanism, and it is always in your power to cultivate your powers of attention yourself. But if you take lessons at all, take them from the best. One lesson from them, which will cost you a guinea, is worth three from others, which will cost you ten shillings each. The choice lies between three—Harding, De Wint, and Cox.

I will tell you what I know of each, and then you can choose.

8. Harding is indisputably the highest and most accomplished landscape artist who gives lessons in England at the present day, but he will not teach you *colouring;* he despises it himself, and will not allow it in you. A day or two before I started I was with him about some sketching questions, and he took out a portfolio of *coloured* sketches he had just made in Scotland, for me to look over.[3] I was much delighted

[1] [Cf. *Modern Painters,* vol. ii. sec. ii. ch. vii., and the notes on the passage there quoted from Aristotle's "Ethics" in the preface to the separate (1883) edition of that volume.]

[2] [It will be remembered that the motto selected by Ruskin for *Modern Painters* was from Wordsworth:—

"Accuse me not
Of arrogance,
If having walked with Nature," etc.]

[3] [It appears from *Præterita* (ii. ch. iv. § 70), that Ruskin himself did not have drawing lessons from Harding till the following year. In 1845 Ruskin joined him in his autumn sketching tour (Epilogue to *Modern Painters,* vol. ii., and *Præterita,* ii. ch. vii. § 139). References to Harding in Ruskin's works are very numerous: see index volume to this edition.]

with their magnificent precision of tone. "I am glad of that," said Harding, "for they are the first sketches in *colour* I ever made in my life."

This from one of the first landscape masters of England was a little surprising. The fact is, Harding rests everything upon form and light and shade; and the first thing he will do with you, and does with everybody, will be to take the brush out of your fingers and put a piece of chalk in, and say, "Draw." And he will keep you drawing, if you obey him, till you can draw as well as he can, before he will give you a brush. In the main, he is quite right; form is almost everything.[1]

Turner, the great ruler, studies every one of his pictures in light and shade before he thinks of colour; and if you once saw such a chalk sketch as I did the other day in Florence, hanging up over Michael Angelo's own old slippers, in his own old house,[2]—finished like an engraving, in parts, all by his own hand,—I don't think you would ever touch colour more.

At any rate, for a person who has much time, Harding's system is the right and the only true one. But as, unluckily, all the time which probably you will have to spare for these ten years would hardly raise you up to Harding's mark for beginning in colour, and as it is very agreeable to be able to put down a striking tint or two from Nature, even if it be not forwarding you by the straight road to excellence, you must get some other master.

4. De Wint is Harding's direct contrary, in all respects. He despises form, because he cannot draw a straight line, and will tell you, "Never mind your drawing, but take plenty of colour on your brush, and lay it on very thick." He despises all rules of composition, hates Old Masters and humbug—synonymous terms with him—never was abroad in his life, never

[1] [Ruskin elsewhere notes as characteristic of Turner also "intense love of form, as the basis of all subject;" see *Catalogue of the Sketches and Drawings by Turner* . . . 1857–58, Introduction, § 12, and *Notes on Drawings by Turner*, 1878, 24 R (i).]

[2] [In the Casa Buonarroti at Florence (since 1858 the property of the town) various drawings of the master are preserved; in his study, his crutch is still on the wall, and the slippers which the old man wore are still shown.]

sketches anything but pig-styes and haystacks, and is a thorough-going John Bull of an artist in all respects. But, to make amends for all this, he is a most ardent lover of *truth*[1] —hardly ever paints except from nature, attends constantly and effectually to colour and tone, and produces sketches of such miraculous truth of atmosphere, colour and light, that half an hour's work of his, from nature, has fetched its fifty guineas, and a parcel of his sketches has often been exchanged for a Turner.

I think, myself, he is just your man, especially as he will allow you to make a mess of your colour-box, which I know you like; but all that he can do for you will be to teach you to make a forcible sketch of an atmospheric effect on simple objects; he smothers all detail, and his trees are as like cabbages as anything else.

5. Cox is a much more agreeable artist, as to results, than De Wint, and a much simpler one than Harding. De Wint is always true, always wonderful, and always ugly. Cox is neither so true, nor so powerful, but his sketch is twenty times more beautiful.

He is a man of dew:[2] his sketches breathe of morning air, and his grass would wet your feet through, if you were to walk on it in Hoby's best.[3] His mountains are melting with soft shadows, and his clouds at once so clear and so vaporous, so craggy, and so æthereal, that you expect to see them dissolve before you. But with all this he has neither the truth of De Wint nor the science of Harding: he is a man of less forcible conception than the one, of less cultivated knowledge than the other. He is a mannerist, and all his pupils become merely inferior Coxes. What his mode of teaching is I do not know

[1] [For a similar estimate of De Wint, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 23.]

[2] [Cf. *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (first edition) pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 6: "David Cox, whose pencil never falls but in dew." For other estimates of Cox by Ruskin, see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. (third and later editions) pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 20; *Academy Notes*, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859; and *Lectures on Landscape*, § 80. The reference in this last book is less sympathetic, and more resembles the text here.]

[3] [Hoby, a well-known bootmaker in Pall Mall.]

from experience; but I believe, from what I have heard and seen of his pupils, that it is rather instruction in mechanical laying on of colour, and communication of certain tricks, touches, and tints,—peculiarly his own,—than any general explanation of principles of art. All his pupils become *clever*, but never original, and always smell of him to the corners of their paper.

I think myself De Wint is your man; for the ardent love of truth which is his chief characteristic he always communicates, and it is invaluable. For you may get Harding's "Use of the Lead-pencil," in which you have much of his knowledge conveniently arranged;[1] and, if you do not boggle at it because it professes to be for beginners, which all amateurs almost are, you will find it invaluable, a thing to be learnt by heart.

6. But, above all, let me beseech you, whenever you see a stained engraving in a pawnbroker's window with the four letters J.M.W.T.[2] at the left-hand corner, buy it; get the old annuals, which are to be had for nothing almost; Heath's *Landscape*[3] and others, where you are sure of three or four delicate plates from him—Turner; get Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*, they are getting cheap (I think you have the *Italy*); and the *Rivers of France*, in which you get sixty engravings for a sovereign; and take them to bed with you, and look at them before you go to sleep, till you dream of them;[4] and when you are reading and come to anything that you want to refer to often, put a little Turner in to keep the place, that your eye may fall on it whenever you open. He is the epitome of all art, the concentration of all power; there

[1] [For another reference to this "valuable work," see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. vi. ch. i. § 31. The title of the book is *Elementary Art; or, the Use of the Lead-pencil advocated and explained* (1834).]

[2] [Cf. *Elements of Drawing*, § 86: "You ought, if it is at all in your power, to possess yourself of a certain number of good examples of Turner's engraved works," etc.]

[3] [Heath, however, was not responsible for *The Landscape Annual*. But Heath's *Keepsake* (another annual) contained several plates after Turner.]

[4] [Ruskin habitually had Turner pictures in his bedroom. He describes how, when his father bought him "The Slaver" for a New Year's gift, he "had it at the foot of my bed next morning" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 82). At Brantwood the walls of his bedroom were covered with water-colours by Turner.]

is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for, that he cannot do better than the most celebrated.[1] He seems to have seen everything, remembered everything, spiritualised everything in the visible world; there is nothing he has not done, nothing that he dares not do; when he dies, there will be more of nature and her mysteries forgotten in one sob, than will be learnt again by the eyes of a generation.

However, if I get to Turner I shall get prosy, and I suppose you have had enough of the brush for one letter; so I shall leave the discussion, in which you beat so courteous and cowardly a retreat, unpursued at present,—only begging you not to suppose that anything I have just said about *truth* militates against my former positions, and also to excuse any flippancy or too decisive expression I may fall into in talking of these things, partly from hurry and partly from zeal; for I cannot say "I think" and "it seems to me" perpetually in a letter. It takes both time and room to be modest on paper, and I have neither to spare.[2]

Now for a bit of diary.

7. First I went to Rouen—no, before that, to Neuchâtel,[3] and had some cheese—beatific! Then to Rouen, and caught a cold. Then to Chartres, and got well again. I wish you had seen "La Vierge Noire," the presiding deity of Chartres Cathedral—a little black lady (with a black baby) in a bright

[1] [Cf. *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, § 99, "He challenged, and vanquished, each in his own peculiar field," etc.; but in that passage the comparison is limited to the field of landscape.]

[2] [In later years Ruskin was wont to give a different explanation of his "arrogance" and "dogmatism" in writing. He did not "opine," he explained; he wrote what he "knew": see *Fors Clavigera*, 1871, Letter vi. Compare, however, preface to vol. iii. of *Modern Painters*, where he prays his readers to believe that, whenever he uses the phrase "I think so," or "it seems to me," he does so "always in seriousness, never as matter of form." See, in these letters, vi. §§ 11, 12, xiv. § 1, for his modest diligence in learning, and xviii. § 1, for his view of real humility. Mr. Frederic Harrison has truly remarked of Ruskin that though he wrote "with passion and scorn such as Carlyle and Byron never reached," and "in print was so often *Athanasius contra mundum*," yet in private life he was "one of the gentlest, gayest, and humblest of men." "I incline to think," Mr. Harrison adds, "that the violence and arrogance which were imputed to him came of a kind of literary *oestrus*, which he never attempted to control. He let himself go, as perhaps no writer since Burke ever has done. Vehement language was with Ruskin a literary intoxication rather than a moral fault" (*John Ruskin*, 1902, p. 95).]

[3] [Neufchâtel-en-Bray, between Amiens and Rouen, famous for its cream-cheeses, called *bondons*. The fifteenth-century church contains relics of St. Clothilde.]

white muslin frock, and seven or eight silk petticoats, and a crown of little spiky stars, and a little reticule on her arm, and pink satin *beaux* on her wrists, and a priest perpetually saying his prayers to her, and changing her petticoats, and everybody in the town bringing her votive pin-cushions—"On a beaucoup de dévotion pour elle," said the waiter.[1] Then to Orleans, racing a carter all the way;—thank heaven! till some patriotic Frenchman burns down the Cathedral of Orleans, our National Gallery is *not* the vilest piece of architecture in Europe.[2] Then to Blois[3]—such a barracks of buggy bedrooms, with little holes and passages and panels between, where people used to be poisoned and stabbed—delicious! Then to Amboise,—the scene of the "Broken Chain,"[4]—and had some mutton chops. Then to Tours, and saw the house of Tristan l'Hermite, all decorated with effigies of different sized ropes[5]—and a church!! I should like excessively to see your High Church principles driven in a diligence into St. Julien—a noble cathedral turned into a coach-house; horses stabled in the aisles; hay and straw crammed into the Gothic tracery, which makes a capital rack; diligences standing all up the choir and transepts, and the columns pasted over with "AVIS DU DÉPART," etc.[6] Then to Aubusson, and made some carpet. Then to Clermont, and bought some petrified thistledown.[7] Then to Le Puy, and lost our way.[8] Then to St. Etienne, and ran against a diligence. Then to Vaucluse,

[1] [*Cf.* above, p. 377.]

[2] [*Cf.* pp. 6, 168.]

[3] [Where Ruskin made a Proutesque drawing, referred to in *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii. § 21, as showing "some dawning notions of grace in proportion and largeness of effect."]

[4] [See Ruskin's poem and drawing of Amboise in Vol. II.]

[5] [The house, No. 16, in the Rue Briçonnet, is supposed to have been that of Tristan l'Hermite, the executioner of Louis XI. (see *Quentin Durward*). The string-courses dividing the stories are in the form of ropes in relief, ending in fantastic knots, so as to resemble the noose of a halter.]

[6] [The church of St. Julien, a fine Early Pointed building of 1224, was by private subscription rescued from desecration in 1847, and restored.]

[7] [Clermont Ferrand, capital of the Department of Puy-de-Dôme. N.W. of the town is a calcareous spring, called La Fontaine pétrifiante. By allowing the spray to fall on any objects, thistledown, or what not, they become encrusted with the calcareous sediment.]

[8] [For an account of the experiences of Ruskin and his father at Le Puy on this occasion, and their conversations with the Sisters at the Convent of St. Michael there, see *Præterita*, iii. ch. i.]

and saw the legitimate bonâ fide portraits of Petrarch and Laura—Petrarch like a butcher playing Julius Cæsar at Astley's, Laura with pink eyes and a hatchet nose. It is, however, recorded in[1] that the inn of Petrarch and Laura gives some of the best dinners on the Continent, which makes it worth going.[2] Then to Aix, and got nearly blown away by the *Bise*. Then to Nice, where there is a glorious military Mass on Sunday morning, and a shady English service where the people go to show their bonnets on Sunday forenoon, and a splendid military band on Sunday evening—long live the King of Sardinia![3] Then to Genoa, and got some velvet. Then to Carrara, and bought two people whom I took for Adam and Eve, but everybody else says they are Bacchus and Ariadne—*tant mieux*.[4] Carrara is a nice place. Imagine a range of noble mountains from 5000 to 7000 feet high, terminating in jagged and inaccessible peaks, on whose bases, fourteen miles off, you can just discern two little white chips, as if a cannon ball had grazed the hills. These, as you get nearer, increase in apparent size till, after a walk over an old Roman road paved with marble, you arrive at the lowest, which you find to be a group of seven or eight quarries, each the size of the great one on Headingdon,[5] and the last deep and large, in rocks of lump-sugar—exquisite, snow-white, stainless marble—out of whose dead mass life is leaping day by day into every palace of Europe: all the roads covered with snowy débris, and the torrent leaping over blocks of

[1] [Two words undecipherable.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

[2] [There is no mention of a visit to Vaucluse in the diary. The travellers may have diverged thither from L'Isle-sur-Sorgue, on the road to Aix. In the first edition of Murray's *Handbook to France* (1843), the *Hôtel de Laure* at Vaucluse is recommended on the ground that "the landlord is a capital cook": "to judge by the entries in his Visitors' Book, his fried trout and eels, soupe à la bisque, and coquille d'écrevisse, have made a deeper impression on his visitors than the souvenirs of Laura."]

[3] [Carlo Alberto.]

[4] ["Partly in my father's sense of what was kind and proper to be done,—partly by way of buying 'a trifle from Matlock'—and partly because he and I both liked the fancy of the group, we bought a two-feet-high 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' copied from I know not what (we supposed classic) original, and with as much art in it as usually goes to a French timepiece. It remained long on a pedestal in the library at Denmark Hill, till it got smoked, and was put out of the way" (*Præterita*, ii. ch. ii. § 26).]

[5] [So spelt in the ed. of 1894; properly Headington, the hill to the east of Oxford. From its quarries comes the porous stone of which so many of the Oxford edifices have been built.]

bright, neglected alabaster—it is a glorious place![1] Then to Pisa, and got giddy on its nasty squinting tower.[2] Then to Florence, which was the most awful thing I ever encountered in the way of a disappointment; and, at last, here we are, among brick-dust and bad Latin *ad nauseam*.[3]

8. I have not made up my mind about St. Peter's: there is certainly a great deal too much light in it, which destroys size; it is kept a little too clean, and the bright colours of its invaluable marbles tell gaudily, and the roof is ugly, merely a great basket of golden wickerwork; but if you go into its details, and examine its colossal pieces of sculpture which gleam through every shadow, the thorough *get up* of the whole, the going the *whole hog*, the inimitable, unimaginable art displayed into every corner and hole, the concentration of human intellect and of the rarest and most beautiful materials that God has given for it to work with, unite to raise such feelings as we can have only once or twice in our lives. The value of intellect and material concentrated in one of the minor chapels of St. Peter's would have built Canterbury or York.

9. I have been much pleased with the Vatican, which takes about an hour's quick walk to get you through from one end to the other, passing a statue for every second,—and such statues! I never knew what sculpture meant before. Above all I was surprised at the extraordinary differences between the usual casts and copies of the Laocoon[4] and Apollo (and

[1] [See Ruskin's poem, written in the following year, on "The Hills of Carrara," Vol. II.]

[2] [For a later, and less damnatory reference to the Leaning Tower of Pisa, see *Val d'Arno*, § 136.]

[3] [For other references to these first impressions of Pisa, Florence, and Rome, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. ii.; for Florence and Rome, see above, p. 380.]

[4] ["A subject ill-chosen" Ruskin called the Laocoon in the 2nd vol. of *Modern Painters* (1846), "meanly conceived, and unnaturally treated, recommended to imitation by subtleties of execution and accumulation of technical knowledge" (pt. iii. sec. i. ch. vii. § 6). With the Apollo Belvedere, he was hardly more satisfied. "I know not anything in the range of art more unspiritual; the raising of the fingers of the right hand in surprise at the truth of the arrow is altogether human, and would be vulgar in a prince, much more in a deity. The sandals destroy the divinity of the foot, and the lip is curled with mortal passion" (*ibid.* vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. ii. ch. v. § 20 *n*; *cf.* vol. iii. ch. v. § 8, and for other references see index volume to this edition). It is from his visit to Lucca in 1845, where he fastened on the tomb of Ilaria di Caretto with the certainty of its being a supreme guide, that Ruskin dates his appreciation of true excellence in sculpture (Epilogue to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., and *Præterita*, ii. ch. vi. § 114.]

Venus at Florence) and the originals. Of course the copyers cannot take *casts* off the actual statuary, and are obliged to do it by eye; or they try to improve them or something, I don't know what—but, instead of coming to the Belvidere, as to a known hackneyed form, I started at it as if I had never seen it in my life. And the Venus, usually in her casts a foolish little schoolgirl, is one of the purest and most elevated incarnations of woman conceivable.[1] As for ancient Rome, it is a nasty, rubbishy, dirty hole—I hate it. If it were all new, and set up again at Birmingham, not a soul would care twopence for it.

10. As for myself, I am better, though my eyes are still weak; nothing but a little roughness left of my affection of chest; and my eyes are better, though, as you may imagine, they have had a great deal to try them. I am delighted by Acland's success at Oxford[2]—many thanks for your other news. My father and mother send their best thanks for your remembrances and kind regards. I hope to be at Naples in about a month—after Christmas, that is—and won't forget your soap.[3] If I find anything particularly well formed from Vesuvius, I will bring it for Mdlle. Emily, of whose improved health I was delighted to hear. Pray remember me most kindly to all your family. I have not answered your conversation about the Church, because I sympathise completely in all you say, and I don't see the use of answering unless you have to contradict something or somebody. What a stupid thing conversation would be without contradiction! I wish you would come and preach here on the Continent; there are more clergymen in England than people will listen to. Here they are more wanted than among South Sea islands, and many poor isolated curates keeping up a heavy struggle, with no money and few hearers, and a stable for a church.[4]—Ever, dear C——, most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [In *Præterita*, Ruskin claims—what is hardly consistent with this passage—that he "at once pronounced the Venus de Medicis an uninteresting little person" (ii. ch. ii. § 29).]

[2] [In 1840 Acland was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls.]

[3] [See above, p. 420.]

[4] [*Cf.* above, p. 379.]

VI

NAPLES, *February* 12, 1841.

1. POSITIVELY, my dear C——, you are a capital correspondent. It is a hopeless thing sending off a letter which will take twenty days to go, to a correspondent who will take two months to answer. I don't think your "B." was necessary this time:[1] you could not have been a calendar month silent, and I am excessively obliged to you. I don't know what I should do this nasty wet day, if I had not your epistle to answer.

I do wish most sincerely that we could get associated in our duties in some way or other, for I shall not be fit for much myself, except taking the tea-making business off your hands.

The least speaking or reading makes me hoarse, and if I go on for a quarter of an hour my throat gets irritated and makes me cough; so how I am to preach I cannot tell. I have had a slight return of the blood from my chest here—less than ever, but still it keeps me to cautionary measures, which are an infernal bore when you are among hills. I only wish I *could* smile at grief on the top of a rock;[2] but I am obliged to stay at the bottom, or take the ladylike expedient of a *chaise à porteur;* and you know, if you once get me into that, with the blinds up, you may send me wherever you like,—and a fig for the vicar, as somebody remarks to the Lady of the Lake.[3]

2. The worst of it is, it checks one in taking up any design that requires time. I have begun a work of some labour[4] which would take me several years to complete; but I cannot read for it, and do not know how many years I may have for

[1] [See above, p. 414.]
[2] [Like patience (*Twelfth Night*, ii. 4), the exercise of which C—— had recommended to Ruskin.]
[3] [Canto vi.: "Soldier's Song."]
[4] [*Modern Painters.*]

it. I don't know if I shall even be able to get my degree; and so I remain in a jog-trot, sufficient-for-the-day style of occupation—lounging, planless, undecided, and uncomfortable, except when I can get out to sketch—my chief enjoyment.[1] I am beginning to consider the present as the only available time, and in that humour it is impossible to work at anything dry or laborious or useful. I spend my days in a search after present amusement, because I have not spirit enough to labour in the attainment of what I may not have future strength to attain; and yet am restless under the sensation of days perpetually lost and employment perpetually vain.[2]

If I could even avail myself of the opportunities of amusement about me I should not care, for they are all instructive in their way; but I cannot draw more than an hour or two in the day, for my eyes, nor—but I suppose I have told you all my cannots before—*n'importe.*

3. I have been thinking a little more of your "perfect additions" lately; and I dare say there is a great deal of comfort in religious matters, for people like an old gentleman who was giving me a sketch of his life, as we came out of church yesterday,[3] concluding with: "I'm greatly blessed! highly favoured! hale and hearty of my age!—and *such* peace! *such* views of divine things! amazin'!" But, do you know, I think a fiat of general annihilation would be a far more comfortable thing for mankind in general than the contest between Satan and St. Michael, with 10 to 1 on the devil. I had rather, myself, be sure of rest than know I was to sing for ever—with great odds it was to be on the wrong side of my mouth.

I don't mean to jest upon the matter, nor to shock you;[4]

[1] [See above, p. xli.]

[2] [Ruskin, as was natural in an invalid, was at this time a victim of moods. A much more cheerful account of his days at Naples is given in a letter to W. H. Harrison, written a fortnight before this one; it is printed below, p. 444.]

[3] [It appears from Ruskin's diary (Feb. 7) that the gentleman in question was Mr. Rugg—"one of the regular old evangelical school, had known Newton and Wesley and I don't know how many more; . . . he has had fine powers of mind, has still memory, and is a fine study."]

[4] [Very characteristic of Ruskin. He was fond of explaining that he was often literal and deliberate when he was thought wild and violent; see, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xliv., "I never set down a single word but with the sternest purpose. I *meant* 'infernal' in the most perfect sense the word will bear." *Cf.* note on p. 182, above.]

but those texts about the straight [*sic*] gate are awkward things for the public.

4. Many—infinite, as you say—thanks for your notice of my poems;[1] only that was a neat way of beginning a letter, which was to explode *my infinities* altogether. I am the more obliged because it is nearly impossible to get any quiet or candid criticism from any one. I have a great deal said about the "brilliant effusions of my pen" by ladies—who never read, and couldn't have understood, a word of them—and I have received occasional flagellations from an offended gazette; but, happening to know some matters behind the scenes, I have long ceased even to read public criticisms;[2] and few friends venture; so I thank you again for really reading them, and still more for telling me your opinion; and I will thank you still more if you will hear what I can say in my justification with respect to the particular faults you mention; for, depend on it, people who write verses are like mankind in their morality: they will allow themselves at once to be sinners in the general way, but are always prepared with excuses when you name a particular sin.

5. I think you have not sufficiently considered that "Psammy"[3] is throughout a *speech*, a dramatic piece—not a poem in which the *author* professes to be speaking. If you have ever felt the dreamy confusion, the delirious weight of *intellectual* pain consequent on sudden and violent sorrow, you would not expect a man in Psammenitus's situation to be distinct in a single idea or expression. In such circumstances

[1] [Ruskin's correspondent had by this time received the promised copy of *Friendship's Offering*; see above, p. 423.]

[2] [It appears from letters of Ruskin's father to W. H. Harrison that the *Literary Gazette* (which had an unfavourable notice of Ruskin's poetical contributions in *Friendship's Offering* for 1840) was suspected of unfairness. "As there is an animus," writes the fond father, "one cannot value the criticism. . . . The paths of literature are, I fear, as dirty as any trodden by commerce." On December 25, 1840, in another letter to Harrison, written from Rome, Ruskin's father says: "My son having been confined to bed by cold and fever caught in this unhealthy city of the Tombs, I say not a word to him of the *Times* critique, nor to his mother. He would say he cared nothing about it, and would say so truly as far as he knew, but I fear it is not in human nature to be pleased under such notices." Ruskin himself took such critical blows very calmly; see Introduction to Vol. II. The criticisms themselves are also given in that volume.]

[3] ["The Tears of Psammenitus," which had appeared in *Friendship's Offering* for 1841. See Vol. II.]

all thought becomes a sensation, and all sensation becomes *sight;* and the kingdoms of the several senses are dashed into such anarchy in a moment that they invade and dethrone each other; the thoughts become rapid and involuntary, taking almost a visible form; and every sensation takes a delirious hold of the brain, rushing there from every part of the body, and confusing and exciting its powers at the same time; all the faculties are in an energetic, but a diseased and involuntary, state of action—the memory, for instance, becomes capable of grasping years of events in a moment, but has no power over itself, could not seize at its own wish the circumstances of an instant ago—all is forced upon it.

It is this state of mind which I particularly aimed at depicting in the "Psammenitus," and I ought to have succeeded, for the thing was written in two hours as a relief from strong and painful excitement.[1] The choice of subject, I agree with you, is wrong; but I wrote this, and five or six other pieces, as illustrations of Herodotus, partly because I thought there was a great deal of the picturesque lying neglected in this historian,[2] and partly to fix the history in my mind while I read it. "The Scythian Grave," "The Scythian Banquet Song," "The Scythian Guest," "Aristodemus at Platea," "The Last Song of Arion," etc.,[3] were all written with this intention.

6. Now, as you say, to come to particulars: *entre nous*, you are not quite up to one[4] dodge of great value in matters of criticism. You should never *actually* come to particulars, for authors are very apt to come down upon you with "authorities"—there being an authority for almost every absurdity that can be committed either in literary or practical matters. You should only *say* you are going to particularise; then extract a portion of some twenty lines which you conceive the writer supposes "fine"—put twenty notes of interrogation

[1] [Probably the news of Adèle's marriage in the spring of 1840.]

[2] [*Cf.* on this subject Introduction to Vol. II.]

[3] [These five, with "Psammenitus" and "The Recreant," are the only Herodotean pieces written, or at any rate published, by Ruskin. "The Last Song of Arion" had not yet been published, but Ruskin had perhaps shown it to his friend in MS.]

[4] [Mis-printed "our" in the ed. of 1894.]

and admiration alternately all down at the end of the lines—and then ask the author point blank "what he means by the whole passage." If that doesn't nonplus him, I don't know what will. But whereas you condescend to particularise bonâ fide, I cannot help endeavouring to get myself out of the scrape.

You quarrel first with the "bars" of darkness.[1] Now, my dear fellow, I said bars, I didn't say *crow*bars; and if, when I intend you to lie like a good tractable wild beast, with the shadow of your bars between you and the light, you are to pitch them at my head like a Cornish miner—it is *I* who ought to cry "Hold!"

I do seriously maintain that, monosyllable, dissyllable, or polysyllable, there is not another word in the English language so effectively expressive of partial, prolonged, parallel shade as "bars."

What would you say? "Streaks"? A streak is properly applied only to a line which is thin and drawn out—like the delineations in beer on a public-house table, *par exemple*. "Stripes"? That smells of wild cat and improper servants. "Lines"? A line is length without breadth. "Parallelograms"? Slightly unpoetical, I think—but if you can bring it into the verse, do, by all means. So that actually, "bar" is the only word I could have used with any propriety. But if you particularly desire to suppose farther that Psammenitus had a very unpleasant headache, and that every shadow that past left a sensation of his brains being made into Yorkshire pudding by self-acting rolling-pins, I have not the slightest objection to such an interpretation—nay, I think the beauty of the expression must be enhanced by its comprehensiveness.

7. Next you proceed, or go back rather, to the "keen pain" of the line before, and you ask me "Who ever heard of *cold* pain?"—may I ask you in return who ever heard of *hot* shadows? A shadow is a very common metaphor for sorrow.

[1] ["A troop of kingly forms, that cast
Cold, quivering shadows of keen pain,
In bars of darkness, o'er my brain."]

If a shadow is cool—if you don't put very much more cobalt than Indian-red into them—you will find your drawing look very unpleasant. And, moreover, as shadow is a *keen* thing, it has a cutting edge, which you can only get with a very full brush, as you must very well know. And, letting the shadows alone, I think I may prove that all *sorrow*, if unmixed with feelings of anger or revenge, is *cold*. Did you ever hear of anybody who was burying their relations one after another, remarking that it was "warm work"? Did you ever yourself when you had lost a friend—if it were but a dog—feel the warmer for it? On the contrary, the cry of the bereaved is *always* "Poor Tom's a-cold."[1]

The feeling in its first acuteness might perhaps be metaphorically styled "burning"—just as the extreme[2] of cold has the same effect and sensation as the extreme of heat; but it is always a chill, an icy feeling about the heart, which cloak nor fire will never banish more. What is the common metaphor for the desolation of a bereaved age? Winter. Even *you*, in your "All hot—sugar and brandy" style, would not talk of a man's being in the dog-days of his life when he had lost every one who cared for him. And although *some* mental pain—rage, jealousy, envy, revenge, etc.—may be burning, I do not intend the mind of Psammenitus to be touched by any of these at this instant. The vision of his sons, led to death, is passing before his eyes. He has but one feeling—that the forms are vanishing for ever; he remembers not the cause, he only knows that each walks hand in hand with death; and their shadows as they pass fall, each with the bitter, irrevocable *chill* that all the suns of heaven can never break. I have tried, in this line, to express the confusion of the senses by which they are felt at once cold to the heart, quivering to the eye, and keen to the brain.

8. Verily, I think it is a little too bad to begin a second sheet of egotism on you. But, after all, I think it is pleasanter to be discussing some real subject of interest, like that suggested

[1] [*King Lear*, iii. 4; iv. 1.]
[2] [In the ed. of 1894, "existence": an obvious misprint.]

by the remarks of yours—which I have yet to answer—than to tell you where I was when you were writing to me—that when it was a soft rain with you it was a soft sun with me, and I was sitting above the grotto of Posilipo, sketching a ruined palace by a rocky shore, as foreground to the sweeping line of the blue bay and bright city of Naples, and doing all I could—with Chinese white—to come up to the dazzling brightness of the drift of vapour—call it not smoke—floating from the lips of Vesuvius.[1]

I am getting as fond of Vesuvius as of a human creature; and have been very happy to-day sauntering through the frescoed chambers of l'ompeii, with a sun as bright upon their azures as ever rejoiced with the rejoicing of those whom they have lost.[2]

9. But—to go back to Psammy—I think I have only one more particular objection to answer. You say, do not I mean "forgive," instead of "forget, the thoughts of him," etc.? Now, the third line after this passage is: "No tear—Hath quenched the *curse* within mine eyes."[3] Is this very like forgiveness? I merely mean the expression to stand for a gentlemanlike apology on the part of Psammy, for keeping King C.'s messenger waiting while he was rigmaroling about red air, and white hair. Suddenly he recollects himself: "Dear me, I quite forgot! I beg pardon! What was it Cambyses was *thinking* about me?"

Now, I think, as far as Psammenitus goes, I have got pretty well out of the scrape, if you will accept the above apology for its obscurity. But as I suppose you intend to refer in some degree to the other poems, I must come to generals.

10. You say that infinity of conception ought to belong only

[1] [See the plate facing this page.]

[2] [For another reference to this visit to Pompeii, see above, p. 258.]

[3] ["I forget
The thoughts of him who sent ye here;
Bear back these words, and say, though yet
The shade of this unkingly fear
Hath power upon my brow, no tear
Hath quenched the curse within mine eyes."]

Drawn by J.Ruskin

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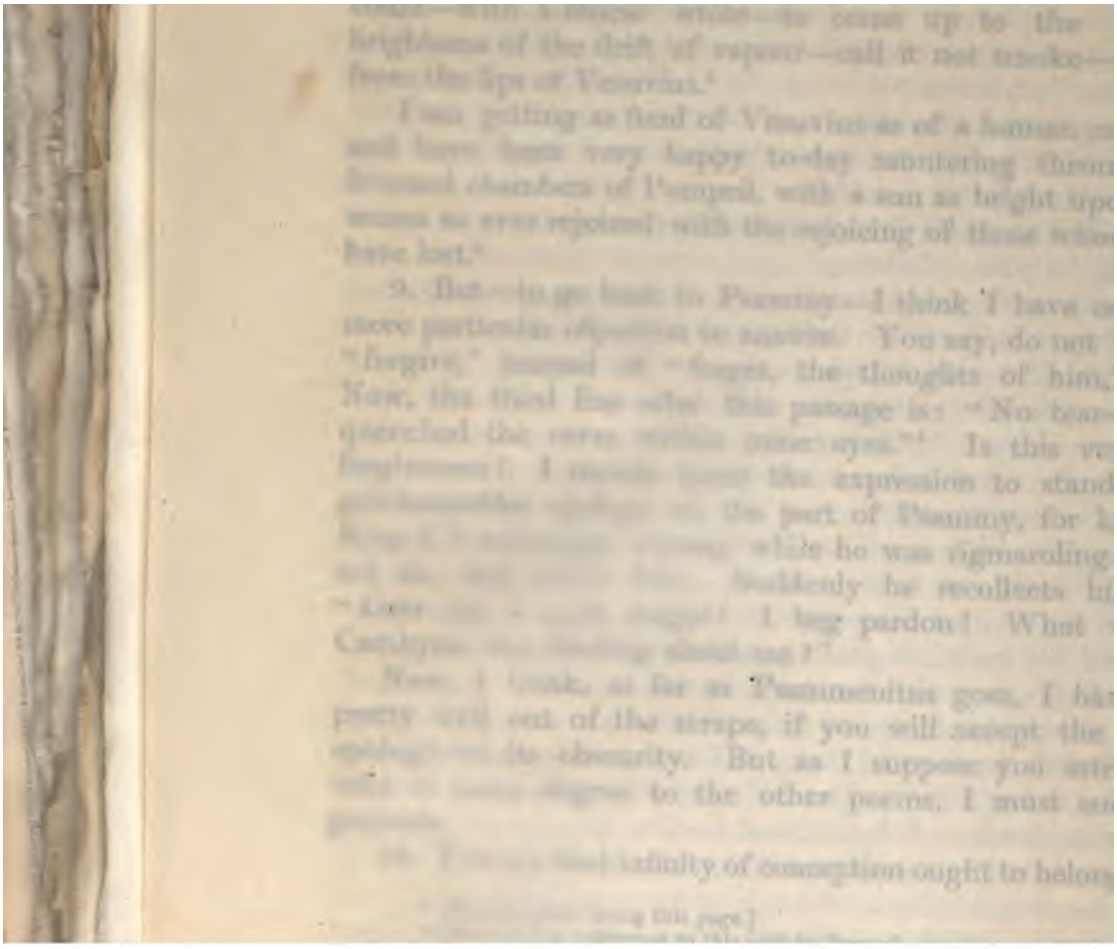

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to religion. Granted. But what object or sensation in earth or heaven has not religion in it—that is, has not something to do with God, and therefore with both infinity and mystery? You cannot banish infinity from space or time, nor mystery from every motion of your body, every pulse of your heart, every exertion of mental energy. How can you speak, when you have no knowledge, and keep clear of mystery? and how far in any subject does the highest human knowledge extend? Will you undertake to convey to another person a perfectly distinct idea of any single simple emotion passing in your own heart?

You cannot—you cannot fathom it yourself—you have no actual expression for the simple idea, and are compelled to have instant recourse to metaphor.

You can say, for instance, you feel cold, or warm, at the heart; you feel depressed, delighted, dark, bright: are any of these expressions competent to illustrate the *whole* feeling? If you try to reach it you must heap on metaphor after metaphor, and image after image, and you will feel that the most mysterious touch nearest and reach highest, but none will come up to the truth. In short, if you banish obscurity from your language you banish all description of human emotion, beyond such simple notions as that your hero is in a fury or a fright. For all human emotions are obscure, mysterious in their source, their operation, their nature; and how possibly can the *picture* of a mystery be less than a mystery?

But, farther—were it possible, it is not desirable to banish all obscurity from poetry. If the mind is delighted in the attainment of a new idea, its delight is increased tenfold if it be obtained by its own exertion—if it has arisen apparently from its own depths.

The object in all *art* is not to *inform* but to *suggest*, not to add to the knowledge but to kindle the imagination.[1] He is the best poet who can by the fewest words touch the greatest number of secret chords of thought in his reader's own mind,

[1] [*Cf.* the definition of poetry given in *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. pt. iv. ch. i. § 13—"the suggestion, by the imagination, of noble grounds for the noble emotions."]

and set *them* to work in their own way. I will take a simple instance in epithet. Byron begins something or other[1]—"'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown—The pale round moon shines deeply down." Now the first eleven words are not poetry, except by their measure and preparation for rhyme; they are simple information, which might just as well have been given in prose—it *is* prose, in fact: It is twelve o'clock—the moon is pale—it is round—it is shining on brown mountains. Any fool, who had seen it, could tell us all that. At last comes the poetry, in the single epithet, "deeply." Had he said "softly" or "brightly" it would still have been simple information.

But of all the readers of that couplet, probably not two received exactly the same impression from the "deeply," and yet received more from that than from all the rest together. Some will refer the expression to the fall of the steep beams, and plunge down with them from rock to rock into the woody darkness of the cloven ravines, down to the undermost pool of eddying black water, whose echo is lost among their leafage; others will think of the deep heaven, the silent sea, that is drinking the light into its infinity; others of the deep *feeling* of the pure light, of the thousand memories and emotions that rise out of their rest, and are seen white and cold in its rays. This is the reason of the power of the single epithet, and this is its *mystery*.

Where it is thus desired, as in almost all good poetry it is, that the reader should work out much for himself, it becomes necessary to keep his mind in a peculiar temper, adapted for the exercise of the imagination: to do this, rhyme and rhythm are introduced, as melody, to assist the fancy, and bring the whole mind into an elevated and yet soothed spirituality. Where nothing is to be left to the imagination, where all is to be told downright, this is totally unnecessary: we can receive plain facts in any temper.

Now, in all art, whatever is not useful is detrimental. Rhyme and rhythm are, therefore, thoroughly injurious where there is no mystery, when there is not some undermeaning,

[1] ["The Siege of Corinth," xi. Ruskin quotes from memory and not quite exactly; Byron wrote "cold, round moon," not "pale."]

some repressed feeling; and thus, in five-sixths of Scott's poetry, as it is called, the metre is an absolute excrescence, the rhythm degenerates into childish jingle, and the rhyme into unseemly fetters to yoke the convicted verses together.

Rokeby, had it been written in his own noble prose style, would have been one of his very first-raters; at present, it is neglected even by his most ardent admirers. And thus, not only is obscurity necessary to poetry, it is the only apology for writing it.

11. My space is diminishing so fast that I cannot say what I would of particular men, or I think I could show you in any real poet, Shakspeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Spenser, G. Herbert, Elizabeth Barrett—whom you choose—that their finest passages never *can* be fathomed in a minute, or in ten minutes, or exhausted in as many years.[1] But this I can say, that if you sit down to read poetry with merely the wish to be amused, without a willingness to take some pains to work out the secret meanings, without a desire to sympathise with, and yield to, the prevailing spirit of the writer, you had better keep to prose: for no poetry is worth reading which is not worth learning by heart. To put plain text into rhyme and metre is easy; not so to write a passage which every time it is remembered shall suggest a new train of thought, a new subject of delighted dream. It is this mystic secrecy of beauty which is the seal of the highest art, which only opens itself to close observation and long study.

I have been ten years learning to understand Turner—I shall be as many more before I can understand Raphael; but I can feel it a little in all first-rate works. The Apollo never strikes at first, nor the Venus; but hour by hour, and day by day, the mystery of its beauty flushes like life into the limbs as you gaze; and you are drawn back and back for ever—to see more—to feel that you *know* less.

12. Now, all this, remember, is *general*. As regards my

[1] [Cf. *Munera Pulveris*, § 87, where Ruskin speaks of "a strange habit of wise humanity to speak in enigmas only, so that the highest truths and usefullest laws must be hunted for through whole picture-galleries of dreams," and refers to "Homer, the Greek tragedians, Plato, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Goethe" in illustration. Cf. also *Sesame and Lilies*, §§ 13, 14.]

own poems, believe me, I do not think that they *must* be fine, if they are incomprehensible. I only say that their obscurity is not to be urged as at once damnatory,[1] not until it can be shown to be an affected mask of commonplaces. And pray do not, because I have sent you *two* sheets of self-defence, give me up as a hopeless offender. I am rather fond of quarrelling—arguing, that is—and perhaps, sometimes persist in it when I am undecided in my own opinion, for the sake of an argument; but you will find that it *is* possible to convince me, and when I am once thoroughly convinced I shall confess it. You have only found three faults, and two of those in one couplet. I know that there are hundreds you might fix upon; and if you ever look at the things again, and will tell me what you notice, believe me, I shall be obliged: for, though I shall never touch these things again, having written them all in fatigued moments and without thought, I shall know what to guard against in future.[2]

Once more, forgive me for this infliction; you see what an unlucky thing it is to set people off on their hobby—and don't talk any more about impertinences. Remember me most kindly to all your family. My father and mother join in kindest regards to yourself: my mother reads all your letters and says she hopes they may do me good, she is sure they ought; so am I.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

VIA

[The following letter is to another correspondent, W. H. Harrison:—]

NAPLES, *30th Jany.* [1841].

1. MY DEAR SIR,—I have been intending to write you for a long time—and cannot bring forward my habit of procrastination as an apology—for people don't procrastinate pleasures, but I had several letters requiring answer—and I had a great deal to journalize about, and of all laborious things I know diarying requires the most steadiness—and takes up one's evenings—and I cannot write much owing to my eyes. We have had but laconic epistles from *you*—but you are much engaged—and *we* have certainly not much business except what is self-imposed in the way of lionizing.

[1] [Some years later Ruskin wrote to Browning, complaining of his obscurity. The poet answered with much the same arguments as those here used by Ruskin. Browning's letter is printed in Collingwood's *Life of Ruskin*, 1900, p. 163.]

[2] [For Ruskin's attitude to his Poems generally, see Introduction to Vol. II.]

2. I had a very kind letter from Dr. Croly this morning. I did not know he had never been in Italy. I have read so many brilliant sketches of Venice, Naples, and Turin in *F.O.* that I was much surprised by his denial of personal knowledge. Do you remember Il Vesuviano in a very old volume—I think it was Dr. Croly's—with an illus. by Turner—a glorious thing—all sparkle and whizz.[1] He is the only man of whom nature now reminds me; the only one, of all landscape painters, ancient or modern, to whom she seems to have laid her heart open—to have really requited the attachment. How he has watched her humours night and day—as I can trace in every touch—down—or up—to the black shades on the cone of Vesuvius who is insulted by every other representation but his. It is a thing of unimaginable beauty—the drift of snow-white boiling vapour into the blue sky—susceptible of such change—that I have never, during eighteen days, seen it twice with the same character even for a quarter of an hour.

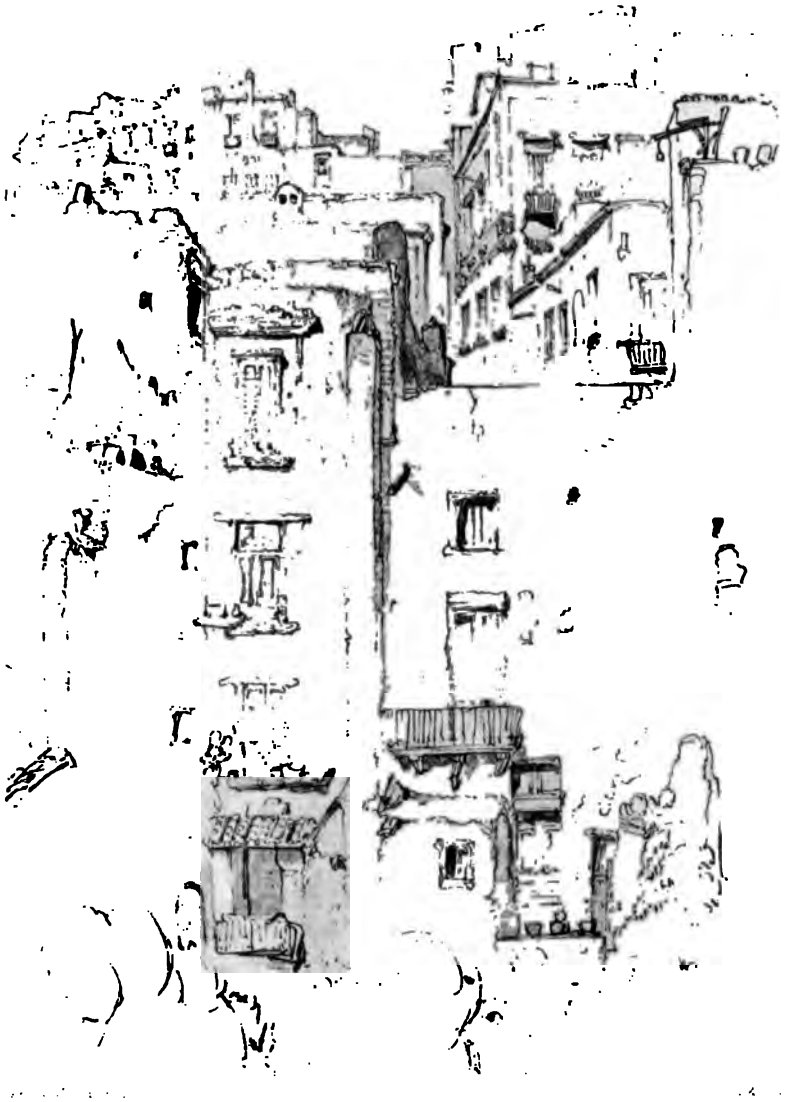
3. I am most thoroughly in my element here, having every possible source of enjoyment—Apennines round a horizon of 150 miles, sheeted with snow; sea, such as you never saw—nor I neither till I got here—blue and clear, as any sapphire; fortresses and rocks more than I can sketch—and a population whose every motion is a study—and a Volcano. What more can one have on earth? Rome, on the contrary, is the bluest place conceivable. Everybody in it looks like a vampyre; the ground is cold and churchyard-like; the churches are full of skeletons; the air is sulphurous; the water is bilge; the sun is pestiferous; and the very plaster of the houses looks as if it had got all the plagues in Leviticus. When I say water, I mean legitimate Roman springs; they bring all the water they want by their aqueduct—and lovely it is; fresh from the rocks of the Apennines—bubbling up in every street and market-place in abundant gushings, or poured in a roaring torrent under the arches of gigantic fountains; the only thing in Rome that does not look diseased or cursed—dying or dead—plague or terror-struck—falling, fallen, or to fall—desolate—desecrate—dismal—dull—or damnable—every possible word beginning with *d*—your d is a foul letter—the only thing wanting to any evil to make it the very devil—and St. Peter's!—Pshaw! I never saw so much good marble and ground wasted. They don't know what architecture means, in Italy; it is all bigness and blaze with them. The Duomo at Florence has an effective exterior—nothing but marble and jasper—and as big as St. Paul's—but it is a regular begin-to-build-and-not-able-to-finish affair—a mere shell—with no inside—a fine craniological development with no brains—a Pharisaical piece of ecclesiastical hypocrisy.[2]

4. I have done little in the drawing way—what with bad sight and bad weather. I got a good subject at Amboise, which I am working up to send home to you,—if you can make any use of it.[3] I have written absolutely nothing—and don't feel inclined. I am sure nobody ever writes well in the midst of exciting objects, for it takes away the *pleasure* of dwelling on your

[1] [*Friendship's Offering* for 1830 contained "Il Vesuviano: a Neapolitan Tale" (published anonymously), with an engraving of Vesuvius after a drawing by Turner. This engraving was "the first piece of Turner" Ruskin ever saw. In after years he owned the original drawing, "Vesuvius Angry"; see *Notes on his Drawings by Turner*, No. 24. For Dr. Croly, see above, p. 409.]

[2] [See above for Ruskin's disappointment with Florence on this visit, p. 380.]

[3] [*Cf.* p. 430, above, and see Vol. II. for the drawing in question.]



Windows at Naples 1841.

VII

VENICE, *May* 16, [1841].[1]

1. MY DEAR C——, "B.," but my last letter was two-sheeted; and, candidly, I was a little afraid of boring you by another too soon; besides, I have not been particularly well. Things went wrong with me at Albano, two months ago, and I have been very lazy since—blood coming three days running, and once afterwards; better now, however, and delicious weather here, so that I can do anything and go anywhere, at any time, in any dress, and in the fresh air all day. After a thorough spell of drawing, I have put up my pencils—rather sulkily, by-the-bye: for this place is quite beyond everybody but Turner—and sit down at the eleventh hour to answer your enquiry, "Can you tell me anything of Peterborough?" In the hope of your requiring no information on the subject, under the probability of your having already got more than I can give, I need not reply at much length. Of the town, whether lively or dull, pleasant or pestiferous, I know absolutely nothing. The Cathedral is the most original and bold in conception of exterior (or rather of west front) of all our English basilicas; it is very corrupt—and very impressive—throughout. I think, from what I remember, the services are well performed; the cloisters are beautiful, though ruined; the churchyard the most beautiful in England.[2] Altogether, I think I would rather have it for a study than any other I remember; the town looks cheerful, but the country round is dead flat. I should think there were no walks, and a good deal of marsh hydrogen.

2. I have just read your letter over, which leaves me in a very uncomfortable doubt of your being in any particular

[1] [*Postmark.* For "B." see above, pp. 414, 434.]
[2] [See above, p. 246.]

point of space, and possessed of an exceedingly indistinct notion of your state of existence, as you date from three places and profess an intention of going to two more. I shall take you up at Clifton, and toil after you in vain. I don't wonder at your admiring Clifton, it is certainly the finest piece of limestone scenery in the kingdom, except Cheddar, and Cheddar has no wood. Did you find out the dingle running up through the cliffs on the south side of the river, opposite St. Vincent's?[1] When the leaves are on, there are pieces of Ruysdael study of near rock there, with the noble cliff through the breaks of the foliage, quite intoxicating; but I cannot endure the Avon—(*Mantua, May 20th.*)—nor the wells, nor the fashionabilities, nor the smoke, nor the boarding-schools on the downs, nor the steamers on the river, nor any other of the accompaniments. I had much rather be with you—where you go next—at your uncle's house in Yorkshire (Is this synonymous with "Copgrove"?)[2]

8. There you get metaphysical,[3] and on a stiff subject, too—natural affections; you ask if this coldness (towards unseen relations) be peculiar to *you*. Certainly not; nor do I think it can possibly be peculiar even to you and me. I think the *instinct* of the human race is as much below that of lower animals here as in other cases. We cannot fish out our relations by the smell, as sheep or cows could; nor should I be much disposed to believe in any stories of instinctive clinging towards an unknown relative. But why should you think this "selfish"? It would be much more selfish if we loved a certain number

[1] [Ruskin's summer tour in 1839 had included Cheddar. Clifton was a favourite haunt of Ruskin's childhood, as his father's business often took him to Bristol (see *Præterita*, i. ch. v. § 106; ii. ch. i. § 2). For Ruysdael, *cf.* above, p. 421; a little later Ruskin was less appreciative of his work: see *Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. i. §§ 2, 21.]

[2] [Copgrove Hall, a country seat in large wooded grounds, near Knaresborough.]

[3] [In a letter of this time to W. H. Harrison, Ruskin writes:—

"Your kind letter has been a thorn in my side for this month past—which I am sure was the last thing you intended it to be, my sin turning its good into my evil; but when I tell you I have been running fast through Venice, Verona, and Milan—the three most glorious cities of Italy—you will conceive my eyes have always been tired and my hand shaky by the end of the day; and as one or two of my college correspondents send me quantities of *metaphysics* by way of amusement, and require metaphysical replies," etc., etc.]

of human beings merely because they have so much of *our own* flesh and blood in them, than if, as seems generally the case, we gave our affection under the gradual influence of mutual kind offices. In the one case, the relation is loved with a selfish love, as part of ourselves: "This is *my* son, sir." In the other he is but treated with pure justice and gratitude as our benefactor, or with that strange but beautiful affection given to those whom we have benefited.[1]

It seems to me that, as far as mere theory goes, the claims of relations *as such* upon our good offices are totally untenable and unjust to the rest of mankind. But such a principle never can be carried into practice, because, though people would be glad enough to cast off their relations if public opinion permitted it, it would be odds if anybody else were a bit the better for it. Still, it is odd that the domestic affections, founded as they are in our most trivial habits, unjustified in nine cases out of ten by any worthiness of object, and bestowed with as little concurrence of our reasonable nature as a cat's love of its native hearth, should be such ennobling, dignified, beautiful parts of our moral system.

Who would not scorn—and that justly—a man who had no patriotism? Yet what is patriotism but an absurd prejudice, founded on an extended selfishness?[2] Who would not detest a man who should weigh his brother's request as if it came from an utter stranger? Yet how is it just that a worthier claim should be rejected, because habits of sitting in opposite chairs have brought the affections together?

It is not a subject to be pressed however; for an affection, however unreasonably placed, is always a good thing, and our fault is not that we love our relatives too much, but that we do not include all who live in the number.

4. That theory of Lord Dudley's[3] about association has

[1] [Ruskin, it will be seen, did not share the Scottish clannishness.]

[2] [For Ruskin's later remarks on Patriotism, see *Val d'Arno*, § 247, *A Joy for Ever*, § 81, *Bibliotheca Pastorum*, vol. i. (Editor's Preface), *Fors Clavigera*, Letter xlvi., and "Home and its Economies" (in *On the Old Road*, 1885, vol. ii. §§ 131–134).]

[3] [Presumably the eccentric and celebrated John William Ward, first Earl of Dudley (1781–1833). The reference may be to his posthumously published *Letters to the Bishop of Llandaff* (1840), where at p. 294, in announcing his conversion to interest in natural scenes, he says that completely to enjoy them "one should be able to attach to them

been held by quantities of people, I believe, but in its e
it is of course mere nonsense. It has arisen, I suppos
people finding it difficult to give just reasons for their d
more pleasure from one object than from another, the a
to do so being primarily as reasonable as an attempt t
logical causes for our preferring otto of roses to asa
Numbers of pretty fancies may be formed about the
numbers of them may be secondarily and locally tru
you must have a good, downright brutal instinct to
with, or you never know where you are. God has said,
shall like this, and you shall dislike that," and there is
of the matter; it will be liked and disliked to all time,
all the associations in the world stood in array agai
impulses. On these natural feelings one may set to
one may teach, accustom, associate, and do a great
increase, diminish, or change, but the natural instinct
the source of all.

You may well ask, what does Lord Dudley me
association? it is a very ambiguous word. I should not
your pleasure in looking at a path which Rob Roy had t
to be the result of association: it is a legitimate his
interest. You do not think the stones, or the grass, o
the prettier for it; and therefore, as far as it affects
notions of beauty, the association is void. Still less sh
allow seeing God's power in the great deep to be associ
it is actual observation of interesting fact. But suppos
during some particularly pleasurable passage or mom
your life your eye falls unconsciously on some sti
stone of particular form, and that, years afterwards, yo
another stick or stone resembling it, you would instantly
thrill, a sensation of sudden beauty in the inanimate o
which you would not be able to account for to yours
anybody else; you would kick it and turn it upside dow
say it was an odd stone, and you never saw such a

those associations which . . . occasion some of the strangest and most delight
ings of the human heart." In 1833 the earldom of Dudley became extinct.
Humble Ward, Baron Ward, was at Christ Church with Ruskin, but the ear
Dudley was not revived in his favour till 1860.]

before, and you could not tell what was in the stone, but it certainly was a beautiful stone. This illegitimate connexion of ideas is, I think, what theorists mean, or ought to mean, by association, and it operates to a vast extent on all our sensations, so much so that I suppose not one of our tastes is entirely free from it. But it would take an infinite deal of association to make me like brown better than red, though you were to seal all your letters with brown wax henceforth for ever.[1]

5. It might seem degrading our emotions of beauty to bring them down so completely to instincts, but as all our admiration of natural objects is of course resolvable into admiration of colour, form, and size, with that of power and motion occurring at intervals, it would seem to be just. It seems to be sometimes permitted us to trace the purposes of God in giving us these instincts—as painful sensations are generally destructive, and pleasures the contrary; and in our sensations of beauty it would seem that a healthy mind has a natural attraction towards, and admiration for, attributes of material things, which are illustrative of the attributes of the Deity.[2] All composition is, as you know, based on our love of three in one. A picture must have three centres of colour, three of shade, three of light, and these three must be so united as to form one. All fine forms of nature, in hills, leaves, branches —what you will—are triple.[3] Seven seems another number connected with Deity. So you have the seven colours of the lens, resolvable into *three*, forming one pure light by their union. So you have the seven notes of the gamut, resolvable, I believe, into three. So you have the triangle as the first and simplest of all forms—and so on. But all this is mere speculation, mere curious coincidence, perhaps meant to show us that there was a meaning in our instincts, but not in any degree elevating those instincts—pure, unmanageable, downright instincts they always must be.

[1] [With this passage on the Association of Ideas should be compared *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. iv.]

[2] [This is the theory which Ruskin worked out in *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. v., "Of Typical Beauty."]

[3] [Cf. the German proverb "Alle gute Dinge sind drei."]

6. I am exceedingly sorry to hear of your sister's illness; but I am not sure that you need therefore regret the want of your carriage. In my own case I never found the slightest benefit from carriage exercise. It seems to shake the nerves about, but does not stretch a muscle. Motion of the arms seems to be the most thoroughly . . .[1] one can take; but it is tiresome for an invalid, especially when, as in your sister's case, perfect exercise of limb and body cannot be taken. Probably the cough was owing in a great degree to this terrible winter. If May is proportionably warm with you, as with us, I hope it may be entirely gone.

I am not, as I told you, much better myself. Hitherto the climate relaxes most abominably, and all exertion becomes fatigue; but I am now getting fresh air all day—and all night, almost—and am doing better. We hope to get over the Alps in about a fortnight, if they are safe; but there is much snow on them, and the avalanches are very dangerous at present. However, we . . .[2] come straight home, as straight as roads will go, and . . .[2] fast as I can come—not above forty miles a day that is—so there will be full time for you to let me know the result of the Merton election, and any other matters about yourself; and don't be afraid of *details*, as you call them—a letter never reads kind without them.

7. I don't know what I shall do when I get home. I cannot read, nor take my degree, nor have I much cause so to do for a year or two, as I can undertake no duties. I was thinking of getting some small place in Wales[3] for a laboratory, and to hold my minerals, among the hills, where I could have a poney [*sic*] and grow my own cabbages; and then you must come and stay with me, and plan rooms and put up bookcases together. It would be very nice, I think; but I have got quite out of the habit of looking forward to things, for I never know one day whether I may not be incapacitated from everything next morning. And everything disappoints one so desperately as

[1] [Space left where the paper was torn under seal.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

[2] [Spaces left where the paper was torn under seal.—*Editor's Note*, 1894. The words "shall" and "as" are presumably missing.]

[3] [As later in life he thought of doing in Switzerland: see *Præterita*, ii. ch. xi. § 206.]

you get up in age. That power of being happy with a few violet-seeds or foxglove-bells is so glorious in childhood—so severe a loss, no prospects of men can ever recompense it. Ambition disturbs, science fatigues, everything else cloys. Not but that I can sail a boat in a gutter or build a bridge over a rivulet still, with much delight and self-edification;[1] but one does not like to look, even to one's reflection in the water, so like an idiot. Senses of duty and responsibility too are confounded bores. What a nice thing it was at six years old to be told everything you were to do, and whipped if you did not do it! One never felt that one had got such a nasty thing as a conscience rustling and grumbling inside. I find nothing equal to quiet drawing for occupying the whole mind, without fatiguing one of its powers. I have got a decent number of sketches, forty-seven large size and thirty-four small, but even then my eyes hinder me.

8. I have found nothing in all Italy comparable to Venice. It is insulted by a comparison with any other city of earth or water.[2] I cried all night last time I left it, and I was sorry enough this time, though, of course, I have lost the childish delight in the mere splashing of the oar and gliding of the gondola, which assisted other and higher impressions. I got well over the Doge's palace this time, into every hole and corner of the prisons, over the Bridge of Sighs, into all the secret chambers of the Council of Ten. It looks now as if there had been a slight proportion of what one would call gammon about it. The prisons are unpleasant enough, chiefly because, lying under water, they have no daylight and not much air; but, for mere upholstery, I should not suppose a cell of Newgate much better. They are little dens of about 8 feet by 6, 6 feet high, cased with wood, with a wooden immovable bench by way of bedstead; one circular hole, four

[1] [This taste he never lost. The construction of "the gutter" at Denmark Hill (*Præterita*, iii. ch. iv. § 85) and the Hincksey diggings at Oxford may be mentioned; and in 1875 he helped to dig and build the harbour at Brantwood with Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Wedderburn.]

[2] [For Ruskin's later memories of this visit to Venice, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii., and the passage from his diary of 1841 there quoted: "Thank God, I am here; it is the Paradise of cities."]

inches over, to admit air. The chambers of torture are pretty well lighted—they are at the top of the palace; but as all the black hangings are gone, and have been succeeded by plaster walls of a merry cream colour, they produce no very terrific effect. This is the most thoroughly stupid town of Italy.[1] Verona is glorious—Florence a bore—Rome a churchyard—Naples a Pandemonium—Paestum a humbug.

I have got your soap,[2] and I shall send it you as soon as I get home. But I hope, in spite of your warning, to receive another letter before then; but don't bore yourself, if you are busy about your election. The kindest remembrances to Mrs. C—— and all your family. Ever your most sincere friend,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Ruskin's entry in his diary for "Mantua, May 20, 1841," is as follows:—
"As intensely stupid a town as ever I entered. The chief church is pretty, or rather fine, in proportions, and frescoed with some effect, and I heard a good passage or two of music there (Assumption of the Virgin) in the evening. Doge's palace curious; Giulio Romano's house very gentlemanly; palace opposite with colossal caryatides, smashed to pieces, rather grand; and fortifications beyond the lake magnificent. Odd old house, whose windows I will note to-morrow, in the chief square; bad inn, and verminy beds—and so much for Mantua."]

[2] [See above, pp. 420, 446.]

The Aventine
1841

VIII

53 Russell Terrace, Leamington [1841],[1]
(*My future address till further notice.*)
September 27[2]

1. My dear C——, Your kind letter of the 18th with its dissertation on the duties of correspondence puts me into a very particular quandary. For after a great many generalities about sensible and useful letter-writers — and very proper resolutions to drop all who are not sensible and useful in all they say or write—you ask me pointedly whether I think this a correct line to draw. To which query, if I give a definite answer, you may turn round upon me with an "Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee," and vow you will have nothing more to do with anybody writing such a cramped hand[3] and so much nonsense. Wherefore all I can say is, that if you keep me you may cut as many other people as you like; and if you cut me your principles are radically wrong. You say chit-chat on both sides is wrong. Would it be wrong to rest yourself in conversational chit-chat? and is the stroke of the pen so very laborious as to render that which from the tongue is recreation, labour from the fingers—to make what would be innocent in sound, criminal in sight? Are there not many five minutes in the course of the week when an instant's odd feeling might be noted down, a perishing thought arrested, a passing "castle in the air" expressed—with much pleasure to your friend, and perhaps some even to yourself? I rather think that the choice of our correspondents should be referred rather to our feelings of pleasure than of duty. If I think a person can sympathise with me in a stray feeling, I have

[1] [For Ruskin's sojourn at Leamington, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv., and *cf.* p. 395 *n*, above.]
[2] [*Postmark.*]
[3] [*Cf.* below, pp. 472, 500; and see Introduction, p. lvii.]

pleasure in communicating it; and more in doing so on paper than by words, because I can do it more completely. Therefore I do not look to my correspondence as a duty to be performed, but as the very best mode of entering into society, because one talks on paper without ever uttering absolute truisms to fill up a pause, without ever losing one's temper, without forgetting what one has got to say, without being subjected to any of the thousand and one ills and accidents of real conversation. Therefore if I like a friend at all, I like him on paper. And to say I will not correspond with a person is just the same as saying I will not know him more than I am compelled to do. This is going very far—but I hate society in general.[1] I have no pleasure, but much penance, in even the *presence* of nine out of ten human beings. Those only I like to be with, whom I like to write to—and *vice versâ*. I think, therefore, when you say that you cannot conscientiously correspond with people, it is much the same as saying you cannot associate with them. For surely time is generally ten thousand times more wasted in the commonplaces of the tongue, than in selecting such pieces of our mind as would be glad of sympathy, and folding them in the sheet of paper for our friend. I don't think it ought to be labour. You should learn to write with your eyes shut, and then it is mere exercise of the right hand.

You ask me if I am thinking about my degree. If my health continues to improve I shall go up for a pass next Easter. Jephson[2] says he will make me perfectly well; he has made me much fatter already—or, to speak more correctly, less lean. Chest I think a little better; altogether I am under no anxiety.

2. I am sorry to say I know absolutely nothing of entomology.[3] I have a great respect for the science; but I always

[1] ["One who knew and loved him" has recalled a piece of advice once given by Ruskin: "Fit yourself studiously for the very best society, and then—carefully keep out of it" (*Spectator*, Nov. 1, 1902).]

[2] [See above, pp. 395 *n*, 398.]

[3] [Nor did he ever take kindly to this branch of science. Its conclusions were sometimes as unwelcome to him as its smells; see *Hortus Inclusus*, 1887, p. 103, where, referring to a visit to the present Lord Avebury, he says, "I have been made so miserable by Sir John Lubbock's views on flowers and insects."]

thought it a disagreeable one in practice, partly from the constant life-taking, partly from the concatenation of camphoric smells which one's collection constantly exhales, and partly because—to make any progress—a constant dissection and anatomising must be gone into, really as laborious and half as disgusting as any transaction at Surgeons' Hall. I was much tempted to begin botany among the ruins of Rome,[1] but I found it did not suit my eyes at all, and gave it up. I find quite enough to do with the sciences necessary to geology. Chemistry and fossil ichthyology[2] are enough for a lifetime in themselves. Do you know, I don't remember recommending any political life of Burke.[3] Nor do I think such a thing has been produced by any friend of mine. You had better think over your acquaintances, lest you pass the real recommender thankless by.

8. You ask me if I would not prefer notes often to letters seldom. I don't know. Notes are always half filled up with dates and signatures and formula. But if, without wasting time on any such rubbish, you will write on pleasantly and easily to yourself, and as the bits are done send each off—a thought now and a thought then, with E. C. at the bottom and no "my dear J.," nor hopes of anything, nor remembrance

[1] [Those who know the ruins of Rome only in their present state—stripped, scraped, and swept—may well wonder how they could tempt to the study of botany. But in the old days they were luxuriant with vegetation. The *Flora of the Colosseum*, published by Dr. R. Deakin in 1855, comprised 420 species growing on the walls. They were swept away by Sig. Rossi in 1871, and all the Roman ruins are now periodically scraped—to the joy of the archæologist, to the sorrow of the æsthetic. The Baths of Caracalla—now gaunt and bare—were once overgrown with the most beautiful flowers and shrubs. Shelley wrote his *Prometheus*, as he tells us in the preface, "upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air." See also Story's *Roba di Roma*, vol. ii. ch. iv. For Ruskin's neglect of scientific botany in early life, see *Præterita*, i. ch. iii. § 67, ii. ch. vii. § 130, and for his attitude to the study generally, his introduction to *Proserpina*; and see also in that work, ii. ch. iv. §§ 7, 8, where he recalls his delight in the Alpine flowers, and regrets that during the "earliest and usefullest years of such travelling" he did not take up botany as a study.]

[2] [On settling down at Leamington, the first thing Ruskin did was to go to the library and choose a book to work at. "After due examination, I bought Agassiz' *Poissons Fossiles*, and set myself to counting of scales and learning of hard names,—thinking, as some people do still, that in that manner I might best advance in geology;" see further, *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 62.]

[3] [Burke was, however, a writer much admired by Ruskin; see *Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. vi. § 14 (note added in the separate, 1883, edition).]

to anybody—then I should most certainly prefer hearing often of you to getting a double sheet once a twelvemonth. Remember, however, that the notes are the actual losers of time in folding, sealing and posting. Still I am not sure that I should not be the gainer by it, for unless you keep your long letters by you, and write a bit now and a bit then, there will certainly be less in it than in the aggregate of notes.

I am a sad fellow for new books—I see very few. Alison's *History of Europe*[1] has an over-reputation at present. I am reading it, and find it verbose and inconsistent with itself in opinions and arguments. But as a statement of facts I should think it excellent. There were several things I had to say I haven't said, but I will write again soon. Sincere regards to all your family.—Ever most truly your friend,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [Another book which Ruskin read at Leamington (see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 64). In later years Ruskin expressed a more favourable opinion of it. "I know no work of as wide range in which the argument is more logically sustained, or more justly in many points conclusive" (*Modern Painters*, vol. ii. pt. iii. sec. i. ch. iv. § 7 : note added in the separate, 1883, edition).]

IX

HERNE HILL, *Wednesday—25th, I think—Nov.* [1841].[1]

1. MY DEAR C——, I did not answer your *note*, because I wanted to have gone over to Twickenham first; and I did not instantly answer your *letter*, because I was very much vexed at finding I was too late, and because I wanted to look over your letter carefully before answering it. It was in the main much what I expected; and as you say you dislike reasoning on these subjects, I will say no more, especially because I think I have no right to run the risk, in asking for light from others, of extending my darkness in any degree to them, which I might possibly do even to the firmest faiths, without deriving equivalent benefit. But I will ask you two more questions: 1. Do you think that there is any chance for part of mankind of dying altogether—of annihilation, as so far supported by that text—"They who shall be accounted worthy to obtain the resurrection from the dead"[2]—and some others?[3] 2. If you do not believe this, do you really believe in an eternity of extreme bodily and mental torment for nine-tenths or some such proportion of mankind?

2. Your letter is very unsatisfactory in one respect—that it does not tell me anything about anybody, except that "*they* are gone to Cheltenham for the winter," which, however beneficial it is to be hoped it may prove to the ladies included in the pronoun, is not particularly pleasant news for *me*. Is all your family gone? and how are they? and how are you?

[1] [*Postmark.*]

[2] [Luke, xx. 35. After "obtain," the text has "that world, and . . . ."]

[3] [This is a view to which Mr. Gladstone was in his later years inclined: see his *Studies Subsidiary to Bishop Butler*, 1896, pt. ii. ch. v. He thought that Christ brought immortality to a mortal race, to be accepted or rejected by them—an opinion which he seems to have formed as a way of escape from a dilemma: on the one hand, endless pain or punishment; on the other, moral evil and moral good having the same result hereafter. For Ruskin's argument from instinct to immortality, see *Modern Painters*, vol. iii. ch. x. § 13; for remarks on the relation of such belief to conduct, see *Ethics of the Dust*, lecture vii., and *Crown of Wild Olive*, Introduction.]

and what have you been idling at Twickenham for? h
much leave of absence have you?

I don't agree with your *note* (never acknowledged) in
eulogium on horses. I can't endure them; they are the cu
of England, and make horses of half our gentlemen.[1] Th
are very good sort of things for devil-may-care, simoo
blackguards of Ishmaelites to make friends of, or steaks o
as the case may require; but for civilised creatures like us
risk our necks and brains upon, too bad. There's Karslak
he would really draw well if he didn't like horses; but
never gets hold of a piece of paper without covering it w
indelicate rumps and cocky tails, and runs the risk every
of his life of terminating his earthly career in a ditch, w
an affectionate series of friends to — leap over him.
cowardly, ungenerous brute too, taking instant advantage
a weak rider, and never behaving decently but when it ca
help it. Horses indeed! They are not even useful on pap
A cow is good for something; a stag, a crow, a sheep, a go
a goose, anything but a horse, will do people good when th
get into a scrape in composition; but anything equestrian
ruin. Don't talk to me about horses.[3]

3. It is late, and I am obliged to take so much exercise th
I have hardly any time for letter-writing. I am studying w
Harding too for foliage, and he gives me a great deal to do
but I suppose I can be of no further use to you, you have c
all these things. Must I, when I follow you?[5]

Remember me most kindly to all your family when y
write. Send me at least a note when you can. All here jo
with me in kind regards.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [For Ruskin's humiliating experiences of "horses that jumped, and reared, a
circled and sidled," see *Præterita*, i. ch. v. § 110. His humorous invective here
not prevent him from regarding "the chivalry of horse and of wave" as an essent
part of education (see, *e.g.*, *Fors Clavigera*, Letter ix.). For the horse in art, see *Mod
Painters*, vol. v. pt. ix. ch. vi. §§ 21–23.]

[2] [E. K. Karslake, Q.C. (1830–1892), was at this time at Christ Church.]

[3] [Yet he had thoughts of setting up a "poney"; see above, p. 452; and
Præterita, i. ch. v. § 109.]

[4] [See *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 70.]

[5] [Ruskin, as has been seen, had still not altogether abandoned the idea of taki
Orders; *cf.* p. 398.]

X

[*Dec.* 22, 1841.][1]

You ask me for some *bold* things in pencil to copy. If *chalk* will answer your purpose, I will send you some fragments of Harding (under whom I am hard at work on foliage now), which are worth five thousand of anything of mine; and if you want materials I will get them sent you. These bits are only *trees*, however, and ground; if you want architecture, I must try my own hand. Pray do not give up your drawing; the great use of it is, that it enables you to seize and retain thousands of ideas which would otherwise escape you, merely by their picturesqueness. Depend upon it, it raises the mind as much as it recreates it.

I am exceedingly glad to hear of your sister's returning health, after her late severe trial. I hope the severity of this winter, early set in as it is, will not throw her back. Are you going to stay at W—— all winter? I shall wait to hear from you before sending the drawings, as though they are mere scraps and boughs on odd corners of paper, I should not like to lose them. You will receive herewith, I hope, a copy of F. Off[s][2] for next year, of which I crave your acceptance, and, if you ever condescend to such light work now, critical perusal.

Remember me to all your family, and with kindest wishes of the season for them and you, believe me, ever most truly yours,

J. Ruskin.

I send your sermon back by this post.

[1] [The outside sheet of a letter bearing *postmark* as above.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

[2] [*Friendship's Offering* for 1842, containing "The Last Song of Arion," and "The Hills of Carrara." See Vol. II., and *cf.* above, p. 437.]

XI

[*No dat*

DEAR C——, Looking over my letters to-day, I came a your questions, which with shame I recollect *not* to answered. You *must* have a holder for your chalks—th you should often take them this way, pinching * between thumb and two first fingers, but letting clear through your hand. You should place your paper upright, as on an eas sketching, and sketch holding your p exactly as you would a foil or broadsw This will give you a feeling and *touc* to speak, all *up your arm.* You may common writing-paper to practise shading or separate tou *per se*, as mere exercise of hand, but you must not att copying except on proper paper: we have quite enough culties to contend with without making them.—Ever you

J.

Fig. 70

* The point of the second finger is seen below the thumb; it the touches the chalk with the hollow of its uppermost joint. (*Note original*).

XII

[*Postmark, February* 21, 1842.]

1. MY DEAR C——, You really are a very good boy. I have not got so nice a letter from you this year past, and was afraid you were losing your spirit, getting dull, or blue, or lazy, or ill; but this last is quite satisfactory, and so I send you back a leaf of your sermon which, having accidentally dropped out as I was packing it up, and remained undiscovered till the rest was posted, has been thenceforward detained by me, in hopes you might *miss* it (as I heard an omnibus cad remark to an old lady the other day as he picked her bag up out of the straw: "P'raps, marm, if you don't take it with you you'll miss it"), and send after it, and I might thereby get a letter out of you.

What do you mean by your postscript? To whom *should* I write if not to the only one of my friends whom I cannot see? I made very few at college, most of them above my sphere of life, and therefore necessarily lost as soon as I left.[1] Acland I see every now and then; and he is fifty times worse than you at answering, for I never got but two decent letters out of him, and you—before you had something better to do—sent me many.

Why do you say you have no ideas in common with me? I should be very sorry for my own sake if such were the case; and if it *were*, it would only render our letters more useful to each other and, according to your own principle, render correspondence something like a duty.

Why do you call yourself "indolent"? It is one of the last faults I should have thought of in you. My impression

[1] [In *Præterita* (i. ch. xi.) Ruskin mentions among his friends at Christ Church, Charteris (afterwards Earl of Wemyss), the Earl of Desart, and Lord Kildare. From these letters we can add Cocks (afterwards Earl Somers) and de Ginkel (afterwards Earl of Athlone). Another friend of whom Ruskin saw something (as appears from his diary) was Lord Eastnor; *cf.* above, p. xxxv. *n.*]

of you has always been as of a person of singularly active, *somewhat* changeable, energetic, and cheerful disposition. I never remember seeing you idle or disposed to be so for a second, and I am certain that an indolent person *could* not possibly have been so unvarying in their sweetness of temper. Idleness or indolence always makes people morose; while I never remember seeing the spring or the gentleness of your mind fail. I must have a talk with you about it some time.

2. I am busy enough just now, and shall be, for these two months, hardly able to write to anybody. I believe I shall go up to Oxford somewhere about April-Fool Day—by way of doing things consistently—as the examinations begin on the 15th, and I want to be a fortnight with Mr. Brown before they begin.[1] I should be glad if I could see you at Herne Hill first; for you, by your own account, and I, without doubt, shall be plagued enough at Oxford.

I am glad you like the drawings, as far as they go; they are things which you can take up for five minutes and drop again (in copying), in a convenient way for a busy life. By-the-bye, notice that your paper has *two* sides, and draw on the smooth one. If, when you are tired of everything else, you will just take up your chalk and a bit of waste paper and cover it with this sort of thing, endeavouring to get the shade at once, clear and *even*, not blacker at one part than another, with a broad point, you will always be making progress; changing the direction, as at *a*, makes it look more flexible. When really applied to foliage, you can do it with your eyes shut, as it is a mechanical habit of hand that is wanted.

Fig. 71

3. Thank you for taking my impudence about your sermon

[1] [Ruskin, having recovered his health, settled down to work at Herne Hill in November 1841, with Osborne Gordon to coach him, in preparation for his examinations in the following spring. The Rev. Walter Brown had been his tutor at Christ Church. Ruskin, after leaving Leamington, had stayed with him for a few days at his rectory of Wendlebury, near Oxford, where he took pupils (*Præterita*, i. ch. x. § 213; ii. ch. iv. § 68). See also note to "A Walk in Chamouni," in Vol. II.]

so good-naturedly. I should almost be glad to be what you call me—a private judgment man—rather than the *nothing* I am; but I find it so intolerably difficult to come to any conclusion on the matter, that I remain neither one thing nor another. Both extremes, I feel certain, are wrong, but where or how to fix the mean I know not. Whom to believe implicitly—whom to pay respect to—whom to dispute with—whom to judge—I cannot tell; never can attach any real practical meaning to the word "church."[1] Does it mean my prayer-book — or my pastor — or St. Augustine? or am I *generally* to believe all three, and yet dispute particular assertions of each? One thing only I know—that I had rather be a Papist than a dissenter—or a member of the Church of Scotland;[2] and I think the error of blind credence is error on the right side, but it *is* an error for all that; and when to stop, or why to stop, or how to stop, in belief of interpretation or teaching, I cannot tell. I have not time to write more. I did not mean to object to your statement—that Christ was to judge the *whole* world—but to express some wonder at your implied suspicion of our believing that he was only to judge *half* of it.

I have not said half I had to say (no more impudence, however), but I am bothered with this degree; I can't write Latin—I am nervous.[3] I am very glad to hear all your family circle have escaped the winter well. I don't think I can get to Twickenham before I go to Oxford, but shall wait on them instantly on returning.—Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [The question was taken up by Ruskin in *The Construction of Sheepfolds* (1851).]
[2] [For the waning of Ruskin's evangelicalism, reflected in this letter—"I had rather be a Papist"—see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iii. § 53.]
[3] [Cf. *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 74.]

XIII

[*Postmark, March* 12, 1842.]

1. My dear C——, You are better than good.[1] I had no hopes of another letter so soon; mighty pretty too; many thanks. But I haven't time for a word, except just to express my obligations for the bit of George Herbert, whom I think I shall bring out some day in an illuminated missal form, all gold and sky blue, as he ought to be—the most heavenly writer I know.[2]

2. To answer about shade.[3] The two great requisites in shade are: first, "evenness," that is, that one part of it shall not be irregularly or accidentally darker than another, but that it should be quite flat and equal, for this it always does in nature; and, secondly, "transparency," which means that it should look (in a tree) as if you could fly *through* it if you were a bird, or (in anything else) as if it were something not laid *on* the object, but between you and it, *through* which you saw it.

Now, so that you secure these two qualities, it matters not in the least what means you secure them by; only, the less the means are visible the better is the drawing, because the *means* of nature are *never* visible; that is, in a mass of shade, you cannot distinguish or arrange the individual touches of shade (as in leaves) by which it is

[1] [This sentence is erased in the original, and the following paragraph inserted above: "I kept this two days, expecting to see you. As you haven't come I send it, only erasing my first too favourable expression of opinion."—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

[2] [For George Herbert, see above, p. 409, and below, p. 489. Ruskin did not himself begin to acquire illuminated books till 1851, but from his early years he had "gazed at them with wonder and sympathy" (see *Præterita*, iii. ch. i. § 18).]

[3] [*Cf.* with the following passages the shading exercises in *Elements of Drawing*, Lecture I.]

produced. But you will soon find that if two touches of chalk cross each other they are darker together than separately; if, therefore, you produce your shade thus: (supposing each of the groups of ink strokes to represent one broad chalk touch) you will have your shade darker at the intersections than between them, and thus lose *evenness;* therefore, the lines must not pass over one another, though they should often touch. If, again, you leave no white paper between, you lose transparency, the interstices of the foliage, and, therefore, you must be able to arrange touches so as never to cross or interfere with each other, and yet to touch and separate irregularly and playfully as leaves do. Now it is found by experience that the means most calculated to produce this impression are touches of this kind: very badly done, by-the-bye, for there was a hair in my pen, which has blotted, and so lost the very thing most wanted, evenness.

Fig. 72

These touches are susceptible of great change of character, in shortness, sharpness, character of extremities, individual breadth of line, etc., according to the tree you want; but the great thing to be noticed in them is, that if one be sharp and black it will not unite, or be in harmony with another, but will be like a discord in music, unless all are of the same *tone* and character, or, at least, changing gradually.

Fig. 73

Fig. 74

Now, at *first*, the more regularly and symmetrically you can do your shadow thus, so that all the points *a, b, c, d,* will be in one line, that line itself bending like foliage, by-the-bye, and so on, and each line at exactly the same distance from its neighbour. My step

at *e*, being too big, spoils the whole. The sooner, I say you can do this, the sooner will you be able to conceal all this artificial mechanism, and let your pencil run about

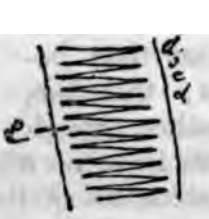


Fig. 75

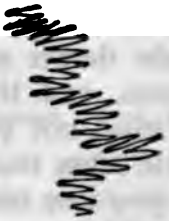


Fig. 76

the paper as carelessly as Nature herself, quite sure it cannot do wrong, for this regularity is not *visibly* present in good drawing, the best drawing of all being that in which you can least tell what has been done, or how it has been done; in which you cannot distinguish touches, or say where the pencil touched paper first and where it left it; those drawings, in fact, which it is physically impossible to copy touch for touch.

But it is not till you have acquired the power of producing this perfect symmetry of shade that your hand is

Fig. 77

to be let loose to do what it likes. So in outline you must begin thus—plague take it, I can't do it to-night—try again.

But all this mechanism is afterwards to be loosened,

and mixed up, when your hand gets used to it, and to become

Fig. 78

etc., even this being twenty times too symmetrical to be right. But I can show you more with the chalk in your hand in five minutes than thus in an hour, for the pen will not give my meaning; so you must come and see me.

I hope I shall have seen you, indeed, before you get this letter. If I don't, I will send another in a rage after it. Meantime, my mother's kind regards—governor travelling—mine to all at Twickenham. Forgive this scrawl—I am very sleepy. Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XIV

[*August* 19, 1842.][1]

1. I HAVE also spent, as I suppose almost everybody has, muc time in endeavouring to *colour* before I could draw, and t produce *beauty* before I could produce *truth*. Luckily, ther was always sufficient *work* in my drawings to do my han a little good; and I got on—though very slowly—far enoug to see I was on the wrong road. The time was wasted, bu did not do me *harm*. Now I hardly ever touch colour—neve work from imagination—and aim so laboriously at truth as t copy, if I have nothing else to copy, the forms of the stones i the heaps broken at the side of the road. Now therefore I an getting on, and look forward to ultimate power and success.

But all this does not apply completely to your case. I your other engagements put it out of your power to mak consistent effort, if you are hopeless of going so far as to hav your reward, do not waste the few moments you *have* upo the grammatical work, of which *quantity* is required before i will pay. Ten minutes a day, or say a quarter of an hour regularly and severely employed when you get up, or before dinner, or at any time when you *must* be at home, would ensure progress and power; but if you cannot do this, better give your hour a month to amusement. Make it as pleasing as you can to yourself; for it would do you no real good, however directed. I cannot understand even a Prime Minister's being so busy as not to be able to have a little table and closet or corner, with all his things lying constantly ready in their places. No putting away and taking out again, mind; and sitting down at quarter to eight every morning, and getting up and going down to breakfast at

[1] [The outside sheet of a letter, bearing *postmark* as above.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.]

eight—always locking yourself in, and never talking to anybody, nor thinking of anything else at the time. And where so little time is given it ought, if possible, to be early in the day; otherwise the hand may be shaky and the mind distracted —especially with clergymen, or any persons obliged to pass through serious scenes of duty. I do think that, if you are punctual with your meals, you would never feel the quarter of an hour, either just before or just after breakfast, as any loss to your day.

2. I fully agree with you, that the success of your present desultory efforts should encourage you, and induce you to consistent ones, as proving a certainty of their being rewarded; but it should not make you think you can do without them. Even supposing you to succeed to the utmost of your expectations, yet you never would gain any certain knowledge of Art. You would be perpetually in doubt and indecision respecting what was really right or wrong—liking one thing one day, another another—a state very different from the gradual dawn and determination of fixed principles, which day by day rise out of your practice, and prop you for further effort. The delicious sensation of a new truth *settled*, a new source of beauty discovered; for the consequence of real progress in art is never that we dislike what we once admired, but that we admire what we once despised, and that progress may always be tested by the power of admiration increased, the capacity for pleasure expanded.

Time was (when I began drawing) that I used to think a picturesque or beautiful tree was hardly to be met with once a month; I cared for nothing but oaks a thousand years old, split by lightning or shattered by wind, or made up for my worship's edification in some particular and distinguished way. *Now*, there is not a twig in the closest-clipt hedge that grows, that I cannot admire, and wonder at, and take pleasure in, and learn from.[1] I think one tree very nearly as good as another, and all a thousand times more beautiful than I once did my

[1] [For the discoveries which followed on Ruskin's first studies from simple nature, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. §§ 73, 77. In Vol. II. of this edition there is a reproduction of one of his tree-studies in 1842.]

picked ones; but I admire *those* more than I could then, tenfold.

Now this power of enjoyment is worth working for, not merely for enjoyment, but because it renders you less imperfect as one of God's creatures—more what He would have you, and capable of forming—I do not say truer or closer, because you cannot *approach* infinity—but far *higher* ideas of His intelligence. Whether, to attain such an end, you cannot, by a little determination, spare a quarter of an hour a day, I leave to your conscience.

I had a great deal more to say, but it would be merciless to cross such a hand as mine.[1]

3. We arrived here this morning, having come back by the Rhine from Chamonix, where we stopped a full month, with infinite benefit both to body and mind.[2] Lost a little in ill-temper at the muddy, humbuggy, vinegar-banked Rhine,[3] but very well on the whole. I will write as soon again as I can, but shall be rather busy at home for a month or two. Remember me respectfully to Mrs. C—— and all your circle. With best wishes for the renewal of your sister's health, believe me ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [For Ruskin's handwriting at this period, see Introduction, p. lvii., and *cf.* pp. 455, 500.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 75.]

[3] [In a letter of the same time to W. H. Harrison, Ruskin wrote (from Liège, August 7, 1842):—

> "We have been travelling through an European Bœotia, in which the air and earth and all that breathes the one or walks the other lie under one influence of unmitigated stupidity—a country whose earth is all dust, whose water is all mud, whose clouds are all tobacco, and whose reputation is all smoke. I mean the banks of the Rhine, which taken all in all seem to me to comprise everything objectionable in landscape—either dead plains growing nothing but potatoes, or bloated hills growing nothing but grapes. . . . Their very apples which here and there redeem the roadside, instead of being intended like our honest English ones to give little boys the stomach ache, are part and parcel of the universal humbug, and consumed by the unhappy English in the form of Hock."]

XV

[*Postmark, September* 19, 1842.]

1. MY DEAR C——, I had intended being beforehand with you, as my last letter was rather a complaint than a chat, but I have to thank you for your last, even though it is a little unruly. And so, because it doesn't suit you to do precisely what is *right* in art, you will do nothing. You won't draw at all, because you *ought* to finish your sketches if you did. *Do* finish your sketches, in the name of all that's industrious. Many an hour have I wasted over half-work, which I didn't like, which would have been profitable had I spent it in my own way; but I denied myself the pleasure, and yet dawdled over the work, and so lost both play and profit; and thus your conscience is too delicate to admit of your doing what you like in drawing, but not too delicate to let you do nothing at all. Finishing your sketches will do you a great deal of good, in mechanical matters—though I very much doubt the expediency of finishing, unless the very day or hour after the sketch has been taken. To forget a thing is better than to be deceived in it; and it is better that your sketches should tell you a *little* truth, than a *great deal* of falsehood. It is better that they should be feeble in verity than distinct in deception. However, I believe you will take your own way at last, and so it is no use talking.

I have not seen the book you speak of, but if it praises Turner *unqualifiedly* you may trust to it.

2. I think, judging by my own feelings, you were very right in refusing the vicarage. A clergyman's life in a crowded parish seems to me the most dangerous to health and life, and the most replete with every kind of annoyance, of any other state of virtuous life. If you are comfortable where you are, $\frac{2.00}{14.00}$ is not the sort of portion which should induce a change; but I don't think many men would have been so prudent.

Do you do nothing but divinity now? have you no varying pursuit? What books are you reading? Do you botanise at all? it is surely a clerical science, if there be one in the world. I don't think, by-the-bye, in your chemical question at end of last letter, you have stated the facts correctly. I don't think that a more rapid loss of caloric takes place in mutton than in beef, but that the point of *congelation* is higher. Dip your thermometer into the gravy at freezing-point, and if it determines a lower temperature, we will farther consider of it; but be particular that the quantity of carbon developed by the cook in the form of what people commonly and irrationally call "brown" be equal in both the joints, as this circumstance will very much affect *radiation*.

3. When may I hope to see *yo*? I believe I shall be in town now for a year—really quiet—perhaps for two, as we are going to change our house in a fo ght;[1] and I intend to try some experiments in the way of flo r effect. People usually consider flowers as individual pets, d not as coloured media, by which a landscape may be artis ically affected—"aff" or "eff," whichever you like: and v n I have got my gentians and violets into proper *tone*, you mu come and criticise.[2]

I got really rather fond of flowe s at Chamonix,[3] for there nature uses them as I say—not to deck a bank, but to paint a mountain.

I intended to have sent you a drawing as you desired me, on the 8th, but couldn't find *one* fit.

Accept my kindest wishes, in which all join. I fear I shall not be able to get over to Twickenham for some time, being in a bustle with moving, and busy besides with art, chemistry, and a little Greek.—Ever yours,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [For the removal from Herne Hill to Denmark Hill, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. iv. § 79.]

[2] [For another statement of Ruskin's objection to formal flower gardens, see above, *Poetry of Architecture*, § 210. For references in later years to Ruskin's gardens and hot-house flowers at Denmark Hill, see *Notes on the Educational Series*, *Præterita*, ii. ch. viii. § 149, and *Fors Clavigera*, 1871, Letter xi.]

[3] [He afterwards got very fond of them, as *Proserpina* was to show; among his papers there are a great many notes, with drawings, on the flora of Savoy. See also *Modern Painters*, vol. v. pt. vi. ch. x. §§ 2, 3.]

XVI

[*Postmark, January* 8, 1843.]

1. MY DEAR C——, Many thanks for your kind letter and enclosure,[1] which I have read very carefully, and like exceedingly—especially the concluding part of it, which is very graceful and impressive; nor, on the whole, do I think you are at all wrong in taking advantage of the popular notion respecting the Fall, as it is too essential a part of most persons' faith to be lightly struck at, nor unless under very strong convictions of some necessary or important truth which it prevents the reception of. But when you are thinking of the subject yourself, for your own private edification and good, I wish you would tell me what is your notion of a *tree.*

You will most likely have a conception of a thing with leaves on it, and bringing forth flowers in its season. You cannot conceive a tree without leaves and flowers. Now what do you mean by a leaf and flower? You mean by the first, an instrument for depriving carbonic acid of its oxygen, and giving carbon to the plant. You can have no other meaning; for leaves are of all colours, and forms, appearances, and have nothing in common but this—this is the essence of a leaf. You mean by the second, a part of the plant which has in it organs of fructification. You can have no other meaning but this; for flowers have no common form, nor appearance, nor anything essential but this.[2]

Therefore, you mean by the first, something which is perpetually giving to the plant that which it had not before; and by the second, a preparation for the production of another

[1] [A sermon, no doubt, in which the questions discussed in this letter and in the essay following it were involved.]

[2] [Cf. *Proserpina*, i. chs. iii. iv.]

plant. You imply, therefore, growth—change of state—and preparation for a succeeding existence. Therefore, when you say "a tree," you mean a growing, changing, and preparing thing.

Now it cannot grow for ever, for then there would not be nourishment for its substance. Whatever stops its growth must be a loss of energy in the vital functions—that is, incipient death. When you say a growing thing, therefore, you mean something advancing to death. Neither can the new tree and the old tree exist together. One must perish to make room for the other. Therefore, every bud and blossom of the parent tree implies and necessitates its destruction.

Therefore, when you say a preparing thing, a fructifying thing, you mean a *dying* thing. Therefore, whenever you speak of a tree, you speak of death. That which has not in it the beginning and germ of death, is not a tree. Consequently, if there were trees in the Garden of Eden there was death; or, if there was not death, they could not have had leaves, nor flowers, nor any of those organs of growth or germination which now constitute the essence of a tree. People will look very grave at you, indeed, if you hint that there were no *flowers* in the Garden, and yet the very meaning of the word flower is—something to supply *death*.

But if you can suppose that Scripture tells you that there were trees in the Garden, and means in saying so something which had neither leaves nor flowers, nor any organs of a tree, you may give up your trust in the whole of it at once; for you can never tell, if there be such latitude of interpretation, what anything *means* throughout the book. Therefore, either Scripture is wholly to be distrusted, as meaning one thing when it says another—or there was death in Eden.

2. Again: what do you understand by the term "lion"? Surely an animal with claws and sharp teeth. If it have not claws and teeth it is not a lion, it is some other animal—a different animal from any that we have any notion of, but not a lion. But if it have claws and teeth, do you suppose God gave it claws and teeth for nothing? The gift of an instrument

supposes the appointment to a function. The claw is to catch with, the teeth are to tear with, and there is a particular juice in the stomach to digest meat with. Now to suppose that these were given without intention of being used, is the same thing as to suppose that your tongue was given to you without your being intended to talk or taste with it, and that it is by corruption of nature that you walk with your legs. A lion at peace with other animals is therefore a contradiction in terms—or at least it is the same thing as saying that God has adapted every muscle to a function which it was never intended to discharge. And though by special miracle the lion shall eat straw as the ox,[1] that does not prove that it was made to eat straw, any more than the miracle of Elisha proves that iron was intended to be lighter than water[2]—which, if it were, the whole economy of the world must be changed.

Hence, if these animals were at peace in Eden, they were either created with especial view to their *after* functions, and maintained for a short time at peace by especial miracle; or else they were different animals—not lions nor tigers, but things of which we have no conception, having different muscles, no claws, no digestive organs for meat, etc., etc. To the first of these positions, the naming by Adam gives the lie direct, for it implies knowledge of their nature; and how could Adam know their nature, when every one of their functions was miraculously suspended? The second position is more possible, partially implied by the speaking of the infant, but yet it supposes a *new creation* at the fall of Adam, which I cannot but think would have been at least indicated in some way or other in Scripture.

Further. By the institution of carnivora, one third more *happiness* is brought into existence. For the earth will only by its appointed constitution feed a certain number of herbivora; and by making them food to a higher series, one more step of existence is gained.

Further. There is not *one* text in Scripture,

[1] [Isaiah, xi. 7.] [2] [2

you can squeeze the slightest evidence that death did not tak place with the lower animals.

Wherever death is mentioned as coming by man, th resurrection is mentioned as parallel with it. If you suppos the doom extended to the animals, so must the recover be. In the expression, "The whole creation groaneth an travaileth," etc.[1]—the words are πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις, *precisely* th words used to the apostles when our Lord bids them preac the gospel: πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει. Do you suppose our Lord mean to bid them preach to the *whole creation?* No—but the othe text is falsely translated; it can only mean "Every man—a men—every creature groaneth," etc.

3. Further. All this evidence coming from the visibl present creation, and Scripture, we have, in addition, geo logical evidence of death extending for an infinite series ages before man. Lyell has discovered the bones of th mastodon, the most recent of all fossils, in a bed *cut throug* by the ancient course of the Niagara, three hundred feet abov its present bed, and three miles and a half below the falls; i cutting back from this point, the river by the very lowes calculation must have been occupied 15,000 years.[2] My ow conviction is, therefore—it don't much matter what it is, bu I believe it is most people's who pay any regard whatsoeve to modern science—that man in Eden was a growing an perfectible animal; that when perfected he was to have bee translated or changed, and to leave the earth to his successor without pain. In the doom of death he received what befor was the lot of lower animals—corruption of the body—and far worse, death of the soul. I believe the whole creation wa in Eden what it is now, only so subjected to man as only t minister to him—never to hurt him. The words "to dress i and keep it" speak volumes.[3]

[1] [Romans, viii. 22. In the Greek: οἴδαμεν γὰρ ὅτι πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις συστενάζει καὶ συνωδί ἄχρι τοῦ νῦν (for we know that the whole creation—*ktisis*—groaneth and travaileth pain together until now).]

[2] [Sir C. Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, ch. xiv.]

[3] [Genesis, ii. 15. The words are the text of ch. i. of the fifth volume of *Mode Painters*, "The Earth Veil"; and cf. *Proserpina*, i. ch. iii. §§ 29–32.]

The only passage in your sermon I didn't like is that about tradition. Why say that is based on tradition which you can so easily prove from Scripture?

It is late. Remember me to all at Twickenham. I am very glad to hear your invalid is at least no worse.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

WAS THERE DEATH BEFORE ADAM FEL
IN OTHER PARTS OF CREATION?[1]

I. It is always to be remembered that geologists, generally, the asserters of the existence of death previou the Fall, appeal not to any text of Scripture for *proof* of t assertion—they affirm only that Scripture leaves the ma entirely undecided; and that therefore they are at liberty follow out the conclusions to which they are led by o evidence. Hence, when it is allowed that such and suc text "can neither prove nor disprove" anything relating the question, they have all that they contend for.

I did not therefore bring forward the text, Rom. viii, as in any way *proving* what I asserted, but because I h heard it over and over again used on the *other side*, as a p that all animals were affected by the curse on Adam.

Now, what Miss C—— says, that the word *ktisis* is use the animal creation in other places, is quite true; but ther a peculiarity in the use of the article before it, in this ve which limits it to man. The first and pure sense of this w is "the *act* of creation," in which sense it is opposed to *ktis* which means "a thing created." In this its pure sense *kt* occurs *without* the article in Gal. vi. 15, in which verse it carelessly translated in our version "a new creature," wh turns the verse into nonsense; the right sense being "neitl circumcision availeth, etc., nor uncir., etc.," but new birth new creation.[3]

The opposing word *ktisma* occurs in 1 Tim. iv. 4, of meat

[1] [In the ed. of 1894 this essay preceded Letter xvi. It is clear, however, tha followed the Letter, being by way of rejoinder to criticisms made by "C." and sister upon Ruskin's arguments in the Letter.]

[2] [In the foregoing Letter, § 2.]

[3] [In the Revised Version "a new creation" is given as an alternative translatic

in Rev. v. 18, viii. 9, of beasts; and in James, i. 18, of all created things.

The word *ktisis*, *without* the article, occurs with the meaning of creation generally—creation of the world—in Mark, x. 6, xiii. 19; Rom. i. 20; and 2 Peter, iii. 4.

From this sense it slides gradually into that of a created thing—as we say a beautiful *creation*, of a flower or other created object. So it occurs, Rom. viii. 89; 2 Cor. v. 17; Col. i. 15, and Heb. iv. 18; in all these cases without the article.

It is used, however, *with* the article in Rev. iii. 14, where the article is made necessary by the following words: "of God,"—not "creation" generally, but *the* creation *of God*, which is to distinguish it from that universal creation of which God the *Father* is said to be πρωτότοκος first-born, Col. i. 15, where no article is used; but *Christ* is in Rev. iii. 14 said to be, not the first-born of *all* creation, but the beginning of *the* creation *of God*. (And *we* again are said to be the ἀπαρχή, first-fruits or tribute, not of creation, but of the lower word *ktisma*, James, i. 18.) *Ktisis* is again used with the article in Rom. i. 25, where the article is rendered necessary by its opposition to *the* Creator.

I am aware of no other passages in which the word occurs with the article, except Mark, xvi. 15, Rom. viii. 19, 20, 21, 22, and Col. i. 28. In these instances the article is used with singular force and constancy, πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις, αὐτὴ ἡ κτίσις, πάσῃ τῇ κτίσει, etc.; and in all these cases its sense is absolutely limited to man, *the* creature of creatures, the chief creature of God.

Hence it is that I say, we have no right whatever to draw any argument from our translation of Rom. viii. 22, as if it included the whole creation; for in that verse the word is in the original peculiarly and closely limited to man.

II. The power of reproduction involves the necessity of death in many ways. First, because God never gave power without necessity for its use. If the trees first created on the earth were to be imperishable, there was no necessity for a

ver in them of creating others. The world would have be
ed into existence in perfection at once, as many trees a
nals might have been created as would exist in perfecti
happiness together, and all the complicated apparatus
tification dispensed with. God never makes anythi
re complicated than is necessary, nor bestows a facu
hout an object.

Secondly, the light little parenthesis of Miss C——, "p
vided there be sufficient nourishment," begs the whole questi
The farmer cannot grow wheat twice running in the sa
field, because *one* crop entirely exhausts the silicate of pot
necessary to the existence of the plant. Nor will it gr
again until the *death* either of the plant itself (as in straw u
for manure), or of some other plant containing the same s
has restored it to the soil. The sapling pine cannot rise to
full growth, nor, indeed, to *any* growth, until the *death* of
parent has restored to the soil its carbonate of potash. W
may imagine a tree maintained for ever in full streng
without demand upon the soil; but the moment we hear
its bearing seed, that moment we know that it must peri
Its seed implies that God has willed it to have a successor.
successor cannot rise but out of its decay.

But it is not merely the death of *plants* which is impli
by the *growth* of plants. They require in all cases an eleme
for their growth, nitrogen, which they can only assimilate
one form, *ammonia;* for no chemical means, however pow
ful, can cause the combination of nitrogen with any oth
element but oxygen, unless it be presented in the form
ammonia.

It is accordingly found that *no* plants can grow unle
supplied with ammonia; and they can be supplied wi
ammonia in one way only—by *animal* putrefaction. The
is no ammonia in the soil; there is none in the decay
remnants of vegetable matter. It exists in the plant only
the crude and unripe juices; in the perfect plant, it exis
separately as hydrogen and nitrogen, and cannot be assimilate
by its successor. There is, therefore, only one source fro

which the plant can derive it, the atmosphere; but there is no ammonia in the atmosphere except what results from animal decay. All the nitrogen of animal matter is given off, on its decay, as ammonia. This ammonia combines in the atmosphere with the carbonic acid, which is the result of animal *breath*. The carbonate of ammonia so formed is dissolved in rain water, and presented in this form to the root of the plant.

We, again, require for our nourishment, not ammonia, but the nitrogenised substances, gluten, albumen, etc., of plants. Hence, each species of existence furnishes in its death food to the other, and the nourishment of one implies the simultaneous dying of the other.

Nor is it ammonia alone which the plant takes from the animal. Carbonic acid, also a product of decay, as well as of breath, is its staple nourishment—not more essential than ammonia, but required in far greater quantity. *We* are machines for turning carbon and oxygen into carbonic acid; the plant is a machine for turning carbonic acid into carbon and oxygen. Hence the plant is the supplement of the animal, and the animal of the plant.

Hence a balance must be kept between them; if either exceed its limit, it must perish for want of the other; and the inorganic constituents of the earth are left in a state of perpetual circulation from death to life, and *vice versa*.

Hence, whenever we talk of life, nourishment, or increase, we talk in the same breath of a supplementary death and diminution.

Nor were these laws otherwise in Eden. The green herb was to be for *meat*. This was destruction. Was it *less* destruction because violent and sudden? or did it less imply capability of decay, than if we had been told that the trees died themselves? We might as well say that the death of Abel did not imply capability of death in man.

And, finally, let us suppose for a moment that all these laws of nourishment and creation were suspended, and that there was sufficient matter for assimilation in the soil to supply

all plants, multiply as they would, and sufficient nitrogen s prepared to nourish all animals, multiply as they would; an suppose death impossible. In two centuries after the creatio the earth would have been packed tight with animals, and th only question remaining for determination would have been- which should be *uppermost*. Long before the flood the se would have been one solid mass of potted fish, the air c wedged birds, and the earth of impenetrable foliage.

And let us not suppose for a moment that geology ha opened to us worlds different in organisation or system from ou own. It has but expanded before us the vast unity of syste the *one* great plan of progressive existence, of which we for probably, the last link. The plants of past ages have the sam organs, the same structure and development, as those growi now; none but the practised botanist can tell the leaves fro each other. The animals played precisely the same part in r lation to them; their organisation was the same as now, the ranks of destructive existence appointed in the same order. few extraordinary (to us) creatures existed, peculiarly adapt for certain circumstances, but in no essential points, in nothi but outward form and strength, differing from their mode types. The digestion of the Ichthyosaurus is as regular a simple as that of any living aquatic beast of prey, and far mo easily traceable. Even size is no unfailing characteristic. N fossil fish has been discovered fit to hold a candle to o modern sharks or whales, though the shark tribe was infinite more numerous than it is now; but there were too many, a they kept each other thin. It is a curious fact, by-the-by though well known, respecting the beneficial influence of th carnivora even on the animals they prey upon, that if yo stock a fish-pond with carp only, at the end of a year or tw you will find all your fish miserably thin, and have no mo weight of fish (if you drag the pond) than you put in. But at first you put in with the carp a few pike, say one in fou you will, when you drag your pond, have twice the weigh of carp, in good condition, and all your pike into th bargain.

I see that Miss C—— objects that the growth of plants is not sufficient for animals as it is. Locally, it is not. Universally, it is far too great for them. Our farmers may raise the price of corn over a county, but the Great Forest stretches its uninhabitable growth over America, for the space of a thousand kingdoms. And even where vegetation is limited, this is simply because the plants are not fed by their own *death;* for though they have the animal *volatile* products of ammonia, etc., they have *not* the fixed salts except when they are laboriously restored in the form of manure.

With respect to the question respecting the naming of fish, I can only reply in the words of the questioner, that all such speculations lead us only into a labyrinth. There are thousands of difficulties connected with the Mosaic account. What, for instance, does *Eden* include? For the *garden* was *in* Eden, and eastward in it. And was man, supposing he had stood, never to have left his primal and narrow nursery-and-seedsman sort of habitation? How, if so, could he "replenish the earth and subdue it"?[1] Was the same trial to be sustained by all? And how could it be sustained, unless gardens and trees of knowledge were multiplied over the earth as the population spread? etc., etc.

The whole appears to me, but for the close geographical account of the Garden, very much like an Eastern allegory;[2] but however that may be, I think it is better always to read it without reference to matters of physical enquiry, to take the broad, simple statements of creation—innocence, disobedience, and guilt—and then to take in equal simplicity of heart such revelations as God may deign to give us of His former creations, and so to pass back through age before age of preparatory

[1] [Genesis, i. 28.]

[2] [Ruskin, it will be seen, had thought out for himself conclusions very similar to those which made so much stir when published twenty years later in *Essays and Reviews* (1860). His intercourse with Buckland (see above, p. 211) would, however, have familiarised him with such speculations; passages from Buckland's *Bridgewater Treatises*, cited in the essay on "Mosaic Cosmogony" in *Essays and Reviews*, adopt the same standpoint as Ruskin's. Later criticism has tended to interpret the story of Eden less as an allegory, than as a mythical tradition such as is found in the early sacred literature of other nations. For the geography of the Garden, see A. H. Sayce, *The Higher Criticism and the Verdict of the Monuments*, 1894, p. 95.]

ut troubling ourselves about the little dis-
s which may appear to start up in things and state-
nts which we cannot understand.

Creation may have been suspended in its functions for a moment—for the half-hour (divines seem to think it was little more) of man's probation. It matters not to us. What we are we know—and what we may be, we know; what we have been, God knows.

There is much of mystical in Scripture, which, doubtless, will one day be made manifest; but we do but waste our lives and peril our faith by trying to unravel it before its time. We shall not break the seal by dashing it against stones.

I have said, I see, that *no* ammonia exists in the atmosphere but what arises from the putrefaction of animals. This is not strictly true, for several mineral springs supply it in considerable quantity; not enough, however, in all the springs of Europe, to feed the vegetation of Lombardy for half a year.

Supplies of this kind are probably proportioned to the gradual increase of animal life, and consequent demand for more nitrogen. The immediate acting supply is deduced only from animal corruption. From every churchyard, from every perishing remnant of the life of the forest and the sea, rises the constant supply of carbonate of ammonia, which feeds the green leafage of spring, and expands the pulp of the bright fruit.

Liebig says that the source of this ammonia is sufficiently evident by its peculiar odour, if rain water be evaporated with a little sulphuric acid, and then tested with lime.

On the other hand, while the supply of ammonia is gradually, very slightly, but still certainly on the increase, that of carbonic acid is much diminished. Immense quantities of this acid existed formerly in the atmosphere, which fed the colossal vegetation of geological eras. By that vegetation it was gradually withdrawn; and, animal life not being sufficiently extended on the earth to feed on this vegetation, and so return the carbonic acid to the atmosphere, it was withdrawn

for ever; its oxygen was restored by ordinary vegetable action, making the atmosphere purer for the abode of man, and its carbon deposited in the enormous coal-fields, which are now the source of all his vastest powers. Animal and vegetable life are now better balanced. The vegetable, having no extra-ordinary supply of carbonic acid, is diminished in growth; and the animal feeding on this diminished growth restores the carbon to the air, and provides for the equal growth of the succeeding plant.

XVII

[Letter mutilated at the beginning.][1]

...s . . .[2] in Green Street in the course of last week, t
that you had given me a wrong statement of time, an
t ...s. C——, having stayed only *five* instead of ten day
...wn, had returned to Twickenham the day before. I hop
...vever, to be able to get over to Twickenham soon.

Thanks for your note. What are you giving up yo
curacy for? and where are you going? and how long may
hope to see you here? Write to tell me concerning . .
The text, by-the-bye, of the green herbs given for meat rath
confirms the geological view than weakens it;[3] for you see th
fishes are omitted—which is as much as an intimation tha
then, as now, they were almost entirely carnivorous, and tha
the mention of the green meat given to the earth-animals
rather an illustration of the bounty of God in giving tha
sweetness and softness to seeds and fruits, unnecessary to *the*
and meant especially for the pleasure and health of animal
than any limitation of the animals to such food. Fishes a
so entirely dependent upon their own tribes for food—th
ultimate nourishment of the smallest being derived from matt
(probably in a state of decomposition) too delicate to be appr
ciable—that the very naming of anything in the shape of
fish, may almost be received as a direct assertion of existenc
supported by death of others.—Ever yours affectionately an
in haste,

J. RUSKIN.

[1] [In the ed. of 1894 this letter followed No. xviii., but it clearly was written shortl
after No. xvi. and the essay connected therewith.]

[2] [Spaces left are where a portion of the letter has been cut away.—*Editor's Note*
1894.]

[3] ["To every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing
that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life, I have given every green herb fo
meat" (Genesis, i. 30). See above, p. 483.]

XVIII

[*Postmark, Feb.* 7, 1848.]

1. My dear C——, I think your last apology as unfounded as your first was unnecessary, and I think you had much better try no more. I should have answered your letter a month ago, if I had known what in the world to say to it. Don't write me any more such stuff—and, above all, measure *yourself* rightly. It is quite as wrong, and as far from anything like real humility, to underrate as to overrate ourselves;[1] and to say, when you are working very hard in the noblest of all professions, that you are hiding your talents under a bushel, is not giving God credit nor honour for the grace He has given you.

2. As for the major part of your letter, it is very beautifully expressed and felt; and that bit of glorious George, which to my shame I have not repeated to myself, nor thought of for a year or two (though I never forgot a word of it from the first moment I cast eyes on it), is a clincher.[2] But yet it requires the preaching of a considerable deal of patience, to make one sit out some of the sermons I speak of, comfortably; not, observe, because I go, as you think, to be *amused* or *tickled* by speculation or oratory. I go, I hope, to receive real benefit of some kind or another; but then how am I to be benefited? Not by the bare rehearsal of duties which I know as well as my alphabet; not by the repetition of motives which are constantly before me, and which I never

[1] [That true humility is a *just* estimate of oneself was a favourite doctrine of Ruskin's; see, *e.g.*, *The Cestus of Aglaia*, § 3.]

[2] [George Herbert's "The Church Porch," stanza lxxii. :—

"Judge not the preacher, for He is thy judge;
If thou mislike Him, thou conceiv'st Him not:
God calleth preaching folly; do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience."]

act upon; not by the enunciation of truths which I perpetually hear, and never believe. But by giving explanation to the duties, force to the motives, proof to the facts; and to do this in any degree requires some part or portion of intellect above mine, or *different* from mine; and when I find this, I get good—otherwise not. I can conceive how different the feeling of a really religious person might be, and how each trivial expression of the minister might raise in their minds some pleasant thought or new devotional feeling; but even then I should fancy that the following words of the preacher were as likely to be an interruption, as an assistance to the train of thought he had previously awakened.

To-day being the first Sunday of the month, Mr. Melville[1] preached at the Tower, and his curate gave us a sermon on "Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Lord God make coats of skins," etc.[2] "Now," thought I, when he began, "I know what you're going to say about that; you'll say that the beasts were sacrificed, and that the skins were typical of the robe of Christ's righteousness, etc.—that's all of course; I wonder if you can tell me anything more." Well, he began: "As by sin came death, there could be no death before sin." "Ah," thought I, "it's a pity you don't know something of natural history; it's not much use my listening to any more of that, because we haven't common premises to start from, and I shan't believe a word you say."

Nevertheless, I did listen, and got—diluted into three-quarters of an hour—as much as I knew about the text, and no more, save and except a charitable wish on the part of the preacher—"*May* we all be clothed with this robe," etc. "What the deuce," thought I, "is the use of your stupid wishes? do you suppose people don't usually wish for all that's good for them, though they don't take a quarter of an hour to say so?" So much for the benefit I got from my sermon.

[1] [The Rev. Henry Melvill (1798–1871), afterwards Principal of Haileybury and Canon of St. Paul's, was the clergyman under whom Ruskin and his parents sat on their removal to Denmark Hill: see *Præterita*, ii. ch. viii. § 157. He was incumbent of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, from 1829 to 1843, and was the most popular preacher of the day. The omnibus conductors used to call "Melvill" on their way to Camberwell on Sunday.

[2] [Genesis, iii. 21.]

3. I am glad to hear you are reading Sir Joshua Reynolds; it is very good sterling matter, though it is not well arranged, and not very *recherché* or original. You will find Fuseli's and Barry's *Lectures* worth a great deal more; the former especially, being an accomplished scholar, unites art and literature, and rather gives you the philosophy of the fine arts as a group, than the technicalities of any one. He is peculiarly fit to be studied by men who only make painting a subservient and recreative part of their occupation, because he shows its connexion with other subjects of the intellect. Both he and Barry are deep-thinking and original. Sir Joshua's reputation depends partly on his popularity as a practical man—partly from the very shallowness of his work, which puts it down to the level of men's idleness. To read Barry or Fuseli requires more thought and attention than people care to be troubled with. But Sir Joshua's is a good book as far as it goes.[1]

4. I received on Thursday a most kind note from Mrs. C——, asking me to dine there on Friday. I was unluckily out all Thursday, and did not receive my note till eleven at night, so that my answer next day would, I fear, not be in time to prevent their waiting dinner for me. I could not possibly go, as I expected my father home from a journey; and I am so much engaged at present that I have not even an evening, much less a day, to spare to my engagements for two months to come. I should not apologise for this, even though I could help it, for of course the loss is all on my side, and the very first day I have to take my pleasure in, I shall go over to Twickenham. I hope Miss Blanche C—— has recovered her health; you have given me no reports lately of the health of your family.

Have you ever read Mrs. Sherwood's *Henry Milner?*[2]

[1] [To Reynolds's *Discourses* Ruskin often referred in *Modern Painters* (and elsewhere), summing up his opinion of the matter by saying that Reynolds "seems to have been born to teach all error by precept, and all excellence by his example" (vol. iii. ch. iii. § 2). In 1875 Ruskin delivered a course of twelve lectures at Oxford on the *Discourses*. Fuseli was Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy from 1799 to 1803; his *Lectures* are also referred to frequently in *Modern Painters*; those by James Barry (Professor of Painting, 1783–1799), in the first volume only.]

[2] [See *Præterita*, i. ch. iv. § 80; ch. v. § 106.]

I should like to know what you thought of her religion. is a kind of religion I am particularly fond of, but I'm afra it's improper. Sincerest regards when you write to all Twickenham.—Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

I don't quite know what you mean by "lithograph boards." I use lithographic paper, but not boards; but think chalk or pencil drawings on anything require to fixed. I use, myself, plain *milk, boiled* and applied very h only once, as rapidly as possible; but I never saw a cha drawing fixed without being spoiled, and almost prefer leavi them to take their chance. There are people in London w fix them, making it a profession, and do it well; but I do n know their secret.

XIX

OXFORD, *June* 17 [1843].[1]

1. MY DEAR C——, I owe you twenty thousand apologies for not having answered your letter sooner, and countless ones for forgetting your subscription.* I do not usually give so much trouble in matters of this kind. I have got into a train of work which leaves me less time than ever—because it is necessary, in order to preserve my eyes, which are weak,[2] that I should not use them long at one time on delicate work or subject. Now, while the Academy is open and I am at home, I have to go into town every day to study Turner; this knocks off much of the forenoon. Then I have to write down what I have learned from him. Then I like every fine day to get a little bit of close, hard study from nature; if not out of doors, I bring in a leaf or plant for foreground and draw that. This necessarily leads me to the ascertaining of botanical names and a little microscopic botany. Then I don't like to pass a day without adding to my knowledge of *historical* painting, especially of the early school of Italy: this commonly involves a little bit of work from Raffaelle, and some historical reading, which brings me into the wilderness of the early Italian Republics, and involves me also in ecclesiastical questions, requiring reading of the Fathers (which, however, I have not entered on yet, but am about to do so) and investigation of

* Post-office shut, couldn't get it; will send it without fail on Monday or Tuesday. (These words were inserted later on.—*Editor's Note*, 1894.)

[1] [In the ed. of 1894 this letter was placed first of the series, and dated conjecturally 1840. That is certainly wrong. In May 1840 Ruskin went down from Oxford, owing to ill-health (see above, p. xxxviii.). Moreover, it is clear from the contents of the letter that it refers to a time not when Ruskin was reading for Oxford examinations, but when he was studying at large on his own account—probably for the second volume of *Modern Painters*. In 1841 he was abroad in June. In 1842 he went up to pass the Final Schools. He kept the summer term of 1843 at Oxford, and to that year this letter belongs. He writes in his diary at this time: "Learnt a good deal of Raffaelle at Blenheim."]

[2] [*Cf.* above, pp. 383, 390, 445, 453.]

the religious tenets and feelings of all the branches of the Early Church. Then a little anatomy is indispensable, and much study of technical matters—management of colours, composition, etc. With all this, which would keep my head a great deal too much upon art, I must have a corrective. This comes in the shape of geology, which necessarily leads me into chemistry, and this latter is not a thing to read a bit of now and then, but requires *hard* reading and much learning by rote; and organic chemistry has made such advances of late that it has become intensely interesting, and draws me on more than it ought. With chemistry and mineralogy, which, though they go together, are totally distinct in the characters (of substances) considered, I am compelled to look at comparative anatomy, especially of fishes, in order to have some acquaintance with the fossil characters of rocks. Then I do not like to give up my Greek altogether, or I should entirely forget it. I, therefore, think myself very wrong if I do not read a little bit of Plato very accurately every day;[1] and reading Plato necessarily involves some thought of something more than language. Finally, as in pursuit of the ancient school of religious painting, I must necessarily go to Italy, it is absolutely necessary that I should know Italian well; so that I have to read a little Tasso every day, which I do with difficulty, never having looked at the language till a month or two back; and I cannot suffer myself entirely to forget my French.

2. Now, just lay out a day for yourself with these subjects of study,[2] and presuppose the necessity of much walking exercise for health, and see if there is much time left for driving about the country; because a day lost with me is lost indeed, for I *cannot* work double tides before or afterwards, owing to the

[1] [The daily reading of Plato was resumed in later life. At one time Ruskin used to translate daily, and enter in his diary a piece of the *Laws*; cf. *Fors Clavigera*, Letters lxxxii., lxxxiii. The whole was to have been put into *Bibliotheca Pastorum*.]

[2] [This account of a well-filled day should be read in connexion with, and partly in correction of, the regrets which Ruskin afterwards expressed on the score of wasted opportunities at Oxford (*Præterita*, i. ch. xi.), though he is there referring to his undergraduate days. In particular, Ruskin seems there to imply that he made little use of the opportunity of "the pictures of Blenheim within eight miles" (§ 225).]

weakness of my eyes. I beg your pardon for being so egotistical, but I was obliged to tell you what I had to do, or you would have thought I was humbugging you.

I am keeping term here, go over to Blenheim as often as I can, where there is a most pure and instructive Raffaelle of his early time—painted at Perugia—I don't think there is such another in England.[1] I wish I could see your woodcarving. Where is East Grinstead?

[*Letter Unfinished*]

[1] [The "Ansidei Madonna," bought from the Duke of Marlborough for £70,000, in 1885, and now in the National Gallery, No. 1171. When Ruskin saw the picture there in after years, its luminous quality conquered his coldness towards Raphael's work. "After one of his last visits to the National Gallery, he said to me: 'The new Raphael is certainly lovely—quite the loveliest Raphael in the world.' The 'San Sisto' is dark and brown beside it" (E. T. Cook's *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery*, 6th ed., i. 57 *n*).]

XX

DENMARK HILL, *December* 5 [1843?].

1. MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Allow me respectfully and prophetically so to address you, and to wish you a very *profitable* New Year, and as many of them as may be expedient and proper for you. Happiness I have no ibt you despise, so I don't mention it; but pray v st wishes in that respect to all at Twickenham, many for yourself as you consider perfectly correct.

You are a nice person cert y, to come to London and back, without so much as a *sham* ll (saying you'll come, and staying away)—though you do through the ceremony on a larger scale and with grander fect, writing to ask people questions about their latitude three weeks before, when it don't matter to you whether they are to be at Rome or Richmond, for all that you intend to make of them. However, I won't scold—they have little enough of you at Twickenham now—and it would be a hard case if they had to send you all the way over here for nothing.

2. Thank you for the drawings. I shall call for them the first time I pass. You may do yourself good even in working up your sketches—if you put in all the *accidents* from nature. If you want a tree, go and look for one that suits you, and put it in twig for twig; if you want a bank, a bunch of grass, or anything that you have hieroglyphised in the comprehensible parts of your sketch—as *there* though not represented—do not attempt to recollect it, but put a *bonâ fide* bit of truth instead.

If you do not do this, every touch of composition is waste of time—worse, it is vitiation of the eye and hand.

No artist can compose with benefit to himself, until his mind be full and overflowing with the closest and most

accurate knowledge of the facts of nature. Above all, don't imagine that what you suppose to be recollection is anything beyond composition. You may remember if a tree sloped to the right or left, if it were tall or short, graceful or grim, slender or stout; but all its details, every one of the important and distinctive features, on which the pleasure with which the reality affected you was mainly dependent, are altogether beyond either your or anybody else's recollection. And the worst and most careless drawing that you make faithfully on the spot, twig for twig, as far as it is in your power, will be immeasurably better and more beautiful than the prettiest you can make out of your head.

8. Your powers of toleration are magnificently elastic, however. I congratulate you exceedingly on your mild reception of what you supposed to be a moon shining in her own eyes—I have heard of men standing in their own light, but I should not venture even to realise that much of phenomenon in a painting. I think everything is allowable in an artist that violates no law of nature, but not a step further. What you suppose to be moonlight in reverse is the light of the western sky, still falling on the higher parts of the building, and casting visible (though indistinct) shadows. In southern countries the light from the west is often intense and effective for half an hour after the sun has set (I don't mean, of course, down to the tropics, but in the south of France), and casts shadows and illustrates objects like actual sunlight—contrasted, of course, very frequently with deep gloom behind, which I have here enhanced by dense clouds so as to give the moon fair play.

I am very glad you like the picture. As for your saying Turner's trees are wiggy, you should have a wigging for it—but you will know better soon.

[*Letter Unfinished.*]

XXI

MACUGNAGA—VAL ANZASCA, *Aug*

[*Postmark, August* 18, 1845.]

1. DEAR C——, I used to write many and long letter
when I was abroad formerly, but then I was lounging
I am working; and I usually work myself stupid by th
of the day, and think it unfair to give my dregs to my
I assure you I have written only five letters, except
father or mother,[2] since I left England; and those were
promised or of necessity, the result of which is, that wit
people I suffer not thinking on, like the hobby-horse;[3]
I suppose you will still have some indignant mem
me, I would fain soften it a little, and get you to se
some talk.

I have not seen an English paper for six weeks, a
last that I saw I didn't read; so it matters not how stal
news is, it will entertain me, more especially as, since
home, I have received just *two* letters except from
itself. One of those was on such thin paper that I co
read it; and the other was from your friend Gordon,[4]
told me that he had got wet, and that he didn't know
he was going next. So that up here among the hills—
in a deal cabin, in which I can't stretch without taki
skin off my knuckles, with not a soul whom I can sp

[1] [For Ruskin's sojourn at Macugnaga, see *Præterita*, ii. ch. vii., and fo
there, *ibid.* § 132.]

[2] [When away from home, Ruskin always wrote to his father or his moth
day to the end of their lives.]

[3] ["Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a y
by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking
the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is fo
Hamlet, Act iii. Sc. ii.]

[4] [Perhaps their common friend, Osborne Gordon, of Christ Church, for w
Præterita, i. ch. xi., ii. ch. i.]

except the cows and the goats and a black puppy, and some sociable moths who come in the evening to put my candle out—I begin to feel more like St. Paul or St. Anthony than myself. I don't mean *our* St. Paul, but *their* St. Paul here—the first hermit, who had the two lions to dig his grave, the two pious lions that wouldn't go away afterwards till they had got St. Anthony's blessing.[1]

2. And another reason of my writing was that I heard from home you were in want of a presentation to Christ's Hospital, and that I fear you will think it very odd or unkind that we can't give it you. But mercy on us—though we haven't many relations, some of them always contrive to make themselves miserable once in five years; and they come to one for muffin caps[2] and yellow stockings, as if we could bake the one and dye the other. If you could but see the letters that come, three and four a day, for two months before one has a presentation—there is enough to make you laugh or cry as you choose.[3]

Letters from lazy fathers, who don't like to hear their children squalling. Fathers *always* say that the young sprout shows "talent of the most promising kind," or "far above his years."

Letters from widowed mothers, who always say that they "haven't means to bring up their children in the *station* of *life* they have been accustomed to."[4] The mothers are always willing to work, one sees that; they don't find their children a bore. It is their confounded vanity that upsets them; they can make their shirts and their shifts, but they can't make 'em surplices; and as mothers always want their eldest sons to have a university education, and be bishops—and their second son to be Lord Chancellor—and their third, admiral of the blue—they try Christ's Hospital as the first step.

[1] [For the story of St. Paul, the founder of the Anchorites, and his representation in art, see Mrs. Jameson's *Sacred and Legendary Art*, 1850, pp. 435–440.]

[2] [Small, flat black caps, about the size of a saucer, usually carried in the hand; part of the regulation costume of the Blue-coat boys.]

[3] [In *Time and Tide* (1867), §§ 119, 120, Ruskin returned to this subject, and gave some general impressions which he had formed from a perusal of applications made to him for Christ's Hospital nominations during twenty-five years.]

[4] [Cf. *Sesame and Lilies*, § 135.]

Letters from uncles, which say that their brothe very worthy man—very much so—but exceedingly imp and they can't support *his* family as well as their own.

Letters from strange ladies, who "have known the for years, and can answer for their respectability;" an are exceedingly eloquent, quote texts to an overp extent, and promise you as many tickets for Paradise want, for yourself and friends, if you'll give *them* Christ's Hospital.

I have got two or three letters from the eldest si orphan families, which were the real thing, and very t —and some very good and sensible ones from aunts. pay officers with eleven children and no wife write in dismal tone indeed.

August 5th.—I don't know that the no wife adds cally to the misfortune, but theoretically it does; an get frightened the first time they have to tuck all the children up.

It is a sin to give you any more of this writing. even worse than I did, from scribbling notes on my the galleries. I can't read my note-book except wh wits are at the brightest; otherwise I forget what words are.

Will you send me a line—per Billiter Street—a me how you and your family are? It's no use my beg to tell you what I have been about—merely picture or manufacturing; and there are plenty of travels in without my sending you mine.—Ever yours affectionat

J. Ru

XXII

[*No date.*]

MY DEAR C——, I suppose you must have made quantities of friends at Ceylon, to be able drop your old ones so coolly. For my part, though I can't write to my friends, I never consider them as in the least lost or spoiled by not looking after; and I think you will find, with people at all good for anything, that it is always so. I feel exactly towards you as I used to do, and was talking of you the day before yesterday. One ought to be able to keep one's friends like one's wine, any number of years in the cellar, and find them only a little crusted at last, and better in flavour than ever.

I didn't answer a note of yours about Christ's Hospital, because I couldn't do the thing—and I thought a letter about a piece of business only, not worth answering.

Tell your sister, with my kind remembrances, that symbolism, although very interesting, and doubtless actual, in creation, is a dangerous plaything; it has wasted the time of the whole of Europe for about two centuries; and should only be pursued when it is either perfectly plain—or as helpful to the feelings at any given moment when it suggests itself—without being insisted upon as more than a fancy.

Ladies' symbolisms are nearly always sure to be false, from their careless way of reasoning. Thus, in your sister's first idea, she says, "the heart is addressed through the eye and hand." Why does she miss the ear? Probably because her real meaning was not that the heart is *addressed*, but *addresses* through the hand. Nobody is usually addressed through their hands, except a lover allowed to touch his mistress' fingers for the first time. We *work* with our hands, and are addressed through eyes and ears usually—sometimes through the lips, I should think—and occasionally by bastinado, through the soles of the feet.

I don't think the doctrine of the Trinity can be d
from these premises of fact. A leaf has two sides, it i
and it isn't easy to see how it should have fewer. I
would be a very doubtful Trinitarian who looked up
Persons of the Trinity as its Aspects.

For the trinity of heaven, earth, and sea, it is a
idea; but "the heaven" is nothing at all—the clouds a
the sea in another shape—and though the air is a good
the "Spirit," the "Powers of it" are not supposed
particularly sacred. Still, the phrase, "born of w. [*s*
of the spirit,"[1] in some degree justifies this image;
air, earth, and water, are to be a Trinity, what beco
fire? or oil?—the last as important in its chemical fu
in vegetation as water is. All these things *must* be t
over most carefully before a symbolism will hold
Always affectionately yours,

J. Ru

[1] [John, iii. 5.]

APPENDIX

I. THE ASCENT OF THE ST. BERNARD: A DRAMATIC SKETCH

II. CHRONICLES OF ST. BERNARD;

i. INTRODUCTORY: A NIGHT AT THE HOSPICE

ii. VELASQUEZ, THE NOVICE

(1835–36)

[*Bibliographical Note.*—The pieces collected in this Appendix have not hit
been printed. Of "The Ascent of the St. Bernard" there are two
copies (see below, p. 505 *n*). The MS. of "Chronicles of St. Bernard"
"Velasquez, the Novice") is at Brantwood, bound up with that o
"Essay on Painting and Music" (above, p. 265). The "Chronicles" o
sixteen pages and a half of closely written grey foolscap. For Introdu
Notes, see above, pp. xxx., liv.]

THE ASCENT OF THE ST. BERNARD[1]

A DRAMATIC SKETCH[2]

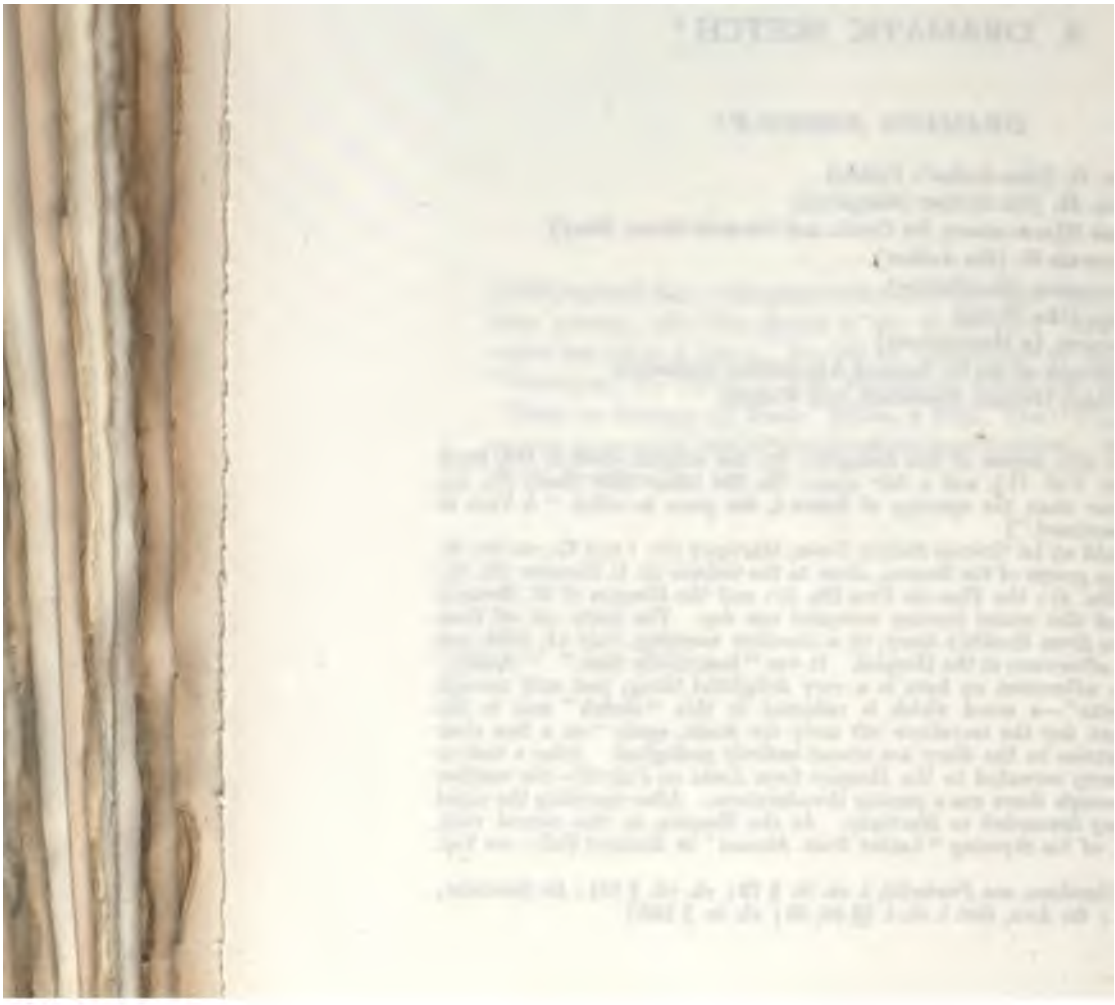
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[3]

MR. R. [the Author's Father].
MRS. R. [his Mother (Margaret)].
MISS R[ICHARDSON, his Cousin and Adopted Sister, Mary].
MASTER R. [the Author].
SALVADOR [the Courier].
ANN [the Nurse].
MICHEL [a Mountaineer].
A Monk of the St. Bernard Augustinian monastery.
Guide, Drivers, Travellers, and Waiters.

[1] [There are two MS. copies of this dialogue: viz. the original draft in MS. Book No. viii. (see list in Vol. II.), and a fair copy. In the latter (MS. Book No. *ix*), which goes no further than the opening of Scene 5, the piece is called "A Visit to the Hospice of St. Bernard."]

[2] [The scene is laid at La Grande Maison Poste, Martigny (Sc. 1 and 2); on the St. Bernard Road in the gorge of the Drance, close to the Galerie de la Monaire (Sc. 3); the inn at Liddes (Sc. 4); the Plan de Proz (Sc. 5); and the Hospice of St. Bernard (Sc. 6). The time of the actual journey occupied one day. The party set off from Martigny, as appears from Ruskin's diary, on a cloudless morning, July 15, 1835, and arrived early in the afternoon at the Hospice. It was "beautifully clear." "Really," he adds, "a sunny afternoon up here is a very delightful thing, just cold enough to put you in spirits"—a mood which is reflected in this "sketch" and in the "Chronicles." Next day the travellers left early for Aosta, again "on a fine clear morning." The entries in the diary are almost entirely geological. After a visit to Courmayeur, the party ascended to the Hospice from Aosta on July 21—the weather again being fine, though there was a passing thunderstorm. After spending the night at the Hospice, they descended to Martigny. At the Hospice, on this second visit, Ruskin wrote some of his rhyming "Letter from Abroad" to Richard Fall; see Vol. II. pt. iii.]

[3] [For Mary Richardson, see *Præterita*, i. ch. iv. § 78; ch. vii. § 151; for Salvador, *ibid.* i. ch. vi. § 127; for Ann, *ibid.* i. ch. i. §§ 30, 31; ch. ix. § 183.]



THE ASCENT OF THE ST. BERNARD

SCENE 1

The principal parlour of La G[rande Maison Poste] at Martigny. The window commands a view of Mont Velan.

MR. R.; MRS. R.; MISS R.; MASTER R.

MR. R. *walking up and down the room with the air of an Alexander about to conquer the world.* MRS. R. *leaning passively against a table, somewhat awed by the expectation of future dangers and difficulties.* MISS R. *fully occupied in reducing the contents of a small, black, knapsack-looking bundle to the smallest possible compass.* MASTER R. *just about nothing at all.*

MASTER R. (*looking out of the window*).
The shadows on the mountain flanks
Are grey with morning haziness.

MR. R. (*impatiently*).
What can keep the char-à-bancs?
Hang the fellow's laziness!

MISS R. (*speculatively*).
They say it's cold, and wet enough to soak one;
I wonder if I'll need to put my cloak on.

MRS. R. (*peaceably*).
We'll see, my dear, in time; you'd better take it.

MISS R. I think it's very dusty.

MRS. R. Well, then, shake it.

[MISS R. *by some circular agitations of the article of dress, fills the room full of dust, and concludes the tying up of her bundle.*

Voices below the window.

SALVADOR (*angrily*).
Bringen sie den Pferden hier!
Kommen sie, ich sage!
Wollen sie uns bleiben hier
Alle diesem Tage?

MASTER R. (*still looking out of the window*).
With many a range of mountain white
The Valais meets the morn;
Through the still air on every height
Rings clear the goatherd's horn.

The Drance is deep, the Drance is bright;
With thousand foam-globes[1] driving white
Fast and well his billows roll—

SALVADOR (*below the window*).
Sind sie schnell! ja, das geht wohl.

[*The rattling of one or more vehicles is heard. It ceases.* MR. R. *puts his head out of the window. His eyebrows first rise and then sink ominously low.*

MR. R. (*angrily*).
Salvador, how can you bring
Such a shabby sort of thing?

MRS. R. (*amazed*).
I declare,
How those dirty leathers swing
Here and there!

MR. R. (*much inflamed*).
And the mule, too!
I'm no fool, to
Let myself be fleeced like that.

MRS. R. (*astounded*).
Did you ever?

MR. R. (*decidedly*).
I will never
Pay for such a beast as that.

MASTER R. (*expostulatively*).
Never mind! Let us go, for the day's getting brighter;
The Hospice is high on the mountain afar—

SALVADOR (*deprecatingly*).
I assure you Martigny can't show us a tighter
Or easier char.

MR. R. I say, Margaret, look here!
MRS. R. How can I tell, my dear?
MR. R. And that nuisance, that rattling,
I can't bear at all.
Could you ride in that thing?
MRS. R. (*putting up her glass*).
It looks very small.

SALVADOR (*pleadingly*).
Indeed, sir, you'll find it quite open and breezy;
Your feet are not crowded, the motion is easy.
Just try, sir; you'll know then;
You'll sit at your ease.

MR. R. (*relaxing*).
I suppose we must go, then?

MRS. R. (*submissively*).
Oh, just as you please!

MR. R. (*conclusively; going*).
Come away, then; the day's very pleasant and sunny.

[1] [A favourite expression in Ruskin's early pieces; *cf.* above, p. 37; and, among the Poems, see, *e.g.*, "The Source of the Arveron" in *A Tour on the Continent* (1833), in Vol. II. pt. iii.]

MASTER R. (*as they go out*).
Of all hitherto tried ways
I like to sit sideways—
MISS R. (*as she exit*).
I think one feels funny.

SCENE 2

The outside of the Inn at Martigny, a white, Italian-looking house. On one side, a Swiss covered bridge; on the other, the defile of the Drance, through which are seen the peaks of the higher Alps. Two chars-à-bancs waiting at the door.

ANN; SALVADOR; two char-à-banc DRIVERS.

ANN (*puffing*).
Salvador, pop in this parcel, pray.
(Oh dear! my lame leg!)
SALVADOR (*looking about him*).
We have got a fine day.
ANN (*looking at the vehicles*).
Why, Salvador, how do you think we shall go?
Those cherry-banks will not take four in 'em.
SALVADOR. No!
This for us; the young master perhaps will go in it:
We shall soon settle that; they'll be down in a minute.
[*A sound is heard, somewhat resembling that which may be obtained by the discharge of a series of crackers. It increases.*
SALVADOR (*to the char-driver*).
La diligence?
CHAR-DRIVER. Ce le soit.
SALVADOR. De Lyon?
CHAR-DRIVER. Je le crois.
[*A heavily loaded diligence appears under the covered bridge. A* petit morceau *of a French tailor stoops his head as he passes under the immense arch. The horses turn beautifully. They slide up to the door almost on their haunches. The progressive motion of the mountain behind at last ceases.*
ANN (*admiringly*).
Well, to be sure, how handy
They go!
A VOICE FROM THE DILIGENCE-TOP.
I say! bring me some brandy
Et d'eau.
[*This summons, being not immediately understood, is not immediately obeyed.*

SECOND VOICE. Superbe! quelles montagnes!
THIRD VOICE. Sie sind lieblicher, ich mein?
SECOND VOICE. Je descendrai; bien,—oui, donnez la main.
ANN (*yawning*).
I wish they would come!
SALVADOR (*stretching*). I wish they would go!
DILIGENCE-DRIVER (*to his horses*).
Êtes-vous fatigués? avez-vous faim?
Vous déjeunerez bientôt.
[*Exit, into the inn.*
FIRST VOICE (*on the top*).
That one can't get one's wittles,
It *is* such a bore:—
I won't go travelling
Never no more.

Enter from the door of the inn, MISS R. *and* MASTER R.

MISS R. (*with uplifted hands*).
What a high diligence!
MASTER R. (*theoretically*).
Wonder it don't dispense
—As might prophesy prudent fears—
Passengers by the ears.
[*Enter from the stables the diligence-driver. He has an immense brown loaf, of the shape, size, density, and digestibility of a millstone, hanging round his left arm; his right hand grasping a* couteau *of proportionate dimensions. He insinuates himself dextrously among the legs of the four horses, administering a slice to each in its turn.*
DILIGENCE-DRIVER. Ah mes chers chevaux!
[*Observing one to have finished his slice before the proper period for so doing.*
Ne mangez-vous de trop!
Pourquoi, dites-moi, prenez-vous tant,—
Plus que les autres? Vous êtes un gourmand.
MISS R. How kind! well, it puts our postillions to shame.
DILIGENCE-DRIVER (*kissing them all round*).
Bons chevaux! beaux chevaux!
VOICE FROM THE TOP.
Comment il les aime!

Enter from the hotel, MR. R. *and* MRS. R.

SALVADOR. This way, ma'am,
I pray, ma'am;
Take care of that puddle.
Not wet, ma'am?
Now step, ma'am.
MRS. R. (*antipathetically*).
'Twill be such a huddle!

Indeed I can't go, dear;
I'll be squeezed so!

MR. R. Oh, *no* fear!
Indeed, you won't find it
Uneasy; don't mind it.
My dear, it looks strange to be standing so long so;
Pray get in.

MRS. R. Very well. Let me see, where will John go?

MR. R. With them, in the other. What, cannot you trust
Him there?

MRS. R. I would rather he would not.

MR. R. Indeed, dear, he must.

MRS. R. (*getting in*).
Take care!

MR. R. Now, quick, Mary; jump in!

[MISS R. *does so, actively; thereby nearly upsetting the* char.

MRS. R. (*much squeezed*).
My dear, what a thump in—

MR. R. Now, how does the door close?

MISS R. See here, sir, it shuts on
This bit of a brass thing.

MR. R. (*getting in*). Well, fasten the button.

SALVADOR. Vous voilà. C'est charmant!
Tout est pret: en avant!

[*They drive off.* MASTER R., SALVADOR, *and* ANN *jump into the other* char, *and it follows.*

SCENE 3

A rough, stony, steep and narrow Alpine road, in the defile of the Drance, bordered on one side by a tremendous precipice, beneath which is seen the Drance; on the other by tall rocks, through which runs a long gallery. A fountain springing from them flows over the road, which is seen lower down winding among the hills. The tower of Martigny in the distance; on the other side, Mont Velan.

Enter MICHEL.

MICHEL. The path on the mountain
Is toilsome and steep;
White gurgles the fountain,
Cold, pleasant and deep;
Where, forth from the dark stone,
The clear waters leap:
And many a bright spark thrown
Gems the flowerets beside,
And the moss you may mark, shown
Far 'neath the deep tide.

Where green as Egyptia's gem
Grass groweth wide—
Fit couch for my tired limb—
And high crags hang o'er me,
Will I sit, and see, like a dream.
Beauty before me. [*Sitting down.*
How the high sun hath lent
To Mont Velan his glory!
And bright hues are blent
Like the tall tempest-bow,
Whose broad iris is bent
Over worlds far below;—
So rich colours rest on
The surface of snow,
That lies the hill-crest on
For ever and aye;
That his ribbed crags are pressed on
And shut from the day,
By garment most beautiful
Brilliant and gay.
And the Drance' bed is full
As when, just at his height,
By thick snow from the hill
He was checked in his might.
Well must be remembered
That terrible night,
When first was dismembered
The ice in an hour,
And, shattering, surrendered
Free path for the power
Of the river to flow by.
I stood by the tower
That was built long ago by
The armies of Rome;
And well might I know, by
The light through the gloom
That the floating ice gave,
That a merciless doom
Had descended on all I had died but to save,—
And I cursed the cold waters, and envied their grave.

[*Two* chars-à-bancs *appear, winding along the mountain-road in the distance, coming up from Martigny. They disappear at intervals, finally entering from the gallery.* Mr. R., Mrs. R., Miss R., Master R., *and* Salvador *walking up the hill before them;* Ann *riding.*

Miss R. Dear me, what a place is this!

Ann (*in horror*).
Gracious, what a precipice!

Mrs. R. (*pityingly*).
How the poor mules can climb here
I cannot divine, dear!

MR. R. (*enraptured*).
What a view!
SALVADOR. We can stop here, sir,
If you desire it;
'Tis a sweet little spot here, sir,
Whence to admire it.
[*They all arrest their progress; some sitting, some standing, in admiration; except* MRS. R., *who exit, marching steadily round the rock,* en avant.
MASTER R. What a bit in the distance! Oh, Salvador, fetch here
My things from the carriage; I'd so like a sketch here.
MR. R. What nonsense! Be quiet; you can't have your book,—
Disturbing the luggage! Sit still here and look.
MASTER R. (*much subdued*).
Oh, I only wished, just—in a—sort of a way—
'Twould be such a picture!
MR. R. It would not; you could not
Express these fine mountains; besides, sir, you should not
Be thinking of nothing but drawing all day!
MASTER R. (*giving up the point*).
How the far-spreading forest most gloomily fills
The vales at the base of these iron-bound hills!
MISS R. (*complainingly*).
I must take off my shoe! I have let stones and dust in,
And they do hurt my foot so!
SALVADOR (*looking round*). Why, where's Mrs. Ruskin?
MR. R. One never knows where she goes: where can she be?
SALVADOR. I think she's gone on, sir.
MR. R. We'll go then, and see.
[*They all exeunt in a hurry.*

MICHEL (*alone*). There they go!
Day after day these loungers through the world,
Mounted on mules, and muffled up in cloaks,
Mince through the patches of the summer snow,—
Crowd round the fire, or shiver to the lake,—
Eat up the provend of the Augustines,
And crawling down, declare they've dared the dangers
And storms of the St. Bernard.
And these youths
Come with their pencils, stumbling up our paths,
Scratching down semblances of mountain-tops—
Of our own mountains! Would the hills had souls,
That they might crush these emmets, who pass by
Tracing these most ignoble portraitures
Of our free Ice-bergs!
But the toppling sun
Hath past the kulm of heaven. I will go.
[*Exit.*

SCENE 4

A passage in the small Swiss inn at Liddes, from which open two doors, a parlour, the other into a table-d'hôte. *In the parlour,* Mr. R., M Miss R., Master R., *seated round a table, on which smoke boiled veal chops, fried potatoes, etc., etc., busily employed, with mountainous ap in discussing the same. In the* table-d'hôte, *two English gentlemen, lady: Swiss, Frenchmen, Germans, and people from all parts of the sitting, eating, reading, lounging, waiting. At the end of the passage the kitchen, containing various instruments of cookery, and issuing many smells. A fine blazing fire on the hearth, before which lies a la Bernard dog. Voices behind the scenes.*

Ann (*in a hesitating tone*).
What! through the kitchen?

Salvador. Yes, just by there.

Enter Ann *through the kitchen, stumbling over the dog.*

Ann (*much amazed*).
Bless the beast! what makes him lie there?
[Bernardo *gets up, sleepily, and after a long ya longer stretch, goes up, shaking his ears, to* Salv *an old acquaintance.*

Ann. There's a monster! What an ear!
Send the fum dy chamber here. (*To the cook.*)
[*Exit into anoth*

English Lady (*in* table-d'hôte).
How shall I be best able
To get myself seated?

Mrs. R. (*to* Mr. R.).
My dear, that's detestable!
How can you eat it?
These unwholesome made dishes
Are the worst things for you.

Mr. R. These chops are delicious;
Just try one,—pray do.

Mrs. R. (*warming*).
That sheep's been a tough thing,
And not fit to boil.
Potatoes! they're nothing
But ashes and oil.

Mr. R. My dear, it's odd so to say.

An English sham Chamois-hunter (*stumping out of the* table-d'hô *crook, pike, etc.,* à la Suisse).
Où est mes côtelets?

English Lady. There's a party just mounting, see!
Oh, I'm so frighted
Lest on the mountain we
Should be benighted!

FIRST ENGLISH GENTLEMAN (*to waiter*).
Portez dîner.
WAITER (*all alive, exit-ing*).
Oh oui, monsieur, oui, oui, oh oui!
FIRST VOICE (*louder*). Et notre.
SECOND VOICE (*louder*). Et notre.
THIRD VOICE (*roaring*). Et notre, aussi.
[*Waiter stands still in an* embarras.
SECOND ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. There, don't shilly-shally;
Go! get along! ally!
[*Exit waiter, and enter* SALVADOR, *in a hurry.*
SALVADOR. Now, ma'am, may I order
The mules?
MRS. R. Of what sort are
Those beasts, Salvador? for
I never can bear to
Permit Master John there to
Ride a broken-knee'd mule. You
Know he makes it a rule to
Look everywhere,—anywhere,—
Never take any care.
I hope that the guide'll
Lead his horse by the bridle.
SALVADOR. The mules are so steady, ma'am!
Now are you ready, ma'am? [*Exit.*
MASTER R. (*enthusiastically*).
I love, as the sun sets,
Mid snow-wreaths to wend up
The hill.
MISS R. (*yawning*).
Dear, *how* sleepy one gets!
MR. R. (*calling down the passage*).
And, Salvador, send up
The bill.
[*Enter, from the kitchen, a moving cumulus, composed of hats, bonnets, great-coats, cloaks, tippets, furs, muffs, snow-shoes, and other habiliments. It approaches. Under it appears* ANN.
MASTER R. I think I'll make a sonnet on
The scenery around.
ANN. Ma'am, will you put your bonnet on?
The mules are coming round.
[*She deposits the greater part of her load on a side table.*
MISS R. (*subtracting her bonnet from the bundle*).
How you've crushed it! Where's the glass?
ANN (*investigating*).
There, in the corner.
MRS. R. (*advancing to the angle of reflection*).
Let me pass.
MISS R. My face is quite flat, look!
What a bad glass! They've cracked it.

MR. R. (*abstracting another portion from the mass*).
And you've squeezed up my hat, look!
How badly you've packed it.
[*A pause, during which the operations of wrapping up co*
and the heap of habiliments gradually decreases.
regiments of dishes, supported by regiments of
They proceed into the table-d'hôte. *The tabl*
occupied, and the company actively so. BERNAR
followed the waiters, and approaches the first table.
FIRST ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. A guest is come to share our feast.
ENGLISH LADY. Oh la! I cannot bear the beast.
[*As* BERNARDO *approaches, she jumps off her chair.* T
turns indignantly away from the quarter where
ceives his company is not requested, and makes the
of the tables, now and then receiving, with much
the donation of a spare bit of fat.
ENGLISH LADY (*over the table*).
Now, have done with those chops,
For these long forenoon stops
Keep us always so late.
I am sure, if we wait
Any longer, that ere we
Get to the place there, we
Shall be all overtaken
By night. Leave that bad bacon!
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. Don't get in a foment!
I'm coming this moment.
There, put on your things.
These same chops are fine things.
MISS R. Now, where's my tippet? 'Tis below such
A heap.
MRS. R. That thing you cannot ride in.

Enter SALVADOR, *accoutred for the journey.*

SALVADOR. I've brought the bill, sir.
MR. R. Dinner,—so much,—
I'm glad they've put the mules and guide in.
MISS R. Why, Ann, you've pushed my bows aside in
Your hurry. Look! they're out of shape.
There, smooth my collar; dust my cape.
[MISS R. *occupies herself in setting to rights the*
bows, by certain peculiar dextrous twirls of the
and thumb, whereby edges are pulled out, and rot
pushed in.
MASTER R. Oh, don't be ill at ease about
The little rout that Ann makes;
They'll blown be by the breeze about
Till they're as flat as pancakes.
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN (*finishing the last cutlet, and jumping up*).
Waiter, waiter! Kitchen-wench!

ENGLISH LADY. Dear, why don't you call in French ?
They'll never understand you thus.
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. Garçon, veny !
Ain't there any
Body to attend to us ? [*Enter waiter.*
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. Portez ici notre compte, et
Les chevaux ; nous voulons monter.
MR. R. (*to* SALVADOR).
You'll pay the waiters. That will do.
I'm ready : Margaret, are you ?
MRS. R. Yes. Mary is not : she is apt enough
To take some time.
(*To* MISS R.) You are not wrapped enough.
MISS R. Me !! ma'am, I'm sure I never keep you waiting.
Just wait a minute ;—oh, we shan't be late in——
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN (*to waiter who enters with the bill*).
Nommez vous ce
Dîner ? Tout ce
Que nous venons
Manger n'est qu'un
Côtelet seul, et
C'était tout brulé.
Vous essayez
Me faire payer
Pour ce vin de table—
Qui est miserable—
Deux francs ! deux francs !!
Et je ne peux d'en
Boire.
WAITER. Tous les Anglais, quand ils l'ont
Goutés, ont dits qu'il est bon.
GENTLEMAN. Bon ! Ce n'est que du vinaigre !
Et comment ce soupe si maigre
Est-il chargé la si haut ?
Ce n'est, je vous dis, que de l'eau ?
MISS R. Oh, here come the horses ! Did ever you see
Such old dirty saddles ?
MRS. R. That can't be for me.
ANN. And here is some more, ma'am.
SALVADOR. They're all at the door, ma'am. [*Clock strikes three.*
MISS R. There's three o'clock, I do declare.
MRS. R. It cannot be so much already.
Now, John, in mounting do take care.
MR. R. (*preparing to go*).
Don't slip your foot ; this wooden stair
Is broken, rotten, and unsteady.
Don't be in a hurry, for
If you——
MRS. R. Mary, aren't you ready ?
MARY (*scampering down the passage, with her half-tied bonnet flying in the rear*).
What is all the scurry for ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 5

A wide, stony, and desolate plain among the mountains, surrounded by dark and bare peaks, half-covered with cloud. The Drance, now diminished to a mere torrent, foams among the rocks which lie scattered in the foreground. A slight vestige of a path among the stones and turf, which zigzags to the summit of a huge rock on the left, turns sharply round its overhanging top, and disappears. Immense sweeps of snow on the flanks of the mountains, which descend into the plain, crossing the mule-path in some places; in others forming precarious bridges over the torrent of the Drance, whose dark waters have worn a way beneath them. In front, the plain is compressed into a dark and silent gorge, running up among the mountains, and hidden in mist and cloud.

Enter ANN, *on mule, with* GUIDE *leading.*

ANN. Well, after this! Oh, dear, I'm so vexed!
I'm sure, I wonder where we'll go next.
This rain and mist 'ull wet us through;
This is such an uneasy seat.
I say, man, whippy le chivell, do! (*to the guide*).
It don't alley veat.

[*Enter the cavalcade.* MASTER R. *with straw hat peculiarly turned up, à la parson; looking curiously at every stone that his mule kicks.* MRS. R. *looking wondrous blue.* MR. R. *spurring up, fast and fearless. On the remaining mule, a cloak and bonnet, recognisable for* MISS R.'s, *out of which at top peeps a little red nose.*

MR. R. Well, this is very fine.
ANN. (*aside*). I han't
An idea what they'll show us up here.
VOICE FROM THE NOSE. It's late: I'm half afraid we shan't
Have any sort of tea or supper.
MASTER R. It darkens on us fast to-night,
I think we'll have to race for it.

[*Mule stumbles: he looks down.*

There! there is some chiastolite;
I thought this looked the place for it.
Guide, donnez-moi ce gros pierre.
MRS. R. There are some Alpine roses there,
Just by the snow; if 'tis not wet,
I really wish the guide could get
A bunch or two. I'd like to pack
Them in my pocket-almanack.
I think if they were stuck with some
Cement or other, glue or gum,
If I could make a small collection,
They'd be a pleasant recollection. [*Looking about her.*
Where are the people going to take us?
My dear, they can't intend to make us
Climb up those rocks! Do stop the guide:
We've lost our way. John cannot ride—

MR. R. (*as his mule scrambles up the rocks*).
We haven't time to walk; we must
Get safely in before it's dusk.
MASTER R. (*as* MRS. R.'s *and his own mules follow*).
Long-eared brutes although they be,
When you climb the cliffy scar,
Mules they are the best by far—
A most sagacious sort of brute,
Quick of eye and firm of foot.
Well the beast that I'm astride on
Knows to nose his way, nor slide on
Polished rock or faithless snow.
This is pleasant sort of riding;
Better knows he where to go
Than the guide can guide him.
Lay the reins upon his neck;
Where he chooses let him step;
He will take you safely so.
GUIDE (*to* ANN).
Voulez-vous des fleurs?
ANN (*indignant*).
Leave off your gibberish; I was near off!
This beast will have me quite and clear off.
GUIDE. N'ayez pas peur;
Si vous ne craignez rien
Vous irez bien.
MASTER R. Did you look up the valley where
There was a little light then
Shone through the dark and misty air?
I think I saw the Hospice there.
MR. R. (*laconically*).
You saw things out of sight, then.
MASTER R. This mica all is brown and murky;
There is some as black as ink. [*They come towards the snow.*
There! There's pink snow! I've heard it said
That on this pass 'twas often red.
MRS. R. Why's John making all that stir? I
Hope the mules won't sink.
MR. R. Why, the snow's a little dirty,
And he calls it pink.
MASTER R. Bluely bends the snowy bridge
O'er the Drance's sullen sweep,—
ANN (*to* GUIDE). Are you allying on the nige?
La! I wonder if it's deep. (*Soliloquizing.*)
Where can we be going to sleep?
I am sure there cannot be here
Any sort of town or inn!
What can master want to see here?
Oh, that I were down agin!
[*They leave the snow and wind up the rock.*

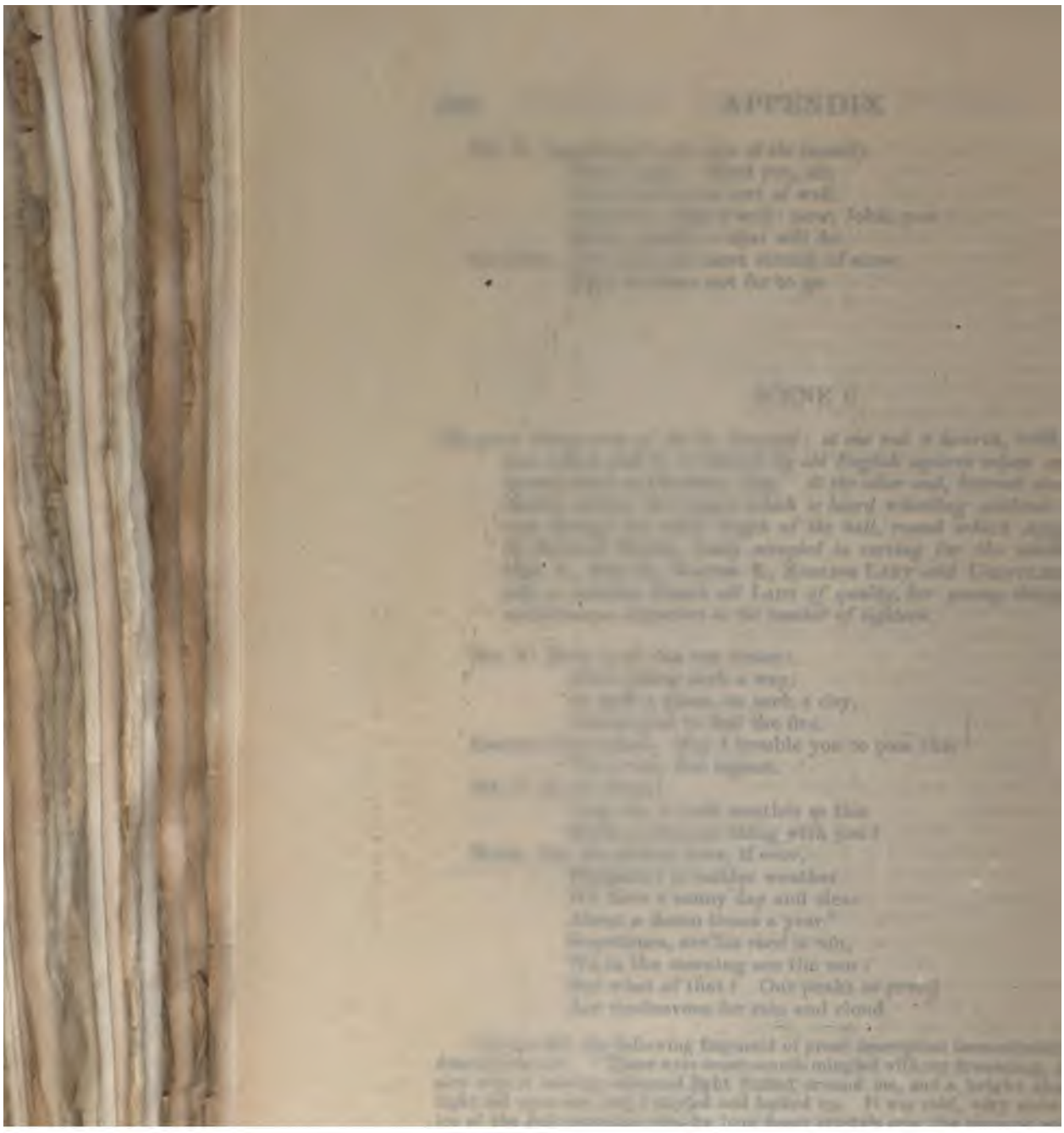
MR. R. (*appearing on the turn at the summit*).
This is ugly. Mind you, all,
Here there is no sort of wall.
Margaret—that's well: now, John, you :—
Mary—gently;—that will do.
SALVADOR. Now, sir, one more stretch of snow,
Then we have not far to go. [*Exeunt.*

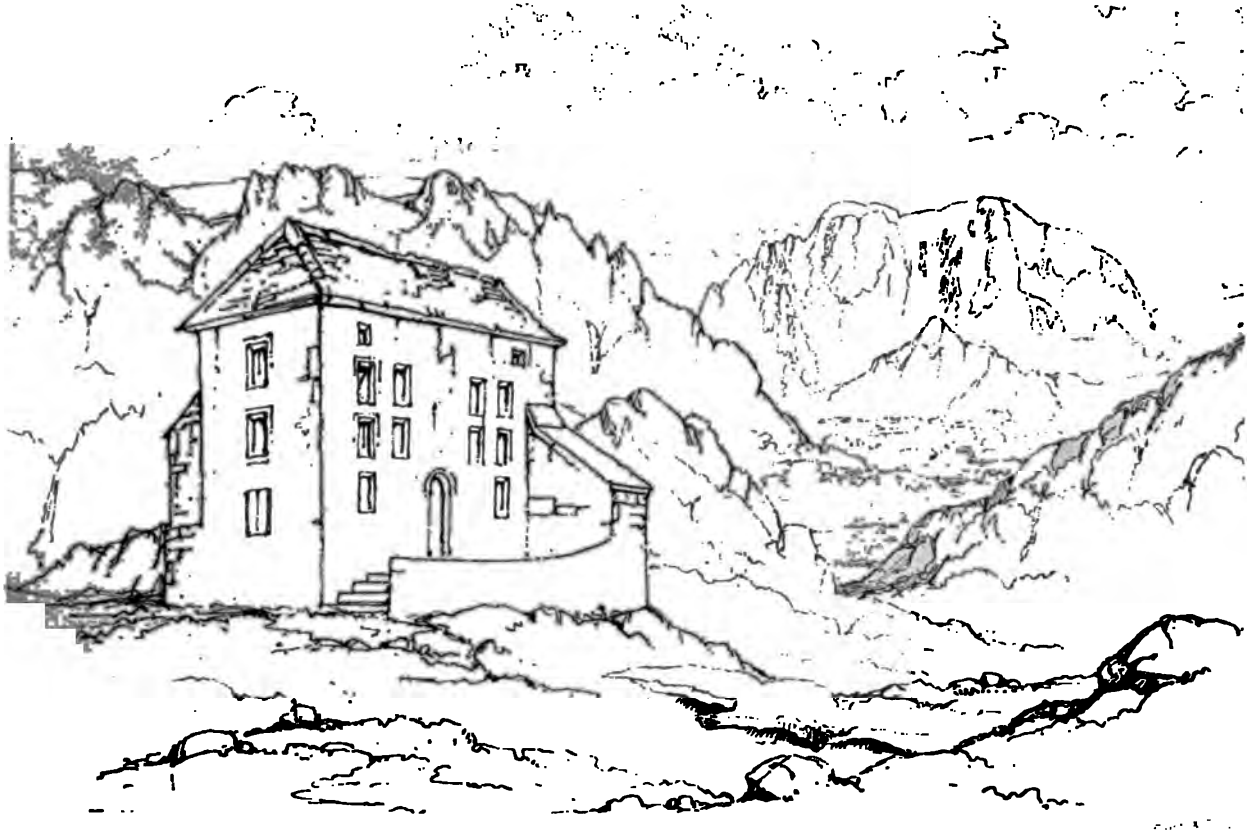
SCENE 6

The great dining-room of the St. Bernard; at one end a hearth, with a fire equal to those which used to be kindled by old English squires when an ox was to be roasted whole on Christmas Day. At the other end, barred and double-barred shutters exclude the tempest which is heard whistling without. A long table runs through the whole length of the hall, round which appear seated two St. Bernard MONKS, *busily occupied in carving for the multitude,* MR. R., MRS. R., MISS R., MASTER R., ENGLISH LADY *and* GENTLEMAN, *he of the pike, a vivacious French old* LADY *of quality, her young daughter, and other miscellaneous characters to the number of eighteen.*

MR. R. Here is all one can desire:
After riding such a way,
In such a place, on such a day,
One is glad to feel the fire.
ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. May I trouble you to pass this?
'Tis a very fine ragout.
MR. R. (*to the* MONK).
Pray, sir, is such weather as this
Quite a common thing with you?
MONK. Sir, we seldom have, if ever,
Pleasanter or milder weather.
We have a sunny day and clear
About a dozen times a year.[1]
Sometimes, ere his race is run,
We in the morning see the sun;
But what of that? Our peaks so proud
Are rendezvous for rain and cloud.

[1] [In the MS. the following fragment of prose description immediately precedes this dramatic sketch. "There were sweet sounds mingled with my dreaming, and a thousand airy orbs of moving coloured light floated around me, and a bright shower of silvery light fell upon me, and I started and looked up. It was cold, very cold, and the crisp ice of the July morning shot its long fleecy crystals over the narrow window. Break the veil away, and look out. There was no sunshine—the Augustines have not a perfectly clear day twelve times in the year—yet the landscape was dazzling white with broad sheets of pure summer snow that clung to the rugged crags as if it loved them, and grew broader and deeper and whiter as it climbed up into the clouds through which it shone like a flood of sunlight, while the tall steep crags that rose forth of it past away into the grey mist." *Cf.* "A Night at Le Hospice," below, p. 532.]





MONT VELAN

From the Hospice of the Great St Bernard

The vapour comes;—our mountain-wall
Within its chasm doth bind it here;
So, if there is a cloud in all
The æther, you will find it here.
And beautiful it is to us,—
As beautiful as rare,—
When all the clouds that pass us by
Melt into beautiful blue sky
And crystal mountain-air.
And every flower and every herb,
That now lie shivering and low
Upon their beds of driven snow,
Spread forth their leaflets wide,
Lift up their heads, their blossoms show,
And deck the mountain-side
With hues like sunset red.

FRENCH LADY. Superbe!

MISS R. John, you've splashed me!

MASTER R. Well, don't frown so.

MISS R. I wish you would not spoil my gown so.
Look, what a mess! I'll have to call up
Ann: you've made such a splutch of it.
I wish you'd sup your gravy all up,
And not give me so much of it.

ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. When the Alps were crossed by Bownapartey,
Pray, sir, wa'n't it at this part he
Took his army over?

MONK. Here along the mountain wild
Half his army fast defiled.
Night sank before the half had crossed,
And from the fortress of Aoste
Up through the gloom the firing came
In lambent sheets of lurid flame.
The fitful flame extended, and the wide expanse
Reddened the sky between the stars, and smote
Upon each soldier's wearied countenance,
Where many wild and strange emotions float;
With some, along the mountains many a league,
Enthusiasm battled with fatigue;
Some on the cold and lifeless snow were lying,
Some dreaming in their sleep, some dead or dying,
Or ceased their weary step with languid eye,
And laid them down to sleep, and slept to die.

(*Unfinished in MS.*)

CHRONICLES OF ST. BERNARD

INTRODUCTORY

A NIGHT AT LE HOSPICE

It was a delicious day in the beginning of July, when after a laborious climb I gained the highest ridge of the pass of the Great St. Bernard, and stood beside the celebrated Hospice. The outside of this building is remarkable for little except its ponderous strength; and frequent descriptions of it have made it familiar to every reader. As I ascended the high steps which afford access to the elevated door, I was received and welcomed by one of the good monks, with whom I had become acquainted on a previous expedition,[1] and who will be remembered with gratitude, affection, and respect, by every one who has had an opportunity of intercourse with him, however short, or who has afforded an opportunity to him of exercising his overflowing benevolence.

Two of the dogs, the oldest, were as usual beside him. They appear to consider it incumbent upon them to do the honours of the house to every traveller, and express their welcome with look and gesture in the true spirit of hospitality. The dogs of St. Bernard are perhaps the most efficient humane society in the world. I patted the enormous head of the largest, and he lifted up his dark eye, with a singular expression—marvellous sad, I thought; it was not exactly philosophical, it was not a reasoning light, but a kind of calm melancholy—as if the animal was in the habit of feeling deeply.—It might be fancy. "That dog has saved eight human beings," said the monk. I looked at him again, but reverentially, poor fellow; his very walk was noble, grave—I would that I had done as much, thought I.

When the monk had shown me my room, he offered to walk round the lake with me to the site of the ancient Temple. He led me through some low vaulted passages, and opened a back door towards the lake. How glorious was the burst of landscape, the narrow green water lay as on the bosom of the hills, still, so still, looking up to the bright clear heaven with its steadfast eye, and the eternal snows that glittered on its borders sloped down underneath the pure green waves. High on the left rose from its borders the crags of Mont Mort, looking black among the fields of silver which were scattered among them, and beyond in enormous peaks and jagged precipices rose a chain of red and bare Alps, so precipitous that the snow could not cling to them, though it lay between them and at their base in brilliant and dazzling sheets, and here and there on some more bulky summit lifted itself up against the infinite blue of the heaven that arched over all without a single cloud, looking like the

unfathomable depth of a transparent ocean. Far down the valley glittered the snowy crests of the mountains of Cormayeur.

The monk stood beside me; he did not speak: long as he had resided here, often as his eyes had gazed upon this very view, aye, even until the solitude lay wearily upon his soul, he still felt how glorious was that landscape, how beautiful was the silence of its loveliness.

At length we past on, and drew near a French party who were standing on the edge of the water. As we approached we heard an old lady very voluble in her admiration. "Que cela est superbe, quel air pure et frais, quel ciel bleu, quel séjour delicieux." "Ah," said the monk. I understood the volume expressed in the word, for I had been at the Hospice, if not in another season, at least in different weather. We walked on. "The French," said my companion, "speak always from the impulse of the moment. Had this summer wind been the least cold, she would have said 'quel temps vilain, quel séjour horrible.'"

The rocks on the shore of the small lake seem full of a life in death; over the cold grey stone, beside the lifeless beds of the pale snow, that clasps it in its chilly arms for ever, grew the wild bright beautiful flowers, the laughing blossoms looking silently up from their desert couch to the cold air, lightening in the darkness of the fearful solitude like pleasant dreams in a life of misery, like the gentle smile on the lips of the dead. They will only live here; they must be kissed by the keen wind, rooted on the bare rock, bedewed by the evening cloud, as it rolls along their valley, and buried under the deep snow, or they will die; they reminded me of the strange gladnesses, the tearful joys, that are known only to the broken heart and the desolate spirit.

Off scampered the dogs to the snow, four of them at least, the fifth following with his stately step, and joining in the gambols of the younger, much with the air of a philosopher, who though engaged in meditations on the vanity of life, is not above contributing to the amusement of those whose years are not yet top heavy, who are less wise, and more merry. Two frolicsome puppies pulled his ears unmercifully, and rolled him over and over on the snow, which is to the St. Bernard's dog what the soft hearthrug is to a ladies' lap-dog: the scene of all its enjoyment.

When you have reached the site of the Roman temple, the distant though narrow prospect is suddenly opened; you surmount the ridge which confines the waters of the little lake and look down a sweep of bare but turfy valley, with immense slopes of mountain rising sheer up on either side, around which winds the mule-path to Aosta, looking much like a whip lash of enormous length, whirled out by the arm of a giant; far down the green vista the pines begin to appear jagged and stunted, struggling against the coldness of the air, and among them the glittering roofs of the châlets of St. Remy. To avoid the immense circuit made by the mule-path road in descending, there is a steep foot-path up the almost perpendicular crags of Mont Mort, which takes you straight up to the level of the lake, but which had much better be avoided by all travellers whose feet are not thoroughly accustomed to mountain climbing. The monk's practised eye soon discerned a gentleman on the path apparently in the act of illustrating the proverb that the farthest way about is the nearest way home. It was pretty evident that he had got into that very disagreeable state of fixture from which nervousness prevents your advance, and impossibility your return, and in which, however beautiful

the prospect, however agreeable your situation, or however elegant your attitude, a person becomes peculiarly sensible of the delights of change. A pause ensued of some ten minutes of no small interest to us, and apparently of no small inconvenience to him, at the end of which the monk was about to hurry to his assistance, since, had he slipped his foot through fear or accident, he might have had a disagreeable slide, roll, or tumble of about a thousand feet into the valley; but before the good monk had advanced far, the object of his solicitude seemed to take heart of grace, and disengaged himself from his disagreeable position, dislodging at the same time a mass of stone of considerable size, which, as it crashed, thundered, and bounded down the mountain side, fifty feet at a leap, dashing showers of fragments off the stones which it encountered in its descent, showed clearly how very inconvenient it would be for any thing or person of softer material to descend in the same manner. Our friend, once unfixed, was now rapidly approaching us, a young Englishman, as we soon discerned by step, air, and countenance; he was equipped as pedestrian travellers in Switzerland usually are, in the loose dress of thin Holland, which, confined only by a leathern belt at the waist, allows the arms and legs a delightful freedom of movement; the knapsack at his back and the strong but light pole, terminated at one end by a strong polished chamois horn, and at the other by that iron spike whose inestimable utility can only be known to Swiss travellers, completed his equipment; with the exception of a kind of pannier, dependent from the belt at the waist, and something like a barber's apron, whose ponderous and rattling swing at once explained the gentleman's choice of the precipitous short cut, as it proclaimed itself full of those worthless and ugly bits of chucky stains, which, dignified with the name of "specimens," become in the eyes of a certain class of people of such inestimable value. He also bore a hammer in his right hand, which might, in the hands of a giant of the olden time, have become the terror of all the adventurous knights who ventured within reach of its swing.

"That appears a difficult path, sir," said I, as he came up.

"Horrid, sir, horrid. Loose shale—partial state of decomposition—rocks defoliating in the direction of the cleavage."

"You seemed to have got into a difficult situation at one point."

"Awkward, sir, awkward—very awkward."

"What a thunderbolt you sent into the valley. How it dashed the rocks to pieces, like a single hero overwhelming an army. How the roar of the fall rose along the mountains."

"Quartzose rock imperfectly crystallized—very hard—good specimen—sorry I lost it."

"Rather too large for carriage though, except on its own legs," said I. (It was a mass about four feet square.)

"Ah—yes—inconvenient," replied my companion, as we regained the mule-path.

"Much better road this," said I; "'tis pleasant to get on it again."

"Ah—yes—very solid—all gneiss."

"Very nice," said I, not clearly understanding him.

"'Gnn-eiss,' I said, sir," responded the knight of the hammer rather gruffly; "primitive rock,—all hard."

"Oh! I beg your pardon—yes," and a pause ensued.

As we gained the highest point of the ridge the monk turned and bade us

look back to the mountains of Cormayeur. A few rosy clouds were scattered on the heaven, or wrapped about their bases, but their summit rose pure and glorious, just beginning to get rosy in the afternoon sun, and here and there a red peak of bare rock rose up into the blue out of the snowy mantle. "How beautiful," said I to my companion; "those peaks of rock rise into the heaven like promontories running out into the deep, deep blue of some transparent ocean."

"Ah—yes—brown, limestone—strata vertical, or nearly so, dip eighty-five and a half," replied the geologist.

"And those clouds," continued I, "look how they pass over the infinite heaven, like pleasant thoughts rising out of the serenity of a beautiful mind. Now, they are congregating in that chasm on the mountain; see, they seem to clasp the rugged rocks lovingly——"

"Singular fault in the beds there—saw it yesterday," remarked my companion, "much distortion—ripe vein—iron pyrites and zinc—that's the reason it attracts the clouds."

"Probably," said I.

"Certainly, sir," said he.

"Yes," said the Father; "there is a storm gathering; we had better walk on towards the Hospice."

As we passed the site of the temple I pointed the pale pink starry flowers out to my companion. "Look," said I, "how they smile upon the green and yellow melancholy of that cold heartless stone."

"O-ah, quartz in veins and nests—half crystallized—cavities inside, probably—let's see."

Crash, went the merciless hammer, and down went, overwhelmed in the ruin, a lovely cluster of my poor flowers. I have them yet, their corpses at least, for their soul is gone.

Another awkward pause ensued; it was broken by the monk. "At the foot of the short cut which you took, sir," he said, "is the spot where some years ago a brother of St. Bernard and a domestic perished by an avalanche, while assisting some travellers; their bodies were swept down to the valley below and were not found till the ensuing summer."

"Oh, horrid, horrid, whereabouts?" replied the man of stone.

"Just at the foot of the path, there is a small cross—there under a large projecting rock."

"Oh—ah—I remember—zigzag crystallization—black scharl, and brown mica,—chlorite, inside—hey—very fine specimen—knocked a bit off."

Another long pause, until the monk, finding that nothing else would do, took him on his own ground, and they entered into a mineralogical discussion on the St. Bernard, which lasted till we arrived at L'Hospice.

When we reached the ridge of the pass, and looked down on the Swiss side, we beheld the heaven below us, for the horizon was far below us, charged with heavy masses of thundercloud; they strode up the valley, paused a minute beneath Mont Velan, then wreathed him in their dense masses in an instant, like volumes of smoke coming up from some vast conflagration, and then burst down upon us, filling the ravine with fire at every flash, and chastising the waves of the quiet lake with billows of mingled wind and water. I watched it some time from the window of my room; and on its abatement, descended to the public room, just in time to witness the arrival of a French lady and gentleman, who had ascended, a little too late in the day, from Martigny.

The monk was escorting the couple to their room, quite in silence—they could not speak from terror, vexation, and fatigue; you might as well have expected articulation from a half-drowned cat. I stood aside on the landing-place to let them pass; as they walked upstairs the water ran down from them downstairs in two streams, as if they had been two walking umbrellas that had been up all day in a south rain, and the lady's dress hung on her like the rags on a mop just dipped into the bucket. I longed to give her a circumgyration. I thought they might have shaken themselves a little before they came upstairs. The good monk would certainly have to bucket the water out of their room. I slipped downstairs as I would have passed two Newfoundland dogs, just emerging from the water, before they have given themselves the dextrous disencumbering shake, and, finding nobody in the public room, sauntered into the chapel; like an ass, the mineralogist was there before me. I found him standing before the monument of Desaix.[1]

"Beautiful monument that," said I, determining to endeavour to draw him into something like conversation.

"Oh—ah—yes—Carrara, I think, isn't it?"

"I don't know the sculptor's name—not Canova, I think," said I hesitatingly.

"Carrara marble—I say, sir, carbonate of lime, cream white, inclining to snow white—lustre slight, waxy, glimmering—owing to imperfect crystallization—takes a good polish—hey?"

"Oh yes, Carrara or Parian marble, I suppose."

"Parian's fine granular—'tisn't Parian."

"Very likely——"

"It's softer than Parian, feels waxy—greasy—don't it?" said he, drawing his fingers down the limbs and draperies, which he could reach, and rapping with the end of his stick the top of the monument, "it sounds dead—you hear—very soft."

"I see you're not fit to be trusted here by yourself," thought I, and in pity to the monuments I accompanied him round for a full hour, listening to remarks on the different marbles of the columns and mosaics of the altar; and by seasonable drawings back, or well-introduced questions, the answers to which would, I knew, set him thinking for ten minutes at least, I was instrumental in preserving many fine pieces of sculpture from the fatal rap of his stick or the inquisitive stroke of his greasy paw.

At length, at six o'clock, the usual hour for the meal which is dinner to the company, supper to the monks, we entered the public room. The company were just arranging themselves at the table. They consisted of the French lady and gentleman aforesaid; the old French lady whom we first encountered on the edge of the lake; a young lady, a daughter; a delightful young Oxonian, on a pedestrian tour; a raw Scotchman, very proud of his climbing achievements; three stupid brutes of German scholars; another German, remarkable for his immense moustachios; an English artist, very gentlemanly, but rather particular in his conversation, like the geologist; a fat Englishman, a regular John Bull, and his lady; the geologist, myself, and two other somebodies whom I did not notice, at the head of the table, making up the number to seventeen. Two monks presided at the feast, and my seat happened to be exceedingly

[1] [Who fell at Marengo. The monument was erected by Napoleon. The name of the artist was Moitte. See line 163 of "The Exile of St. Helena" in Vol. II.]

fortunate for conversation;—one monk on the opposite side of the table, a little to my right, and opposite to him, beside me, the old French lady and her daughter; the other monk was near me on my left; and opposite to him the lady and gentleman who had been so drenched in their ascent; the geologist was, fortunately, high up the table; the artist near; the Germans within sight; and the young Oxonian between me and the monk on my left.

The cuisine of St. Bernard is most excellent, and we hungry travellers would have done justice to far worse cheer; the consequence was that there was very little conversation for the first half-hour, excepting a few remarks from my Oxford friend on the appearance of the French couple opposite, who had exchanged their saturated dress, having no change of their own, for clothing given them by the monks, which, being made to fit all comers, hung on them as it would on two pegs; and their dolorous countenances were, as my companion averred, of the complexion of pickled onions, and much of the expression of an ill-cut door-knocker, which he said he well remembered having once nearly thrown him, when a child, into a fit.

They were nevertheless the first to break silence.

"Quel climat vilain—quel séjour horrible," said the lady.

"Ah," said the monk, with peculiar emphasis, looking at me. "But you have been very unfortunate in your day," he continued.

"We are always unfortunate," replied the lady, in a low, dolorous whine.

"Have you had little fine weather on your journey, then?"

"There's no fine weather out of Paris," muttered the old gentleman, between two immense spoonfuls of vermicelli soup.

"What route did you take to Switzerland?" inquired the Oxonian.

"By Dijon, over the Jura, to Geneva."

"Splendid pass that," he replied; "you must have enjoyed that, at least, very much."

"*It rained all the way.* We didn't see it, sir," replied the lady; "et j'avais grand peur."

"Of what, ma'am?"

"Of being upset—or robbed, sir—such dreadful precipices, such lonely roads—mon Dieu!"

"You went to Chamouni, I suppose," said the monk.

"Oui, monsieur."

"Beautiful valley," said the Oxonian.

"I've seen nothing beautiful out of Paris," grunted the old gentleman.

"Did you ascend the Montanvert?"

"Non, monsieur."

"Great pity; it is a noble view."

"So they told me, mais j'avais peur," said the lady.

"Or to the source of de l'Arveron."

"Mon Dieu, non, monsieur—j'avais tant peur."

"You saw Mont Blanc, at any rate?"

"Non, monsieur—il pleuvait toujours."

"Will you take some more soup, sir?" said the monk to the elder German.

"Ya," putting out his plate. The monk filled it, he drew it back without a word, and began swallowing the soup in immense ifp-ing[1] spoonfuls—a great

[1] [So in the MS.; apparently an onomatopoeic coinage.]

portion of which ran back into his plate in two streams from the ends of his now drooping moustachios.

"Some more soup, sir?" to the fat English gentleman.

"Thank you," he replied politely, but muttered to himself as he drew back his plate—"Soup! Such soup! O Lord!—worms and water."

The dialogue continued between the monk and the opposite couple.

"So I suppose you came by the steamboat to Vevay?"

"Non, monsieur,—j'avais peur," replied the lady.

"Which side of the lake did you take?"

"By Meillerie, monsieur, mais il pleuvait—mon Dieu! nous étions si mouillés—nous n'avons rien vu."

"You went to Chillon, I suppose?"

"Mon Dieu, non, monsieur—il y a un magazin de poudre—et j'avais peur."

"You have indeed been singularly unfortunate, and encountering this storm here, after all."

"Mon Dieu—j'avais tant peur," said the lady; "les éclairs et la pluie, et le vent, et les mulets."

"But I can answer for your having a fine day to-morrow," said the monk; "this storm will clear the air entirely."

"J'ai peur," said the lady, with a low sigh, and she settled herself in solemn silence to her plate.

"Some venison, sir?" said the monk to the English gentleman, having before him a delicious dish of chamois with red sauce, beautifully cooked.

"Thank you"—then, to himself, "Venison! Such venison! O Lord!"

"There's a good deal of imagination in that man's stomach," said the Oxonian. "I can read at this moment the thoughts of his inside: there is a light of other days illuminating his interior; and beautiful dreams, yet not all dreams, are passing over the mirror of his—mind—I was going to say,—stomach, I mean, and it's a good large one. First comes a vision of a plateful of turtle—the fair fat, transparent as a chrysophrase, beautifully green, lustrous as an opal, floating swanlike on the richness of the exquisite brown. See what fancy will do: he opens his lips expecting to feel them cemented together with the delicious congelation of liquid. Now the vision is changed: in imagination he is about to cut into the sirloin of beef. All over the beautiful brown, with soft and gentle distillation flowing like spontaneous pourings forth of the spirit of poetry from some mighty mind, descend the streams of crystal gravy, melted ruby, in soft, soft silence descending, the voiceless flow of meadow waters by night not more soothingly sublime. In goes the imaginary knife with a sweet, rich sound, as it buries itself in the pure marrow, and the delicate slice is lifted, and lo! the exquisite shading from the outward brown to the interior rose, that rises over the white bone like the blush of the dawn of the morning upon some snowy Alp. Alas! the dream is too beautiful to continue, his eyes descend to his plate, his mouth, watering for the feast of fancy, feels the impoverishment of the reality; all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

"Nay," said I, "if you will condescend to leave your poetical roast beef, and taste what is now getting cold upon your plate, you will find the old fellow not so badly off."

"By Jove, that's capital," said the Oxonian, after the trial, "better than any venison the old gentleman ever eat at a Lord Mayor's dinner."

After another eating pause, he addressed the artist, who was on the

opposite side of the table: "You seem to have a valuable portfolio with you," he said; "I suppose you find this beautiful country rich in subjects?"

"In extraordinary subjects, sir, but not good ones; the objects are out of proportion, there is a want of good keeping in the landscape."

"I find a want of good keeping in the rascally hotels," replied the Oxonian, "for they keep nothing but your money, and I don't call that good keeping."

"I mean, sir," said the artist, raising his voice a little, "that the mountains are always too large to keep their distance."

"And the men too impudent," replied the Oxonian. "My landlord the other day——"

"Landlords—such landlords—O Lord," interrupted the old gentleman, lifting up his eyes. "There was a chap last week, at some of their confounded out o' the way crack-jaw places—I always asks for a private room—that's genteel and respectable—so, after dinner, says I, have you got a bottle of good wine, says I—so—says he, you shall have a good un—and while I leant back in my chair, thinking of nothing at all, in he comes with the bottle. La, I says, says I, that'll do, says I—so—says he, I'll keep you company, says he—and down he squats—in the armchair, like a lord—and finished my bottle o' port, and be d—d to him."

"What sort of port was it?" inquired the Oxonian; "for on that point, in my opinion, depends the heinousness of the offence."

"Port! Such port! O Lord!" replied the old gentleman, with a kind of gasp, and then, as if overcome at the recollection, and unable to give utterance to his feelings, he sank again into silence.

"Well, sir," continued I to the artist, who appeared to have been following the track of his own thoughts, "do not you think the climate fine?"

"Very good, sir; often fine warm ochre tints, but 'tis too clear—utter want of all aërial perspective."

"But are not the skies very beautiful?"

"Fine ultramarine, certainly, very transparent; difficult to get the clear tint; it requires a great deal of washing out, and spunging——"

Roar, came a gust of wind up the valley, its wings loaded with perfect billows of sleet, which it threw against the double windows of the room like a sea breaking over a vessel with a heavy surging dash. Everybody looked up with a start to see if the fastenings were safe, and a cold shudder passed over the French couple; it spoke to their feelings, "Oh, j'ai tant peur," said the lady.

"There's a pretty washing out for you," said the Oxonian; "I suppose that's what nature calls 'spunging her ultramarine,' hey?"

The artist rose and walked to the window, and I followed. It was a most glorious storm; the gust of wind, which had brought such a burst of rain with it, had swept away the nearer clouds with the hollow of its hand, and a strange red light was bursting through the columns of rain that were walking along the mountain peaks like armies of half seen archangels, and the peaks of the opposite hill rose against it, even the snow as black as ebony, and down the valley the red setting sun, meteor-like, was seen standing still amidst the tumultuous war of the clouds, and shook his flaming hair into the storm, like the countenance of an evil angel breathing forth a lurid pestilence, while the tempest at the instant had dashed away the mist from Mont Velan, and the snow stood forth in red, with the conflagration-like glow—but still, so still—so noble—so majestical—it shone forth in the blackness of the scowling hurricane

like the still small voice that is heard above the roar of evil passions i tumultuous and tormented soul.

While I was looking out I heard the artist at my elbow talking to hims "High clouds, indigo and light red—touch of ochre—good many coats—lig clean rubbed—sun scraped pure ochre—snow white, with a tint of carmin hills, cobalt and pink madder,—a little blue black—I'll get the outline morrow—very good subject."

"Confound all artists and geologists," thought I, as I walked back to seat at the table. The Oxonian touched my elbow. "Listen," said he. dessert, consisting of dried fruits of different kinds, had just been set do and the other monk, whose attention had been almost exclusively occupied carving for the multitude, was engaged in conversation with the old Fre lady, describing in an interesting manner the state of the Hospice in winte

"Travellers," he said, "ascend the mountain in the summer months, w the sky is clear, the air calm, and the sun warm; they see a little snow the ground, feel the night-wind a little cold; hear, perhaps, a roll among hills, the sound of a distant avalanche, and descend, supposing that they h braved the dangers and experienced the difficulties of the passage of M St. Bernard. I assure you, they have about as much idea of them as a c wading on the sea-shore, when the ripples are licking the sand softly, has hurricane on the Atlantic. Imagine, if you can, this valley buried under sheet of snow, from ten to forty feet high, and the mountains, instead of be jagged with crags, and broken with precipices, becoming immense smoo sided mounds of snow, among which not a single rock appears to direct y and that snow, not yielding and watery, like snow in the plains, but a f dry, hard-frozen dust which drifts before every swirl of the resistless wind enormous clouds, impenetrable to the eye and choking the lungs. Suppos temperature many degrees below zero, in which the only means of preserv the extremities unfrozen is to give them severe blows with the pole, and k them in constant motion—and you will have some idea of a fine day in win at the Hospice of St. Bernard.

"Superbe," said the lady, "et les avalanches, sont-ils fréquent?"

"As long as it freezes," continued the monk, "they are small, desce slowly, and may be avoided, but—le premier coup de serac—c'est le coup mort pour les voyageurs.[1] Fields of snow, sometimes from previous thaws frosts, frozen into compact masses or rendered solid by their own weight the pressure of superincumbent beds, slide down from every mountain si with a force and velocity which I can compare to nothing but to that o common ball of equal size, and with a roar—like ten concentrated thunder the smoke of their shattering seen like thick white clouds on the hills."

"Superbe," again remarked the old lady.

"White smoke," soliloquized the artist; "good accident in a distance."

"But a very disagreeable accident near, I should think," said the Oxonia

"I mean, sir, you misunderstand, sir——"

"I hope I shall miss standing under any such things," said my frien "what's the old lady saying?"

[1] [Ruskin is here detailing information given him by the monks and noted at t time in his diary (July 15, 1835): "As long as the frost continues, all is well, remains firm; but, as the monk expressed it, le premier coup de serac est le coup mort pour les voyageurs."]

I caught the last sentence of the monk, who had been going on with his description. "But, ma'am, if they fall with their heads downwards, we always find them dead."

"Superbe," replied the lady.

"'Pon my word," said the Oxonian, "she seems to travel just as the guide-books recommend—with a good-natured disposition to admire everything that comes in her way. I never heard such an epithet applied to a person being tumbled heels uppermost before."

"I believe you ascended from Aosta," continued the monk; "in that case, you passed underneath the slope of Mont Mort, which is the most dangerous spot for avalanches on the whole pass of St. Bernard; you no doubt noticed the steep, unbroken precipice to the valley, furrowed by their descent."

"Oh, sans doute—c'est vraiment superbe," replied the old lady.

"Mon Dieu—et il nous faudra descendre par la demain—oh, que j'ai peur——"

The melancholy half-suppressed whine of the one lady broke in upon the clear and cheerful accentuation of the other, like a passing bell interrupting merry music. Everybody looked up at her; she was a real spectacle—the shrivelled brown of her colourless face had become white with horror; her mouth open, its corners drawn down, the white of her eyes turned up, the whole expression aghast,—a lady of the woeful figure. Even the monk could hardly keep his countenance, while he put her out of pain by assuring her that the passage in summer was perfectly safe, and passed by two or three thousand individuals in the season—without the slightest accident—and that the only evidence which she would have of the occasional danger of the spot was the mass of débris in the valley, mixed with masses of snow discoloured with earth, the yet remaining vestiges of winter avalanches.

"Hem," said the geologist, "avalanches, *the* cause of alluvial deposits in elevated valleys—interesting fact—never thought of it before."

As the cloth was removed a proposal for tea originated somewhere among the ladies. The Oxonian offered to produce some of the real herb—a very difficult thing to procure in Switzerland; but the monk would not hear of such a thing, and insisted on supplying us from the stores of the convent. And he left the room to order it. "For my part," said the Oxonian, "having Plato in my pocket, I intended to endure being poisoned with a politeness worthy of his master; but for the rest, confound his hospitality, say I." Nevertheless, when the tea was brought in it was found to be far superior to our expectations: the water was actually boiling, and though the English gentleman received his first cup with his usual—"Tea—such tea—O Lord!"—he returned his cup four times; even the French lady seemed to recover a little from the shock which her nerves had undergone, and as we drew close to round the wood fire, and listened to the howling tempest outside, I will venture to say that there have seldom been a merrier party in old England on a Christmas Eve, than were assembled that night in the large old shadowy hall of the hospice, bidding defiance to the Christmas climate of St. Bernard, in the month of July.

It was about six o'clock on the following morning that my dreams became musical and full of dancing light; and as the sleep fell away from the eye and ear of the mind, like a soft misty veil, and I roused myself and looked up, I found my brain in considerable confusion from a strange mingling of sights and sounds. The clear, crystalline, mistless mountain air shone in at

the small window, full of sunbeams so bright, so pure, so dazzling in their whiteness, that their light seemed to be full of cold, and the panes were all fleecy with fantastic frostwork, traced by the silent fingers of the chill morning air of July. I broke it away and looked out; the storm of the evening had swept away every atom of mist from the air, and over the crisped lake, over the pure snow, over the desolate hills, over the boundless heaven, was breathed the glory of the morning; the pulses of the pure air were full of radiance, and every crag and every snow-wreath seemed resplendent with an inward lustre of their own; and the high summits flashed forth into the dark blue like pyramids of white fire sent up from some sacred altar into the holiness of the heaven. I drew back dazzled, and believing myself to be still dreaming, for amid the stillness of the excessive solitude was heard the swelling of the solemn and beautiful melody which had mingled itself with my sleep.[1] I rubbed my eyes, and shook myself, but it still came rolling on, now loud, now low, now dying away, accompanied by rich and well-modulated voices. At last, having thoroughly awakened myself, I remembered the morning mass. I was soon in the chapel.

I have heard the sacred music of the mass roll and reverberate among the immeasurable twilight of the vast cathedral aisle, and the cadences of the chaunted *Te Deum* passing over the heads of thousands bowed at once. I have held my breath when, in the hush of a yet more sacred silence, the secret prayers of the population of a city rose up in their multitude,[2] till every breath of the incensed air became holy, and the dim light around was full of supplication;[3] but more sublime than the sacred tones that shake the dusky aisles with their tread,[4] more holy than the hush of the bended multitude, were those few voices, whose praise rose up so strangely amid the stillness of the terrible solitude, and passed away and away, till the dead air that sleeps for ever and for ever, voicelessly, like a lifeless spirit upon the lonely mountains, was wakened from its cold silence, and that solitary voice of praise was breathed up into the still blue of the heaven rising from the high Alps as from one vast altar to the ear of the Most High, sounding along the vacancy of the illimitable wilderness, where God was, and God only.

When the mass was over, I remained alone for some time in the chapel, in that state of mind in which you do not think, in which the brain seems incapable of forming any distinct idea; you feel only it is a strange losing of the soul in a multitude of its own most sublime sensations; it is, if I may so express it, a sensual gratification of the mind.

We mustered pretty strong at breakfast, but breakfast is always a stupid, mumchance, bread-and-butter sort of an affair. Everybody's intellect seemed to be frozen up or half asleep, and the silence of the old hall was little disturbed, save by the munching of toast, the swallowing of coffee, and a few words from the two ladies—the one "superbing" a little at the cloudless view of Mont Velan from the windows, and the other "peuring" away at the mules and the saddles, and the roads and the precipices and the avalanches.

The guides were running up and down stairs for bundles and portmanteaux, the mules clattering about on the wet rocks before the door; everybody was

[1] [*Cf.* the passage given on p. 520 *n.*]
[2] [The author had first written, "were breathed forth amid the incense."]
[3] [See above, pp. 269, 385.]
[4] [So, apparently, in the MS.; but the word is barely legible.]

occupied in preparing for their departure, and nobody seemed to relish the idea of their difficult and slow ride through the bitter cold air of the morning. Blue cheeks, purple fingers, red noses, black cloaks, and brown tippets were of frequent occurrence round the table; in short, everything looked very uncomfortable. Nevertheless, before the general break up, out we all went to see the house of the dead, a sight which it is quite as well to see by good clear morning sunlight, since a nervous person might have excessively disagreeable dreams after an evening visit.[1]

It required considerable resolution to open the outer door, and make the plunge into the thin biting air, for the thin atmosphere of these high regions, though it does not cut you in two, like a sharp east [wind], nor bite into you like a keen frost, yet insinuates its delicate substance into every pore, and fills blood, nerve, and vein with its penetrating cold. The rocks were covered with little running streamlets issuing from different crannies, the remains of the night storm, and flowing silently and almost invisibly over their polished faces, rendering them as smooth as glass; and the artist, who was just remarking to me that the landscape, though not exactly picturesque, was one well adapted for trying experiments of effect on, or, as he technically expressed it, "for tumbling about in," exemplified the truth of his opinion by slipping his foot and falling on hands and knees on a smooth, wet, round block of this foreground, as he called it. The geologist came up at the instant. "Good example of aqueous denudation and arrosion, that," said he, as the artist rose.

"Aqueous what, sir?" replied the artist, rather gruffly, and rubbing his knees.

"Denudation and arrosion, sir."

"He means, sir," interrupted the Oxonian, "that if you have skinned your knee, the cause is arrosion, and the effect denudation."

"I don't mean any such thing, sir," answered the geologist; "I was speaking of this rock—you see, sir, the beautiful effect of the water on it, takes off edges and angles, gets it all rounded off, no vestige of fracture or cleavage."

"Umph," muttered the artist, "good bit—rather heavy."

"Not above 7, or 7·50, sir," replied the geologist; "there is always a variation in the specific gravity of compound rocks."

"Nonsense," replied the artist; "heavy in effect, I mean—massive."

"No such thing, sir—foliated; who ever heard of gneiss being massive?"

"Stupid ass," muttered the artist to himself, as we reached the dead house.

It is a low stone house, built against the side of Mount Mort, roofed strongly, with one small square window, cross barred, which serves the purpose both of door and window. When the monk had unlocked the grating the gentleman scrambled in, but the fat Englishman got fixed when he had insinuated himself half-way, and kept kicking his heels in the endeavour to make further progress, while the people within were bawling to him to keep out of the light.

[1] [In the diary, the Morgue is thus described:—

"Close to the hospice for the living is a narrow and small hut built against the crags of Mont Mort,—the dwelling-place of the dead; and there the bodies are laid side by side, and they perish not, for the cold blast of the day and the keen frost of the night are their preservers. It is a strange museum, a revolting raree-show for every chance comer to peep into, and wonder at, and come away from, complaining that he came before breakfast and has lost his appetite. The old bones might be let lie uncrunched by the thoughtless feet of staring hundreds; the corpses might be let sleep unoffended by their gaze."]

"Are you anything of a mathematician?" whispered the Oxonian to me.

"I have solved a few problems," said I.

"Then perhaps you have tried the very difficult one of filling a square hole with a round stopper?"

"Can't say that I ever did," replied I.

"One of our professors, after a twelve days' trial, proved it, as he thought, to be impossible, but there's a Q.E.F. for him," said the Oxonian, pointing to our fat friend in the window.

"Is there any smell, sir?" he continued, addressing the old gentleman.

"Smell—such a smell—O Lord!" replied he, scrambling out with much difficulty, and glad of an apology for his retreat, on which the Oxonian instantly jumped in and I followed.

There were from ten to fifteen corpses in different positions round the walls, some crouching, some sitting, some standing upright, and in different states of preservation. They were all brown,—those which had been only two or three years there had both features and expression perfectly preserved; this latter, especially when indicative of agony or struggling, rendered horrible by the ghastly gleaming out of the whites of the eyes from the brown face, the irises and pupils being quite black. The flesh and clothes of those which had been longer exposed were falling from the bones like black rags; some were reduced to mere skeletons; and these again, as they fell to pieces with age, paved the floor of the charnel-house with their bleaching bones, which we crushed beneath our feet at every step.

The geologist walked up to the corpse of a mother, who had perished clasping her child: the brown arms still grasp the skeleton, and the rotting face grins down upon it, with its yellow teeth and white eyes, and there is a love still lurking about its horror.

"Very well preserved indeed," said the geologist, in the same tone in which he would have spoken of a pot of pickles. "That's a child, is it—don't its nose look bituminous, hey?" appealing to the artist.

"Humph," replied the latter, "curious group—fine single light from the little window on it—the effect is very picturesque; it's a good colour too, that tint of the flesh—vandyke brown with a little sienna."

"That's what I say, sir," replied the other; "colour of elastic asphaltum—isn't it?—or bog earth: by-the-by, bog earth is a great preserver from corruption; you know there was a man lost in a bog, who was found twenty years afterwards in a perfect state of preservation, hair and all, and when they drew off his stockings his legs were quite white and fair."

"Real bog trotters," interrupted the Oxonian; "and didn't the fellow who found him say he was the natest jontleman alive, barring that he was dead?"

We had a few more philosophical remarks from the geologist on the carbonate of lime in the form of bones; the old lady put her head in, looked round, and exclaimed, "Quel cadavres superbes," and then we all scrambled out, heartily glad to get out of the sick, heavy, damp, charnel-house atmosphere.

The mules were waiting on our return to the hospice. Nobody would mount, however, except the Oxonian and the English gentleman; the first shook me heartily by the hand, bade farewell to the kind monk, and hoping, as he said, to meet me again in a warmer climate, he kicked his mule into a trot, to the horror of the ladies, and soon disappeared behind the promontory of the temple of Jupiter. The French lady and gentleman set off walking on the

same road. I wished them good speed, and remarked that they had at last got a beautiful day. "Mais j'ai peur d'un orage," she replied, in her dolorous tone, and we parted. The English gentleman mounted, and walked his mule down on the Martigny side, muttering, "Roads—such roads—O Lord!" the French lady and her daughter took the same direction, affirming that the day was superbe; the German stalked off for Aosta; and the mountain top was solitary once more.

"You will be very dull here," said the monk, to whom I had previously intimated my intention of remaining at the Hospice for a few days, in order to ramble about among the neighbouring hills.

"On the contrary," I replied, "you keep a great deal of company. I expected an austere monkish society, and I find you giving evening parties every day in the season; and in the daytime I shall be paying visits to the neighbouring mountains, whom I consider very genteel and agreeable society, although they certainly receive their visitors rather coldly."

"If you should happen to be tired of such company," replied the monk, "I believe I can find you some amusement even within the walls of our lonely hospice. For the present, however, I would recommend you to climb the hill on your right; you will find the ascent difficult, but not dangerous, and the view from its summit is noble. Stay, one of the dogs shall go with you—Sino, Sino!" Sino came bounding off the snow, the monk by a word made him understand his duty, and he attached himself to my side, and we set off together.

I found the ascent difficult, delightful, and long; the view from the summit, which commanded the Mont Blanc and the range of intermediate Alps, was most splendid, and I returned to the hospice somewhat late in the afternoon, a little tired, but much gratified (I am sorry I met with no adventures to make the expedition interesting, but such was the case: the weather was fine, and the air delicious).

I was the first of the guests, and finding the great room look rather solitary, I asked the monk to allow me to spend the hours before dinner-time in their library.

"I am afraid you will find few books there of a very amusing character," he replied; "but I will give you a manuscript which, if you can decipher it, will, I think, enable you to pass your time agreeably."

"No black letter, I hope," said I. "I am no antiquary, and value manuscripts chiefly for what is, I believe, usually considered a great deterioration of their value, clean leaves and legible characters."

"Nay, it is not for their antiquity that I recommend our chronicles, but that I believe you will find them rather interesting. You must be aware," continued he, "that the monks of St. Bernard, being many of them of noble family, have not all devoted themselves to religion from their youth; the lives of a few have been unhappy, and of most eventful, and we consider it a profitable employment of our leisure hours to review and meditate on the events of the life we have past in the world. Many of us have written our histories, and here and there you will find the narrative of considerable interest; and sometimes we have added, when we could discover them, the histories of those persons who have been lost on the mountains, and whose bodies have been recognised. I think you will find the Chronicles of St. Bernard comprising such a variety of scenes and characters as would adorn fiction, and I do not suppose you will consider them less interesting because they are true."

I was of course much delighted with the anticipation of the peru this manuscript, and expressed myself so to the father.

"Perhaps," he continued, as we walked up into the library, "you ob in the floor of the chapel this morning a square slab of black marble, single name upon it, and no inscription."

"Velasquez, was it not?" I replied.

"True," said the monk; "you will be more interested, I think, in tha when you have glanced your eye over these sheets," and he took out a paper from a drawer. "They were partly written by him who now r beneath that slab, and the parts which he left unfinished were suppli another monk."

I pounced upon the papers in a most ill-bred manner, hardly thankin father, and carried them off to my own little room, that I might be s from interruption. The manuscript was curiously written, partly in th person, mingled with reflections and wanderings of thought, as the pa the life of the individual had influenced his feelings; here and ther language was confused, and the writing broken, scratched, and blotted written by one suffering from severe mental pain. Blanks were le intervals, some remaining, others filled up by another hand, which had wise concluded the narrative by relating the death of the writer, an circumstances immediately preceding it. I found the narrative so inter that I sketched down the outlines of it, and have afterwards filled up th from memory at my leisure. If I have lost some of the life and reality tale from relating it in a more regular manner, the disadvantage is, I compensated by avoiding the want of connexion and the disjointed which pervaded the original.

VELASQUEZ, THE NOVICE

CHAPTER I

" There is a noble city in the sea ;
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."
—ROGERS.

THE morning sun shone brightly on the little village of Mestre, and the white walls and flat roofs, which, simple as they are, impress so peculiar a character on the Italian landscape, as one touch of a master characterises a picture, were relieved against a sky of that brilliant blue which is only produced by the crystal clearness of a southern air, that clearness which is so tantalizing to the wearied traveller, by diminishing one half his apparent distance from the spires of the city of his destination. Various in colour as in form, the gay Venetian blinds hung over the glassless windows, or the luxuriant tresses of the vine, purple with their heavy clusters, furnished a greener and cooler shade. The water of the narrow canal, which runs up the middle of the street, lay basking green and clear in the heat; and lazily, yet lightly, floated the motionless gondolas upon the sleep of its surface. Heavier barges were scattered here and there among the smaller boats, rendering more remarkable by contrast the graceful form and fairy lightness of the surrounding gondolas ; but a spirit of slumber, the attendant of the noon-day heat of Italy, lay on air, water, and land ; the leaves of the vine stirred not, the waves of the dull sea heaved not, and gondolier and peasant lay wherever shade was to be obtained : the one under the awning of the barge, or the cover of the gondola, and the other in the corner of the street, or under the projecting roof—between sleeping and waking, dozing away the daytime with sunny dreams.

At the present day, the noon-time in Mestre, or indeed in most villages of Italy, is seldom allowed to remain so undisturbed ; the quiet of the little street is broken in upon by crowds of English travellers—satin bonnets, silk gowns, and brass buttons flash everywhere among the graceful dirtiness of Italian costume ; the gondolas, filled with chattering company, dart to and fro, going or returning ; the disturbed waters are astonished by the sounds of cheerful volubility, which render it ridiculous to apply the epithet silent to gondolas of the present day ; while the gondoliers are compelled to get rid of all their ancient prejudices in favour of lovers' hours, nocturnal glidings, and moonlight songs, and to stretch to the oar in the heat and brightness of noon.

Such, however, gentle reader, was not the case at the period we speak of,

There are few sensations more novel and delightful than those occa
by your first "swim in a gondola."[1] Swift as an arrow, but silent as de
your motion over the path of green sea—the oars dip without a soun
the deep water flows voicelessly from under the keel. It is like being
in a vessel of dreams through a city of beautiful silence, when the eye
but the ear sleeps; and if the cry of a gondolier, or the dash of a wave
marble shore, breaks the stillness for a moment, it is like an echo—not a
—like the ghost, not the being, of a voice. That person must inde
garrulous who, when he first finds himself floating on this sea of silence
no spirit of conformity coming upon him; every word seems an intru
peace-breaker, an agitator, a poacher upon the demesnes of silence, a
conversation by which the feelings are best expressed is to be still.

Such at least seemed to be the feelings of our party, who glided do
winding canal for some time without a word being spoken by any indi
Yet there was little of interest in the scene itself, except that every t
the canal might open upon Venice and the Adriatic; for the banks
Brenta at this spot are only lines of straight green fortifications of consid
height, which are one of the principal defences of the city of Venice fr
land, and which prevent any extended view from the canal by which th
intersected.

"What a cloud-gazer art thou, Velasquez," said the elder gentlem
length; "is there such peculiar interest in yonder blue horizon that tho
not an eye for the earth?"

"Can you show such a heaven in your cold climate?" replied Velasq

"Not so full of light, perhaps, but equally beautiful," replied the
gentleman.

"You think so because its beauty is to you as a stranger—to me it
the voice of an ancient friend," said Velasquez. "Is it strange," he
tinued, but speaking low and rather to himself than addressing an
"how the spirit of that heaven, the shadow and soul of the clime, is mi
with the minds of those who dwell in its beauty—and as if the spirit o
were joined with the air that he breathes, and the hearts of the south ar
its heaven, deeper in their feeling—more beautiful in the light of th
more glorious in their mightiness, more serene in their stillness—whe
storm cometh it is fiercer?"

"Velasquez," said the young lady, "I will have no soliloquies so sc
lizing to the north spoken in my presence—*sotto voce*, if you please, and
you may enjoy your own thoughts without anybody's contradicting them.

"Nay, Ada," said Velasquez, "it is such a heaven as this which shou
the home for one so beautiful as thou; in thine own clime thou wert
a thing of light in a dwelling of darkness."

"Neither will I be complimented at the expense of my country," re
Ada playfully; "I love mine own white clouds, and morning mists, and
showers, and variable sky better than this perpetual burning blue."

"O Ada,"[2] said Velasquez, "it is a clime of poetry, and its heaven is
music to the eye."

"Truly," said Ada, "I think it is one of music to the ear also. Liste

[1] ["Or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola" (*As You Like It*, iv.
For Ruskin's "love of gliding about in gondolas," see *Præterita*, i. ch. ix. § 180.]

[2] [Here the MS. has "Adèle" corrected to "Ada."]

And indeed, as she spoke, the light sea breeze came trickling over the water in the direction of Mestre, made musical, as it seemed, by clear and sweet voices, which, though low at first, and distant, became gradually more distinct, until a large gondola, impelled by three or four rowers, shot into sight round one of the bastions, and came quickly up with the smaller vessel. Its load was light, being composed chiefly of baskets of brilliant flowers, which are in request at Venice just in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them; and while the rich blossoms left the breezes behind faint with perfume, the dark-featured and bright-eyed flower-girls, who reclined in the boat, half concealed among the luxuriant flowers, were chanting an ancient song, of the time probably when Venice was in her pride. Although there was little art in their singing, the voices were clear and beautiful, and the gondoliers kept time to the melody with the beat of their oars, while the soft and musical accents of the Italian added greatly to the sweetness of the music. The fragment of the song which was heard as they drifted by was wild and melodious, but it loses much by being translated out of its original language. It ran somewhat thus:—

1

"The isles of the ocean are set for her seat,
There are waves at her waist—there are rocks at her feet;
Peerless and proud must the diadem be
That is meet for the brow of the queen of the sea.

2

There are jewels of price in the slumbering wave,
The pearl in the shell and the coral in cave.
And the crystal is clear and the ruby is red,
Where their brightness is but for the eyes of the dead.

3

But the smile of the ocean is cheerless and chill,
Its depth is all lightless, its heart lyeth still;
The rocks of its rushing are barren and bare,
And the weed, slowly waving, is all that grows there.

4

There's the morn with its gold, and the noon with its blue,
The night with its starlight[1]—the dawn with its dew,
But the light of the eye of the heaven is in vain—
Not a floweret will bud on the merciless main.

5

From the banks of the Brenta our blossoms are brought,
They are bright as the dreams of a young maiden's thought;
And the tribute of Earth shall the diadem be
That we weave for the brow of the queen of the sea.

6

They all have sweet voices, and each hath his moral,
We have bays for the bard, for the soldier his laurel,
And a crown of red roses shall wreathe the young head,
And the cypress that withers not, leave to the dead."

[1] [In the MS. the word "starbeams" is added in his mother's hand.]

The boat passed rapidly on, and the words of the song became indi
guishable in the distance, although far and long over the quiet waters c
a wave of dancing music, growing faint and fainter as the gondola gl
rapidly away.

"It is singularly appropriate," said Velasquez, as the last notes died
the water, "that the cypress tree should be so frequent in the Italian lands
as to become almost a characteristic feature."

"And why, Velasquez," said Ada, "should the melancholy be min
with the beautiful?"

"Thou wilt find it so generally, Ada. What is most beautiful has usu
a sad light over it that hallows its loveliness; or, in the words of your
poet, what is 'most musical is usually most melancholy.' But I meant
the cypress befits the landscape of Italy, because she is a land of tombs,
air is full of death—it is the past in which she lives, the past in which sh
glorious—she is beautiful in death, and her people, her nation, are the de
and the throne of her pride is the *hic jacet*.[1] The echoes of her mount
are like the voices of the departed; the blue of her heaven seems brighte
with spirits; the desolation of her palaces full of a life in death. Every na
has its tree, Ada: Greece had its myrtle, Spain hath its olive, France hath
lily, England her rose, and Italy, whose people are the dead, hath her cyp
Oh, it is beautiful to me, the tall and melancholy trees watching over
sepulchre of her earth."

"And they are green for ever," said Ada.

"Yes," replied Velasquez; "the love of the living may change or
fade, but our love to the dead"—and he pauses for a moment, and then v
on in a low and altered voice—"changeth not and perisheth not. There
shrine in the holiness of the heart, when the light of the love of the depa
burns for ever and ever. No fear, no envy, no dark passions of man
come into the silence of the sepulchre, for there is the dwelling of love al
Oh, blessed, blessed are the dead; should they not sleep sound in the gr
Ada, curtained with the love of the living?"

Ada's dark eye glistened like lightning among rain, and her lip quiv
redly; but the gondolier seemed to have an intention of cooling Velasqu
enthusiasm, for he splashed the water on him unmercifully with some awkw
back strokes of his oar.

"And the evil of their memory is forgotten," continued Velasquez, "
their fame and their honour is remembered alone, and in the hearts of t
who weep it is beautiful as the tree which keepeth watch over their tomb
is green for ever. Oh, blessed, blessed are the dead."

As he spoke, the boat shot like an arrow round the last grassy bastio
the canal, and the gondolier, stooping forward on his oar, exclaimed in a v
of exultation, "Venezia!"

[1] [The substance of this passage was afterwards used in *The Poetry of Architec*
§ 24, where also the line from *Il Penseroso* was given as a motto for the chapter on
Italian Cottage (above, p. 18).]

CHAPTER II

"Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice, lies,
On the blue and beaming line
Of the waters crystalline.
Column, tower, and dome, and spire
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with unconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies,
Like the flames of sacrifice."

—SHELLEY.[1]

AND, as if summoned out of the deep at the word, the city of palaces rose into their view, her towers and cupolas running far along the line of the blue sea, which was seen stretching away to the southward into the glow of the distant heaven, while here and there the line of its horizon was broken by an island of sculptured marble, or dotted with the sails of innumerable shipping. The city itself was at the distance of about two miles, but not the slightest haze diminished the clearness with which its buildings were defined upon the eye; the column of St. Mark's rose high and distinguished towards its centre, and the noble domes of the churches of San Giorgione and della Salute glittered in the brightness of the noonday sun, like the chief gems of the diadem which the Adriatic wears so royally.

Nevertheless, as the forest of towers and cupolas which belong to the principal parts of the city are seen, on the approach from Mestre, rising from behind a comparatively low and confused line of building, which consists chiefly of the suburbs and habitations of the lower classes, there might be perhaps a slight feeling of disappointment in the silence with which our travellers at first regarded the prospect which lay before them. But, as the swift gondola passed rapidly on its invisible path, as it advanced along the frequented thoroughfare of waters, which, distinguished only by a line of low piers from the trackless infinity of the Adriatic, leads from the last land to the gates of Venice, as they shot past that low shrine, which, washed for ever by the surrounding surges, is so appropriately named the Madonna del Aqua,[2] and to which the gondolier breathes his low, short prayer as he darts by (a duty, by-the-bye, which the gondolier of our party most impiously forgot, or prætermitted), and when they beheld the noble city gradually extending its line, and, as it were, stretching its arms wider and wider around them, and could distinguish the entrances of her streets, paved by the sea, and the haughty lines of marble palaces by which they were bordered, all feeling of disappointment gave way to one of reverence, admiration, and delight.[3]

[1] [Ruskin quotes, compresses, and rearranges, from the "Lines written among the Euganean Hills." "On the blue and beaming line" is put together from two of Shelley's lines, viz. "With his blue and beaming waves" and "On the level quivering line." "Unconstant" should be "inconstant."]

[2] [La Madonna dell' Acqua—the subject of one of Ruskin's later poems; see Vol. II.]

[3] [The end of the last chapter and the beginning of this—giving Ruskin's earliest attempt to describe the approach to Venice—may be compared with *The Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. xxx., and vol. ii. ch. i.]

"Now I could wish myself a wave of the sea," said Ada, "that I might dance for ever about such shores as these. Look, Velasquez, how they come beaming in from the far south, rolling and bounding in the glory of the sunbeams, and then dash into the streets in robes of sapphire and silver, and pass singing as in procession by the white columns and sculptured stones that rise up from beneath their brightness. Do they not seem as if they saw, and felt, and rejoiced in the light of their own loveliness?"

"They are deep, Ada, darkly and sadly deep," replied Velasquez; "and to my ear their dash sounds like low sobs—as of lamentation."

"They are as the Pharisees of old, my daughter," said the elder gentleman, "like unto whited sepulchres. If thou wert a wave of Venetian water, thou wouldst see many a strange sight, as men say, besides the brown weed and the white marble."

"Velasquez," replied the young lady, "you always take the dark side of things, if you can; I think the darkness is your element: you are a perfect owl."

"And you, Ada," replied Velasquez, "are a bird of paradise, a being of light."

"Hem," said Ada,[1] in a kind of "thank-you-for-nothing" tone.

Their gondola now entered the lower extremity of the grand canal, and the scene to which they were thus introduced was one of such rapid change and singular beauty, as to compel the eye to keep in an almost disagreeable state of activity. I have said that the crowds of travellers of different nations, who have lately inundated Italy, had not yet deprived the city of Venice of much of its original character, although its change of government and withering state of prosperity had brought the shade of melancholy upon its beauty, which is rapidly increasing, and will increase, until the waves which have been the ministers of her majesty become her sepulchre.[2] On entering the grand canal, therefore, our party found themselves in the midst of a black crowd of gondolas, which darted hither and thither over the green water in such numbers as almost to conceal it; swiftly, indeed, but in a singular and almost unbroken silence, and with such calmness and majesty of motion as entirely prevented its rapidity from giving to the scene the least appearance of what the English expressively term "bustle"; while their sombre and unvaried blackness, funereal from their multitude, was singularly contrasted with the brilliant and dazzling colours of their draperies, or of the costumes of their inmates. Above, on each side of the wide canal, rose lines of high and magnificent palaces—some graced with the rich Grecian architecture of the time of Palladio; others, older, were ornamented with projecting balconies and beautifully sculptured windows, whose rich Moresco arches were usually executed in a fine red marble, relieved on the whiter marble of which their walls were composed; while the bright colours of the projecting blinds which, in almost every form, hung gracefully over them, protecting the apartments from the heat of the sun, added yet farther to the brilliancy of the piles which rose up against the darkness of the blue of the sky. Here and there a noble flight of

[1] [Here again the MS. has "Adèle" corrected to "Ada."]

[2] ["I would endeavour to trace the lines of this image before it be for ever lost, and to record, as far as I may, the warning which seems to me to be uttered by every one of the fast-gaining waves, that beat like passing bells against the Stones of Venice" (*Stones of Venice*, vol. i. ch. i. § 1.]

marble steps, against which the almost invisible water rose and fell in lazy heavings, led up to the portal of some magnificent church supported by columns of the richest material, variegated with innumerable colours, and their bases ornamented with mosaics of verd-antique and lapis lazuli; while from the dim yet gorgeous obscurity within were heard the sounds of the noonday mass, chanted by the mellow and sonorous voices of the white-robed choristers. Farther on might be seen a narrow opening between the fronts of the palaces, where the deep water lay black and motionless, and some narrow and silent canal retired from the brightness of the daylight into a dim and twilight shadow, where the occasional gleam of some bewildered sunbeam was seen far through the distant darkness like a star; and the deep cry of the gondolier, as he turned the prow of his shadowy vessel into some yet more sunless chasm, came wandering along the damp, still air of the obscurity like a lamenting spirit. No effect could indeed be more striking than the universal silence, combined with such populous and cheerful motion, and the contrast of these drear and dusky recesses with the light and gaiety of the Grand Canal, whose palaces were now becoming more splendid every moment, and the gondolas, if possible, more crowded. The casual glances which were obtained of their inmates were extremely interesting: now a group of dark-haired maidens left the air musical with the half-drowsy, delicious melody of their lutes; now a lady lay sleeping under the shade of the gondola, her veil blown aside by the sea breeze, and leaving, dim discovered, the vision of beauty, the noble and elevated countenance, the lips half open and the soft heaving breath passing between them as between two half-expanded rose leaves, the delicately pencilled brow, the dark eyelashes, beautiful as the midnight of the south; now, stern and stoical, sat some young Venetian, his arms folded on his breast, and his dark, calm features full of that scarce-concealed fire which tells of secret pride unabating and passions unquenched;—and now, reclining wearedly on the cushions of the gondola, lay some old and venerable nobleman, his countenance such as we imagine in a Foscari or a Dandolo, and his noble but melancholy glance resting on the splendour of the old palaces that rose before him as the vessel glided on, at once remembering their pride, lamenting their decay, anticipating their ruin; while above, in the shade of the Moorish windows, was seen, here and there, the flash of bright eyes, or a white arm resting on the marble balcony; and in the quiet of the air there was something like the sound of sweet, low voices, which made itself sensible, without being heard, as the eye perceives a glimmering in the twilight sky of a summer evening, though it cannot distinguish a single star.

Such, then, were the general features of the scene which displayed itself to the eyes of our travellers as they glided up the principal street of Venice, and which appeared to occupy, in a most interesting manner, not only their attention, but also that of their gondolier; for that anomalous individual not only seemed much embarrassed by the task of guiding his long boat among the crowd of the other gondolas, but seemed to gaze around him on the various objects which we have endeavoured to bring before the eyes of our reader, with a very marked and, in his case, unaccountable curiosity in his eye, which differed greatly from the steady and unmoved but lynx-like glance with which the other gondoliers directed their respective vessels. Now, with uplifted eye, he appeared to be measuring the altitude of a church tower; now, with listening ear, endeavouring to catch the strain that fainted over the waves from some elevated window; and now seeking with earnest glance to penetrate

the obscurity of some dark canal; while, in consequence, he was once or twice roused from these interesting reveries by his oar being nearly struck out of his hand by the beat of an advancing gondola, or by a rude encounter between the prow of his own and the projecting steps of a palace, or the stern of a heavier vessel.

The two domestics sat in the stern of the gondola; the Italian looking on the scene before him with the indifference of one to whom the sight afforded no novelty, yet with a marked pride on his lip as he observed the effect produced on the strangers by its splendour. The Englishman, on the contrary, although he gazed around him with much wonder and curiosity, was very cautious of exposing himself in the act of admiration. Peter Hayward had, indeed, while majordomo of his master's house in old England, been remarkable for his determined abhorrence, softened down, however, by a yet more inveterate contempt, of all foreign customs, usages, or persons, including all individuals who were not English under the generic name of Frenchmen; and strictly obeying Nelson's favourite precept to his midshipmen respecting that nation, which he was in the habit, moreover, of repeating to all the youngsters who happened to come in his way, enforcing and recommending its observance as one of the chief points in the code of moral duties owed to his King and country by every Englishman; on which consequential monosyllable Peter was in the habit of laying considerable emphasis, particularly when nourishing his favourite anti-Gallican principles in youngsters just breeched, by way of teaching them, as he said, to entertain a due and proper sense of their own importance as individuals of the great nation. In fact, the instillation of these loyal and English principles into the tender minds of the rising generation was one of the chief employments and amusements of the winter evenings of the majordomo, when, surrounded by a chubby-cheeked audience, his feet on the well-warmed hearth, his back supported by a venerably carved armchair, his grey hairs escaping from under a brown woollen nightcap, and his eyes lighted up with enthusiastic fire, he might be seen in his glory, paper in hand, descanting on the achievements of his beloved Nelson; exulting over the defeats of Admiral Bruise and Admiral Villain, as he was pleased to entitle the heroes of the Nile and Trafalgar;[1] his voice faltering and the light of his eye becoming dimmed with tears whenever he alluded to the event which rendered the victory lamentable; and then, spectacles on nose, he would interrupt the passages which he read aloud from those interesting periodicals, which formed his only literature, with exclamations of delight, exultation, or anathema, and intersperse his lecture with exhortations to the young fry around him, of which the purport of every sentence was a "go and do thou likewise;" and nothing ever gave him more rapturous delight than to observe from the bearing of the more forward of his auditors, from the switch being grasped firmly in the hand, from the knitted brow, the compressed lip, the firm step and sparkling eye, that he had succeeded in transfusing into their minds some of his own anti-Gallican energy.

Such being the feelings and prejudices of our steward, it was not extraordinary that, when, with great reluctance after the peace was concluded, he accompanied his master on his tour, through continental countries, Peter's animosity to the inhabitants was only restrained by his contempt, and he passed on through town and country with the same fixed sneer on his countenance, carefully repressing any inclination to admire or be pleased with any

[1] [Admiral Brueys (1753–1798) and Admiral Villeneuve (1763–1806)].

thing or person, and muttering to himself, as to the only attentive auditor whom he could find, remarks of complaint, depreciation, and scorn. A slight degree of ascetic humour about the old man, which sometimes disguised to a certain degree the real benevolence of his heart, contributed still farther to this disposition; while, in conversation with persons of his own rank, he had contracted a habit (from having been long the undisputed oracle of the kitchen) of treating his own opinions with great deference, and those of others, particularly foreigners, with utter neglect or contempt; so that, although he suffered his opponent or his companion, as the case might be, to speak in his turn, he very seldom (even when it was an answer to some question proposed by himself,) paid the least attention to what he said, but followed up his own chain of thought while his antagonist was speaking, and quietly pursued it aloud, when he had concluded, thus taking very philosophical means to prevent any irritation, on his part, from argument or opposition on that of his companion. The intermixture of conversation thus occasioned was sometimes rather ludicrous, especially as a slight hesitation or impediment in his speech rendered it easy for his opponent to break in upon him with remarks or arguments which it was probable he would not hear, and certain he would not attend to.

The manner of the Italian, on the other hand, who was acting as cicerone to his companion, was considerably varied. Now he was voluble in expatiating on the beauty of the palaces, or the wealth of their former possessors, and sometimes would plunge into a sea of vague tradition, or of real history, which would have been extremely interesting to a more attentive auditor, and then he would suddenly draw back like a snail into his shell and assume the manner of one who knew more than he was willing to disclose, throwing out vague answers and dark hints, the meaning of which our steward seldom took the trouble to fathom.

"Splendid," exclaimed Hayward involuntarily, as the boat came in front of an old Moresco-looking palace; then, recollecting himself—"paltry affair, all glitter and gingerbread."

"That palace," replied the Italian, "belonged to one of the most ancient families of Venice; the last scion was driven away by——"

"Cursed damp ground-floor, I should think," interrupted the steward, in continuation of his disparaging remarks on the building.

"The last scion of which," resumed the Italian, "was driven into banishment by the inveterate hatred of——"

"Rats and mice in the cellarage, plenty, ain't there?" remarked the imperturbable steward.

"Was driven into banishment," again returned the Italian, "and remained in the——"

"Comical little attics, hey?" continued Hayward.

"While his father, agonized with grief, while wearing the ducal crown—" pursued the Italian.

"Regular queer old chap that, looking out of the gridiron there," said the pertinacious steward, "like a cat out of the dairy window. I say, Mr. Gigamaree——"

"Giacomo, sir—" interrupted the Italian.

"Well, Mr. Jackomo, I say, what precious good care you Italians take of your pantry windows—all barred up like points of view in Newgate; plenty plate inside, I suppose?"

"Hum," said the Italian, with his usual sardonic smile; "they had a kind of—of plate, as you say, that was very liable to tarnishing, particularly from breath."

"Ah!" said Hayward, "I thought as much—brass candlesticks and plated snuffer-trays, I suppose?"

"And the bars," continued Giacomo, in the same tone, "were more, I fancy, to keep the plate from getting out, than the thieves from getting in."

"The deuce they were," replied Hayward, in astonishment.

"Ay," replied the Italian, "the old miserly fathers had more bars and bolts drawn upon their daughters than on all the gold in their coffers; you know, the thieves in the one case were not so cognizable to the police as in the other."

"Whew!" said Hayward, finishing off with a long whistle, then muttering to himself, "that's all of a piece; in old England we set no bars on young ladies but their own discretion; and—for police—stuff—you've no police."

"Think you so?" replied the Italian; "we had formerly a pretty strict one——"

"Nonsense, don't tell me; haven't seen a constable out of England."

"I daresay not," replied Giacomo, "it was the peculiar power of our police that it was unseen; it was in the air, the water, and the earth, the noon and the night,—the palace, the canal or the lagoon."

"Don't be gammoning me, Mr. Jackomo," began the steward, somewhat angrily.

"I tell you truth," answered the Italian. "In Venice, it was wont to be said, that——"

"You've no Lord Mayor," interrupted Hayward.

"That her water was full of ears," continued Giacomo.

"You've no magistrates," pursued Hayward.

"And her air full of tongues," returned the other.

"You've no aldermen."

"And her heaven full of eyes," continued the Italian.

"You've no trial by jury!" exclaimed the steward, his voice rising as he enumerated the deficiencies of Italian government.

"Hush," said the Italian, "speak not so loudly here. See you this building on your right?"

The house to which he pointed was situated at the corner of one of the narrow canals which branch off from the principal street of Venice. It was not large, but bore evident marks of having been in its day distinguished by more than ordinary splendour, which rendered more conspicuous the too legible marks which the slow finger of decay had traced upon its ruinous magnificence. The line of exquisitely formed Gothic windows were divided from each other by columns of a deep red porphyry carved into the form of spiral shaped wreaths, and crowned by capitals of intricate and beautiful workmanship, while the corners of their arches were occupied by rich wreathed flower-work in white marble, and the door, supported on each side by the same kind of spiral column, which Raphael has used in his painting of the beautiful gate of the Temple,[1] was finished by a reversed arch, charged with ornament of the richest and most varied character. Yet the house was apparently uninhabited, and fast falling to ruin; there was no door in the

[1] [The subject of one of the cartoons, now in the South Kensington Museum—Peter and John healing the lame man at "the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful" (Acts, iii. 2).]

portal, and the unopposed water rose over the marble steps and dashed unheeded into the hall, where the green weeds had long rooted themselves in the interstices of the tesselated pavement. The termination of the hall was lost in darkness; and the low breeze whistled through its recesses, and passed moaning away, as if at a great distance; and the dark walls and glassless windows above, and the gusty music more lonely than the silence of the inhabited buildings, all spoke of darkness, and desolation, and decay.

"There are strange traditions about that palace," said Giacomo.

"Wretched old crows' nest," said Hayward; "it should be pulled down for the materials——"

"It is said," continued the Italian, "that it belonged once to a young nobleman who was betrothed to a fair daughter of one of the highest families of Venice; it was the time of the last war with the Turks, and the young Giuseppe went forth in the gallies of the Doge, and returned, with his ship's prow wreathed with laurels——"

"Gallies, indeed! pretty gallies," interrupted Hayward; "why, one English frigate would have blown you all out of the water."

Now, it was a principle of the Italian never to notice any of the steward's interruptions, or to dispute any of his opinions, however contrary they might be to his own, since he had always found that no advantage was to be gained by so doing; he therefore quietly continued—

"Giuseppe returned in triumph; he met the mourners returning from the celebration of a funeral as he crossed the Piazza San Marco—from the funeral of a maiden. They had left his betrothed in the arms of a stern bridegroom," said the Italian, and he smiled.

"Poor fellow!" said Hayward, with a slight faulter [*sic*] in his voice.

"There was mourning in the palace of her father," continued Giacomo; "they had buried her in the vaults of the church of San Paolo, and thither went the lover to meet his bride. Some say the maiden was only in a deep trance; the love of Giuseppe brought forth the living from among the dead; the physicians had been mistaken."

"Confound the physicians," exclaimed Hayward; "pretty physicians to bury a person in a swoon."

"Ay, but," continued the Italian musingly, "some men say she had strange dreams in that swoon. Some hinted that Giuseppe had held intercourse with the ancient tribes of the Arabians, and had learned dark secrets from the sages of the East—words of power, even to raise the dead."

"Fudge!" said Hayward.

"I know not," replied the Italian. "Men say that a change came over the maiden after that time, and she seemed influenced by thoughts and feelings different from those of this world. She had been before as gay and bright a butterfly as ever fluttered to seventeen, and they say she was never seen to smile again."

"Nonsense," said Hayward; "it was enough to make anybody a little down in the mouth to find themselves clapped up in a coffin before they were dead."

"They died both in one day," continued the Italian; "and that gave rise to more whisperings. It was thought that——"

"Stuff! I don't want to hear all your ridiculous tittle-tattle," interrupted the steward. "In England the women only are gossips, here the men seem to have nothing else to do—idle rascals."

"Well, but," said the Italian, "they left one son."

"I daresay they did," said Hayward.

"And he," continued Giacomo, in a lower voice, "it is said, yet lives."

"Well," said the steward, "what of that; he's had nothing to do with your rascally doctors, that's all."

"Few have seen him, and those love not to speak of him," continued Giacomo; "but they say he dwells in this building."

"Then he must be confoundedly rheumatic," replied the steward. "Pretty damp hole for an old gentleman to warm his gouty toes in."

"You see it is higher than the rest of the houses," said Giacomo.

"What! he lives in the garret, I suppose?" said Hayward.

"The gondolier, when benighted in the distant lagoon," said the Italian, "has frequently seen a light burning within those high Gothic windows, which vanished if they approach near it by the canals."

"Well," said the steward, "I suppose he puts out his candle when he goes to bed, lest he should set the house on fire; and no great damage done if he did."

"They say he learned dark secrets from his mother, and can read the countenances of the stars," replied the Italian. "Those who have seen him say that his features bear marks of unnatural old age, and are remarkable for their excessive calmness; yet with the peculiar light in his glance which is peculiar to those who have the evil eye——"

"Gammon!" said the incredulous Hayward.

"And those whom he has looked on are changed; there is a fear cast like a mantle upon them, and a horror comes upon their spirit, as if they had spoken with the dead," continued Giacomo, but in the low muttering tone which showed that he was rather musing to himself than addressing his incredulous auditor. "If ever man had a heavy account of crime upon his head, it is that man. Before he was twenty he became one of the ten; and they bowed before him in fear; all hated him; but those who breathed a word against him, were not; and he moved through the world with an immoveable smile upon his lips, and his glance was death; they say it was by his order that the young Francesco was murdered at the bridge foot."

"Murdered!" interrupted the steward, "where were your famous police then, hey, Mr. Jackomo?"

"Unseen, all seeing—and permitting," said a voice, seemingly close beside him.

"The devil!" exclaimed Hayward, springing up in the gondola. The voice was clear and distinct, and musical, though very low. There were no gondolas near them, and no persons within sight. The Italian started, but instantly recovered his composure, and if he did not actually smile, there was a very visible inclination so to do, traceable upon his features.

"What is the matter, Hayward?" said the elder gentleman; "you will upset us all if you jump up in that manner."

"Why, sir," said Hayward, stuttering between astonishment and indignation, "it's—it's some cursed juggling trick, sir."

"What is?" inquired his master.

"Why, sir, didn't you hear, sir? some one spoke just now, sir."

"You must be dreaming, Hayward; I heard no one speak," replied the gentleman.

"Sit down and be quiet," whispered the Italian; "it's only a trick of the

old trade. I was telling you something of it just now, but you would not listen to me."

"I'll tell you what, sir," began the steward; "don't you be playing off your jokes on me, sir—rascally deception, sir."

"Nay, I had nothing to do with it, I assure you; I suppose the author of the voice wished to convince your incredulity a little, that's all."

The circumstance, however, seemed to have made some impression on the steward, for the rest of his conversation was addressed to the Italian in a much lower and more subdued tone; while, during Giacomo's replies, he was heard muttering to himself, "All nonsense—must be"—then in a kind of reaction of feeling—"cursed queer, though—must have overheard what I said—pooh!—stuff—legerdemain—don't understand it, though—very odd—and yet—no—all a cheat—he's a knave—and I'm an ass."

But though he came to this very philosophical conclusion after so many pros and cons, he spoke not again so boldly during the rest of their voyage; and cast around him, every now and then, certain peculiar, uncomfortable-looking glances which made it evident that he had disagreeable doubts respecting the kind of, and number of, the company he was in.

CHAPTER III

"What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!"
—*Taming of the Shrew* [Act V. Sc. i.][1]

[1] [Here the MS. ends abruptly.]

END OF VOLUME I

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